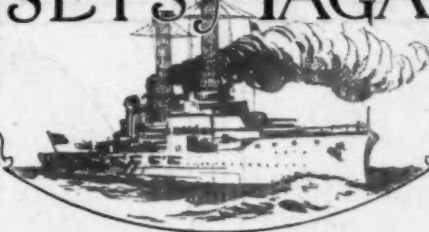


MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE

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NAVAL OFFICERS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

by
William Everett Hicks

IT is a tradition of the American navy that a naval officer is not only a fighting man, but a diplomat as well.

That is to say, he often finds himself in circumstances under which the honor of his country may depend upon his familiarity with the laws of nations, his knowledge of human nature, and his cool judgment under provocation. Far from direct communication with his superiors, the commander of a war-ship in a foreign port is oftentimes called upon to perform diplomatic duties upon which grave issues may depend—even the issue of war or peace.

It has often been said that the Ameri-

can navy is the best insurance against war that can be devised. In this sense the higher commissioned ranks in the sea

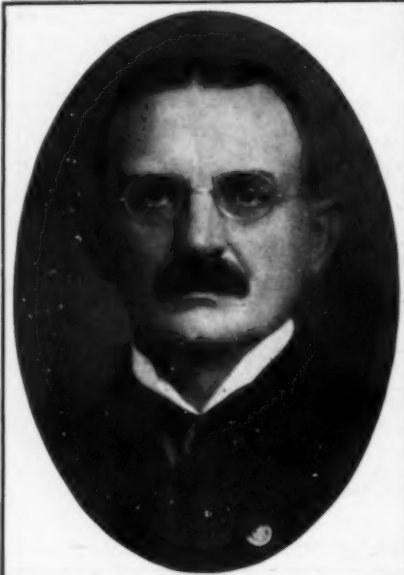
armament of the nation are peculiarly the agents of peace. A glance at some of the men upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility for the efficiency of the naval establishment, whether as an instrument of peace or an engine of war, is of timely interest.

Among the naval commanders who most recently have loomed large in international situations involving diplomatic problems of the gravest significance is Rear-Admiral Henry T. Mayo, whose demand for a salute to the flag by the Mexican comman-



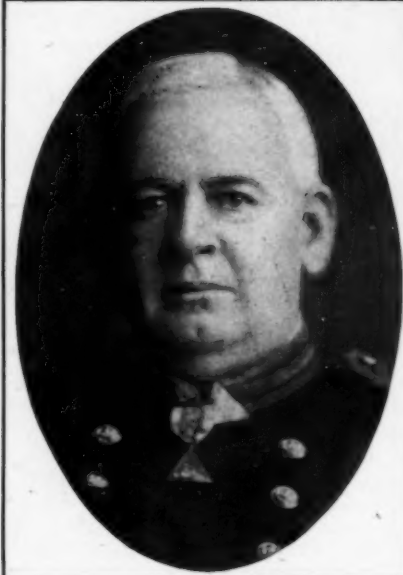
REAR-ADMIRAL RICHARD M. WATT, WHO HAS BEEN IN CHARGE OF THE CONSTRUCTION OF ALL THE LATEST DREADNAUGHTS

Copyrighted photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington



CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS F. FECHTELER, ONE OF THE FEW OFFICERS OF FOREIGN BIRTH IN THE NAVY, IS AN EXPERT HYDROGRAPHER

From a photograph by Pach, New York

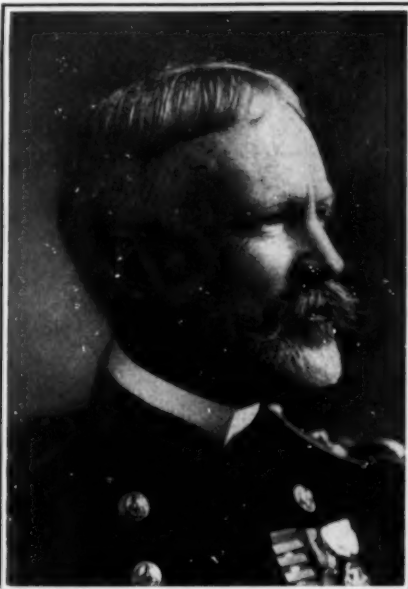


CAPTAIN JOHN J. KNAPP, ONE OF THE INLAND CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE NAVY, A MISSOURIAN, WHO HAS ACHIEVED DISTINCTION

Copyrighted photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington

dant of Vera Cruz was the immediate cause of the military and naval operations in Mexico and the adjacent waters for the past four months.

Admiral Mayo comes from the Green Mountain State. In the Spanish-American War he served on the gunboat Bennington as lieutenant till September 7, 1898. He was promoted to commander in 1905 and received the command of the cruiser Albany. The promotion to captain reached him in the fall of 1908, and this ad-



CAPTAIN ROY C. SMITH, A TEXAN, COMMANDED THE FLAG-SHIP OF THE FIRST DIVISION IN THE SEIZURE OF THE CITY OF VERA CRUZ

From a photograph by Pach, New York

vancement was followed by his appointment as a member of the Lighthouse Board in Washington for the year 1908-1909. In the autumn of 1909 Captain Mayo was put in command of the cruiser California, which duty he performed till January 1, 1911, when he took command of the navy-yard at Mare Island, California. He reached the rank of rear-admiral in June, 1913. During November and December of last year he was on duty at the Naval War College, Newport. As a sort of Christ-

mas gift came his appointment, December 26, 1913, to the command of the fourth division of the Atlantic fleet.

served in sailing ships and steam sloops of the old navy and aboard monitors as well as in modern cruisers, battle-ships, and

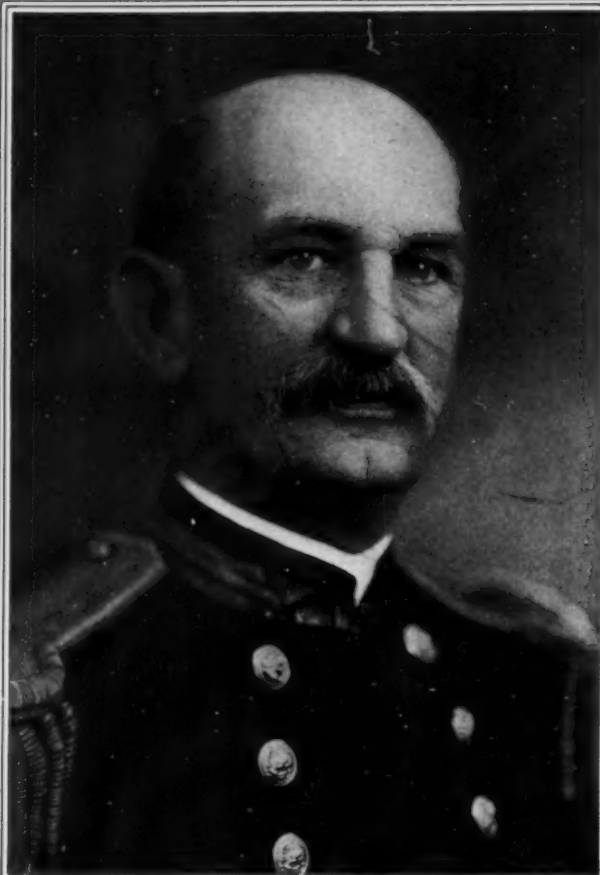


REAR-ADMIRAL CHARLES J. BADGER, WHO WAS COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ATLANTIC FLEET IN THE MOVEMENT AGAINST MEXICO

From a copyrighted photograph by Puck, New York

Rear-Admiral Thomas B. Howard, commanding the Pacific fleet, who reached the grade of rear-admiral November 14, 1910, has seen a wide range of service. He has

practise ships. He was appointed to the Naval Academy from Illinois and was commissioned an ensign in 1874. His service includes duty on the Alaska and Wa-



REAR-ADMIRAL HENRY T. MAYO, THE OFFICER WHOSE DEMAND FOR AN APOLOGY TO THE FLAG AT VERA CRUZ MARKED THE PRECIPITATION OF THE MEXICAN CRISIS

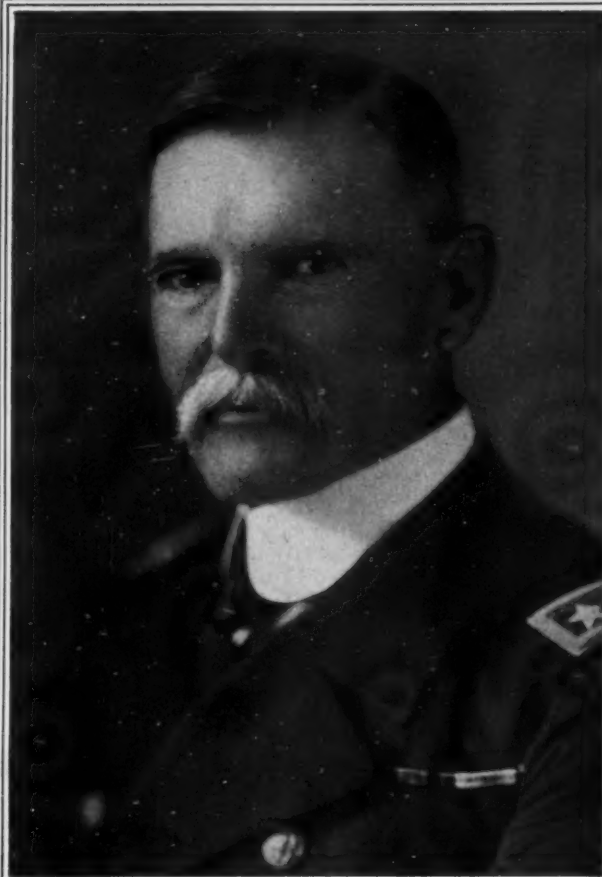
From a copyrighted photograph by Harris & Ewing, Washington, D. C.

bash, European station, 1874-1875; Naval Academy, 1876-1878; on the Plymouth of the North Atlantic station and the Kearsarge of the North Atlantic station, 1879-1881.

The most important duty of his life went with the assignment to the U. S. S. Concord in 1897, for this vessel was in the battle of Manila Bay with Admiral Dewey, May 1, 1898. Admiral Howard remained in the Philippine waters by transfer to the Charleston and took part in the battle of Manila with the insurgents when the fleet aided the land troops, February 5, 1899. He was under fire in several of the actions.

In the round-the-world cruise of the battle-ship fleet in 1908-1909 Admiral Howard was in command of the U. S. S. Ohio on its trip home from San Francisco. Following his duty as commanding officer of the fourth division of the battle-ship fleet on its European cruise and as a member of the general board of the navy, Admiral Howard was placed in charge of the Pacific fleet.

Rear-Admiral Frank F. Fletcher, who had charge of the shore operations at Vera Cruz, was born in Oskaloosa, Iowa, in 1855, and fifty-six years later reached the grade of rear-admiral. On the Constella-



REAR-ADMIRAL THOMAS B. HOWARD, THE COMMANDER OF THE PACIFIC FLEET IN ITS MANEUVERS OFF THE WESTERN COAST OF MEXICO, WHO WAS KEPT IN READINESS FOR IMMEDIATE ACTION

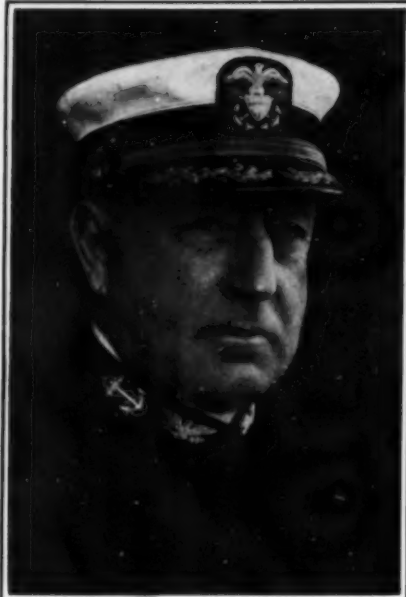
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tion he did special duty at the Paris Exposition of 1878, and, after a detail in the hydrographic office, went on the expedition for telegraphic determination of longitudes in Central and South America. After service on the European station in 1884-1887 he was attached to the bureau of ordnance.

At the opening of the Spanish-American War Admiral Fletcher was put in command of the gunboat *Eagle*. He was placed in command of the battle-ship *Vermont* during the return voyage of the battle-ship fleet from Manila to the Atlantic coast. Before his appointment as

commander of the first division of the Atlantic fleet, Admiral Fletcher had done duty as Aid for Material in the Navy Department.

It is safe to say that none of the ships of the Atlantic fleet is better able to give a good account of itself, so far as gun-fire is concerned, than the vessels that make up the division of which Rear-Admiral Frank E. Beatty is the commander, for he is one of the ordnance experts of the navy. Admiral Beatty, who commands the third division of the Atlantic fleet, is another officer whose naval experience comprehends service in the latest of super-



CAPTAIN HUGH RODMAN, A KENTUCKIAN, HAS BEEN APPOINTED SUPERINTENDENT OF TRANSPORTATION IN THE PANAMA CANAL ZONE

From a photograph by Pach, New York



CAPTAIN ALBERT P. NIBLACK HAS SEEN MUCH FIGHTING SINCE HE WAS RECALLED AS ATTACHÉ IN 1898 FOR WAR DUTY

From a photograph by Pach, New York



REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM H. H. SOUTHERLAND, A MEMBER OF THE GENERAL BOARD, HAS RISEN FROM THE GRADE OF APPRENTICE

Copyrighted photo by Harris & Ewing, Washington



CAPTAIN ALBERT GLEAVES, COMMANDANT OF THE NEW YORK NAVY YARD HAS ACHIEVED INCIDENTAL DISTINCTION AS A NAVAL HISTORIAN

From a photograph by Pach, New York

dreadnaughts as well as the old square-riggers of sailing days, and in steamers with full sail power in the period when the traditions of the navy were fighting hard against the innovations of modern science.

He was eighteen years old when he entered the Naval Academy from Wisconsin

as head of the Naval Gun Factory, where he put to much commended use his wide knowledge of naval ordnance. He was promoted to rear-admiral in 1912.

Rear-Admiral William H. H. Southerland, a member of the general and joint boards of the navy, has risen from the



REAR-ADMIRAL FRANK E. BEATTY, DIVISION COMMANDER IN THE ATLANTIC FLEET AND AN EXPERT IN ORDNANCE WORK

From a photograph by Pack, New York

in 1871. His first assignment after graduation in 1875 was to the good ship *Lancaster* on the Pacific station. In the war of 1898 he served on the gunboat *Wheeling*. Admiral Beatty has also done duty in the Bureau of Navigation, at the Naval Academy, in the Bureau of Yards and Docks, in command of the *Gloucester*, and

grade of naval apprentice, an unusual start for a naval officer. He was born in New York City in 1852, and before receiving his appointment to the Naval Academy served as a naval apprentice.

In the Spanish-American War he saw duty along the Cuban coast as commanding officer of the gunboat *Eagle*. He was

promoted to the grade of rear-admiral on May 4, 1910, and was assigned to the command of the second division of the Pacific fleet in February, 1911, with the West Virginia as his flag-ship.

Shortly after his promotion to the Pacific fleet command he was placed in

officer of the navy have been passed on sea duty. Perhaps the most exciting of all his ocean experiences was his dash toward the Arctic Circle in 1884 as a member of the Greely relief expedition.

Rear-Admiral Badger's father was Commodore Oscar C. Badger, one of the best-



REAR-ADMIRAL FRANK F. FLETCHER, DIVISION COMMANDER IN THE ATLANTIC FLEET, COMMANDED THE FIRST LANDING OPERATIONS AT VERA CRUZ

charge of the operations undertaken in connection with the revolution in Nicaragua. Rear-Admiral Southerland was retired last July.

Essentially a man of the sea is Rear-Admiral Charles J. Badger, commander-in-chief of the Atlantic fleet. More than twenty-five of his forty-one years as an

known naval officers of the last century. Admiral Badger entered the Naval Academy from Maryland. He became a member of the Greely relief expedition under the command of the late Admiral Schley. Lieutenant Badger was chosen as executive officer of the Alert, the last of the three vessels to start for the frozen north.

The successful issue of this mission, which was made dramatic by the arrival of the rescuers just as the lost party were on the verge of death, made the expedition one of the celebrated events of the time. With the other officers and men from Maryland who took part in the relief work, Lieutenant Badger received the thanks of the State tendered in a joint resolution of both houses of the Legislature.

During the Spanish War he was attached to the Cincinnati. In 1899 Lieutenant Badger rose to the grade of lieutenant-commander, and eight years later he was made a captain. For two years immediately after this promotion he was superintendent of the Naval Academy at Annapolis. Then, as captain, he took command of the super-dreadnaught Arkansas, one of the most powerful battle-ships afloat, and on March 8, 1911, was promoted a rear-admiral, being assigned to the command of the second division of the Atlantic fleet, from which he graduated to the command of the fleet on January 4 last, when he succeeded Admiral Osterhaus.

Naval Constructor R. M. Watt succeeded W. L. Capps in the post of chief constructor of the navy in October, 1910. To Mr. Watt has fallen the duty of supervising the building of all the super-dreadnaughts which were decided upon about the time he was chosen to head the Bureau of Construction and Repair.

Apart from his engineering course at the Naval Academy, he took a two-year post-graduate course at the University of Glasgow, marine engineering occupying about one-third of the instruction period. The chief constructor, who is a native of Pennsylvania, graduated fourth in a class of thirty-six members in 1891. He was appointed a naval constructor with the rank of lieutenant July 1, 1901, and was assigned to duty as superintending constructor at the Fore River Shipbuilding Company at Quincy, Massachusetts.

Captain Albert Gleaves, commandant of the New York Navy Yard, ranks high as a naval historian as well as an officer. In 1904 he published a history of Captain James Lawrence, of "Never give up the ship" fame, which has won for him a place of distinction among writers on naval topics.

Born at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1858, he was appointed to the Naval Academy

at the early age of fifteen. During his nearly forty years of service he has been twenty-one years at sea, in which time he has served in the Hartford on the South Atlantic station, in the Plymouth and Texas on the North Atlantic station, in the Nipsic on the European station, and in the Trenton and Monocacy on the Asiatic station.

In the Spanish-American War he was in command of the torpedo-boat Cushing, and served as navigating officer of the battle-ships Indiana and Alabama from 1900 to the following year. In July, 1910, he took command of the new battle-ship North Dakota, and in May, 1912, became commandant of the New York Navy Yard.

Captain John J. Knapp, the commanding officer of the battle-ship Connecticut, of the Atlantic fleet, is a native of Missouri, and entered the Annapolis Academy in 1874. His ship details have been these: Wachusett, Pacific station, 1883-1885; Alert, Pacific station, 1887-1890; receiving ship Dale, 1890-1892; Baltimore, special service squadron, 1892-1893; coast-survey steamer Patterson, 1896-1897; San Francisco, 1897-1898. He was made an ensign in 1884; lieutenant, junior grade, 1890; lieutenant, 1895; lieutenant-commander, 1901; commander, 1906, and captain, 1910.

Captain Albert P. Niblack, commanding the battle-ship Michigan, has seen much fighting since the opening of the Spanish War in 1898. He was enjoying the pleasant detail of a foreign attaché in May of that year when he was assigned to duty in connection with the naval operation in Cuban waters. In the blockade of Havana and the north coast of Cuba he commanded the gunboat Winslow until November, 1898, when he was transferred to Admiral Dewey's flag-ship Olympia at Manila.

He served in the Philippine Islands until July 5, 1901, on various ships, taking part in the operations at Manila in February, 1899, on the outbreak of the native revolt, and at the taking of Iloilo eight days later. He did duty in the operations in Lingayen Gulf in November and in the taking of Vigas and the occupation of Subic Bay in December. During the Chinese outbreak he served on the north coast of China from February to August, 1900, and took part in the punitive expedition to Marinduque Island, Philippine Islands, in 1900.

Captain Hugh Rodman, who has been chosen as superintendent of transportation in the Canal Zone, and thus is one of the most conspicuous figures in connection with the administration of the affairs of the Panama Canal, is a Kentucky man. He entered the academy from that State in 1875, and, graduating four years later, was made a midshipman in 1882.

The promotions of Captain Rodman have been in this order: midshipman, 1882; ensign, 1884; lieutenant, junior grade, 1893; lieutenant, 1897; lieutenant-commander, 1903; commander, 1907; and captain, 1911.

In the waters of Vera Cruz the honor of commanding the flag-ship of the first division of the Atlantic fleet fell to Captain Roy C. Smith of the battle-ship *Arkansas*.

Captain Smith, though born in Texas, entered the Naval Academy from Virginia in 1874. After the Spanish War, in which he served on the *Indiana*, he was assigned to the Bureau of Equipment and Ordnance.

Captain Augustus F. Fechteler, aid for inspections, is one of the few officers in the navy of foreign birth. He was born in Prussia, and entered the Naval Academy in 1873, graduating four years later. His first tour of sea duty was on the *Shenandoah* for three years. His promotion to ensign came in 1880. On the coast survey *Drift* in 1882-1883 he displayed so much enthusiasm in the work that the command of the coast-survey schooner *Ready* was given to him in 1884. To the training-ship *Jamestown* he went in the following year, and was promoted a lieutenant, junior grade, in 1887, and was made a full lieutenant in 1892.

He was in charge of the branch hydrographic office, San Francisco, in 1894-1896, and during the Spanish War was on the monitor *Monterey*. He did duty at the navy-yard, Mare Island, 1899-1901, and was promoted to lieutenant-commander in 1900, to commander in 1905, and to captain in 1909.

THE STRENGTH OF THE HILLS

By day, upon my golden hill
Between the harbor and the sea,
I feel as if I well could fill
The world with golden melody.
There is no limit to my view,
No limit to my soft content,
Where sky and water's fairy blue
Merge to the eye's bewilderment.

At dusk, upon my purple knoll
'Twixt flaming sea and harbor's gloom,
I feel as if I well could toll
The round of passion and of doom.
Seldom were outlooks more unlike,
My sorrow seldom half so keen;
For pyre and cinder cannot strike
Morning's enkindling, kindly mean.

To-night, upon my somber naze
With gleam of silvered waters lit,
I feel as if I well could praise
The moon and not dishonor it.
Never was loveliness more pure
Or never met by eyes of mine:
Abashed, my rhythm halts, unsure,
Needing a well-spring half divine.

Richard Butler Glaeser

A BRAND FROM THE BURNING

BY JULIAN JOHNSON



THORMA made no answer to Gordon's insistent questioning, and when he sought to detain her she drew sharply away, running round a great bulwark-buttress of Tottenham Cathedral. Following her into the churchyard he found it peopled only by sleeping gravestones, warm in the red light of sunset. Gordon paused behind a flat and forgotten grave, smiling, though confounded. Why the cloak of woful mystery in which the girl, defiantly gay when he met her, had now enshrouded herself?

It was Saturday evening. At the same hour on the previous Tuesday Gordon, in a first-class carriage of the Northwestern Express, had drawn out of Euston Station to Tottenham-on-Sea. Gordon had no particular business in Tottenham; therefore he went there. As a tourist's excuse, there was Tottenham's ancient, magnificent church. The place was secluded, and Gordon was tired of town.

Frothingham, the senior partner in Manhattan, was in Scottish firths with Pirate, the insidious gray yacht which Gordon, speaking the language of motors, termed "underslung," so low did she lie in the water. Notwithstanding his stanch Highland name Gordon felt no call toward either the Scotch or their firths, and as Frothingham did not wish to steam back to the mouth of the Thames, they compromised; rather, Gordon compromised; Frothingham agreed. Tottenham was named as port of call.

Gordon allowed his orders of silence to be violated before he had assumed them. When Thorma Leigh entered his compartment he determined to pay no attention to her, although she was astonishingly wide-eyed to travel alone, was pretty like a slender little Pompeiian vase, wore an eye-riveting gown, struggled under a loneliness that shrieked—and was *en route* to

Tottenham! Gordon buried his face sternly in *The Times*.

Then he crashed into conversation.

"Pardon me—what's *the* hotel at Tottenham?"

The silence was very loud.

"The hotel at Tottenham, could a fellow survive it a week?"

She turned, her smile warm as December sunshine.

"Why don't you ask the guard?" she murmured. "He's no doubt lonely enough to enter conversation with any one!"

"He hasn't become desperate enough for me," muttered Gordon, as he felt himself assuming a peony tint that seemed likely to become permanent.

No other word was bold enough to venture between them until both alighted on the flagged, geranium-bordered platform of Tottenham station.

"Please pardon my abruptness in Euston," she said very suddenly, looking away. "I thought—"

"It did seem so, but I wasn't mashing you—honest!" Gordon interrupted quickly. "I'd a very sincere question. You seem to know where you're going. I don't know where I'm going."

"The hotel," informed the girl from the midst of an uncontrollable little smile, "is the only public place here. The Lion's Head Inn is not wonderful—just possible. I'm going there myself."

"Art student?" queried Gordon, looking at the bulky sketching kit as they sat in the tavern's conveyance.

She carried the kit with exaggerated caution. She caught her breath like a miser who sees an impoverished giant in his treasure-chamber. Leaning forward, curiously astonished, Gordon heard her say "Yes," although he could not see her eyes.

"I've heard that the cathedral here is great for pencils and brushes." At this she gave another strange start, and her

small fingers laced and unlaced convulsively. Turning, she smiled faintly, and rather sarcastically and defiantly.

On Thursday, Gordon realized that he was wading deep amorous waters. Friday he was far beyond his depth—in fathoms of adoration. To be sure, she was the only possible girl in Tottenham.

Twice each day she took an absurdly small sketching outfit from the absurdly big black box she had carried from the station, and went to the cathedral. She studied its Gothic front, the gallant old spire piercing the country sky, the curving windows rolling up the gray flanks in congealed bursts of multicolored flame, the rear wall of huge, hewn stone, bordering the cliff's brink and suggesting a Druid fortress rather than a temple of the Christian God.

As she seemed to study the cathedral, Gordon studied her, and though he saw her drawing with fervent ardor every day he never saw her work; the sketch-book snapped at his every approach.

Thorma was chic as a Parisienne, of the lore of big books and the big world she really knew much more than Gordon, and despite her style and knowledge she was wholly feminine; fascinating and perplexing; at once transparent and inscrutable.

"I perform better under 'Stanley,' than 'Mister,'" said Gordon, at the cathedral door on Friday. "Do you mind if I call you 'Thorma'?"

"Not at all—if you first say 'Miss,' and afterward 'Leigh,'" she returned.

"Thorma," began Gordon, with finality, "why are you here? Don't pass me this art stuff when you're not drawing at all. Let me see your sketch-book!" Playfully, he reached for the closed portfolio.

"Stop!" she cried with a new imperiousness. It was in another phase, new to Gordon, that she concluded: "I wish you had not come to Tottenham at all. You have made me—I think not unhappy: you've made me something other than myself!" She hurried toward the gate.

"Thorma!" The shout was resolute; his pursuit even more resolute.

"Please let me go down alone," she begged, turning. "After all I am unhappy—very unhappy. It's neither your fault nor mine. I could tell you to go away, but of course you're a man and you wouldn't do it—so until you do go away, to-morrow, you're not going to see me."

Gordon did not wait to open the rusty gate that separated them. He went over it.

"Oh, please! please!" protested the girl, stretching writhing hands toward him. Gordon extended one of his toward her. Hers waved him away, and he saw in her eyes an invisible wall, a wall whose substance he did not know, which had risen to the sky between them.

She did not look back at all as she trudged sturdily toward the inn, dragging her portfolio, the aigret in her wee turban shaking in pathetic defiance. Gordon knew, suddenly, how completely he loved her, and how determined he was to possess her, and he vowed to raze that dark castle of sorrow which by some bad necromancy had sprung round her.

She did not appear at dinner. Gordon, lingering till near midnight at the door of a cross-street pub, saw no light rise at her window. He slept badly. She did not answer a knock in the morning. She did not breakfast at the Lion's Head. The whole morning found her neither in the cathedral nor about the churchyard. After a void telescope search from Yeoman's Head for the Pirate's rakish beak upon the horizon, Gordon came back mechanically to the church.

The shabby town afforded but few keepers for this great jail of God, and all of them were afar when the American walked through the churchyard to find Thorma, gloveless, portfolioless, standing defiantly with clenched fists at the side of the cathedral. She was staring at a bending arch like some wild thing at the bar which cages it. She drew back when she saw Gordon, but she did not cry out. The agony that his presence brought contorted her face. He caught both her hands and pressed them tightly against his breast.

"Oh, Stanley!" she cried, her eyelids fluttering as her head drooped—she did not realize that for the first time her lips had framed his given name. "Yesterday I asked you such a little thing: just to go away. It seems you might have done that!"

"So I might, Thorma dear—"

"Oh, don't!"

"I repeat the Thorma dear," reiterated Gordon, firmness in his voice and arms as well. "I'm just a business man from Manhattan. I'm swift because I've had to be. Though I never saw you before

last Tuesday, I love you as Dante loved *Francesca*—no, that's wrong—I mean *Beatrice*! I'll never be Lord Anybody, but at home I've been Mr. Somebody for quite a while. I want you to be my wife."

Thorma smothered a hysterical little laugh with her handkerchief.

"Well?" Gordon was impatient.

"Absolutely impossible."

"Married already?"

"No."

"Engaged?"

"No."

"Love some other fellow?"

"No! No!" In a frantic little voice.

"Then tell me why, girlie? You don't hate me, do you?" Gordon caught her hands again. She let him see that the restraint was unwelcome, but she did not struggle futilely.

"I can't tell you why. I simply cannot marry you."

Releasing her, Gordon squatted heavily on his haunches, drawing hieroglyphs in the sand with his forefinger.

"Marry me without telling," he cajoled.

"They ripped up all the histories the day I met you. There wasn't even any Adam and Eve before that"—Gordon leaped to his feet—"and I don't care if you've six divorces and a father in Holloway jail—or two secret children and an aged suitor who'll kill us both if he finds us—or a strain of congenital insanity and a thousand pounds of debt in some sheriff's hands. I love you. I want you. You're the first woman I ever—ever wanted just as I want you, and I'm going to have you!"

"Perhaps," she returned, electrified under his last sentence, "that's just why you'll not have me. For ten thousand years woman has had very little to say about her own disposition. You men want us, and take us—our own little thoughts and hopes and plans are nothing! You want us: you grab us. Well, you're not going to grab me, you—you man, you!"

Her voice, more than her words, was a plexus blow, Gordon, picking up the hat that he had dropped, fingered it awkwardly.

"I—I'm sorry I'm so distasteful to you. I'm sorry I've been rude. I'm beating it—but I still love you, confound you!" His voice broke ludicrously on the last angry phrase. He backed away.

The girl looked wildly up into the serene sky, and stretched her arms to it, as if she

might draw down some of its peace. "I haven't told you," she faltered, "how hard it is—not to love you."

Gordon's motionless spell was broken by Thorma's frightened, doelike leap for the shelter of the corner buttress.

"Thorma!" he cried, rushing toward her with extended arms, his voice at once a troubadour's and a sacking invader's, "what do you mean? Tell me what you mean?"

He passed the buttress. Only he and the rooted stones stood in the pink light. Cagliostro could not have made the girl vanish more quickly.

Gordon forgot that it was Saturday, and that Frothingham and the Pirate were coming to take him back to New York. He forgot everything save this maddening mystery of a delicate girl who had come long miles alone to Tottenham because she had no business there, who carried a sketch-book day after day to the cathedral because she could not draw, who cried for companionship and furiously repelled it, who spurned him and repudiated all other ties, who forswore his hand, and with a final, fleeing word passionately confessed that she loved him.

He went to the inn. Aitken, the landlord, a sandy, cadaverous man, was suspiciously sure that he had never seen Thorma Leigh before her Tuesday arrival. Nobody in Tottenham knew her. Everybody in Tottenham was beginning to ask about her. Gordon went out hastily, fearful that at Aitken's next remark he would inadvertently knock him down.

Darkness fell, and the supper-lamps gleamed from the diamond panes of the Lion's Head, but this time neither Thorma Leigh nor Stanley Gordon laid hands upon the provincial napery. Where Thorma could be, Gordon could not imagine; he, like a blond upright panther, unrestingly lashed the cliff's edge with rapid feet. From the shelter of overhanging bushes he watched the door of the Lion's Head.

Suddenly as he realized that, of course, Thorma would not return to the inn, no matter what—Thorma, swinging briskly and unhesitatingly out of the dark, entered the main door quickly. He could see her going unconcernedly to the dining-room. For the first time in several days she sat down with the other Aitken lodgers. He saw her laugh merrily at one of Aitken's elephantine witticisms.

Gordon strode into the room and dropped his hand upon her shoulder. She glanced up.

"Why, Mr. Gordon!" she exclaimed, like an affable, not to say eager, nonentity. "We've not seen you in two days!" She spread her red-edged napkin neatly across her lap, but she made no room for Gordon on the bench.

"Well, I'll—" Gordon did not finish with any expletive. He went supperless to his room.

He sat for hours. How many, he never knew.

The house as well as the town was still when the chime of a deep, poly-chambered whistle boomed across the water—unmistakably the Pirate's sonorous bass. From his window, unlighted, Gordon saw Frothingham's craft pulling down far out in the bay, her red and green lamps twinkling tropic eyes, a white light at her mast-head glowing like a beacon in a steeple. He gathered his things quickly. His score had been paid.

A boat would be but fifteen minutes carrying him to the Pirate, and fifteen minutes after that the Pirate would be nosing toward Sandy Hook, while Tottenham, and she, the mysterious, would be shutting down on the eastern horizon—forever!

He went to his window again. No one was putting off from the yacht. Frothingham had made the siren cry to the night—once. If Gordon did not respond they would wait until dawn before coming for him. Gordon dropped his bag. He would wait. He *must* see her once more. He began to wonder—she had acted so strangely—was she still at the Lion's Head? It was quite evident that she was not in her own senses, but was she safe?

Gable windows projected from Aitken's ancient, slated roof. Gordon's room had one of these antiquities, and he knew that Thorma's, at the north end of the building, had another. He unlaced his boots, and kicked them off. He vaulted to the low-pitched roof, and it took but a few cautious moments in the eaves to reach Thorma's casement. Her window was flung wide in a sweet way of virginal trust, and as Gordon bent guiltily to peer within his face, in the moon-broken darkness, was scarlet with a tide of shame.

Fully dressed, Thorma lay on the bed asleep. Two hands pillowed her cheek. A

little American alarm-clock ticked almost at her head, and a wan moon ray showed that its bell had been paper-tamped, so that it would buzz, but would not ring.

In a panic over his visual rapine, Gordon scrambled rather than climbed back to his own place. He listened, breath stopped, for some sound acknowledging the discovery of his trick. Only the crickets broke the silence above the unconscious village. Happy in the knowledge that Thorma was at least safe and sleeping, Gordon dropped, dressed, to his own bed. In a moment he, too, slept.

Suddenly through the deeps of his sleep plunged the ringing of bells, confused shouts, the rush of stumbling feet in unlit halls beside him, and finally, the volleying of the Pirate's siren, pealing a wide alarm.

Gordon woke quickly, fully, calmly. It seemed that a crimson moon in the north sky was pouring drunkenly over his casement. He sprang to the window. Below, the town scurried like a distracted ant-hill, while from the nave of Tottenham cathedral, sixteenth-century relic, which gave the village its only claim to art or beauty, a simitar of party-colored flame in a great scabbard of black smoke was furiously stabbing the darkness.

Some crucial moments illuminate themselves electrically. A mask fell from Gordon's eyes, and, turning from his window, he ran to Thorma's room. The door, ajar, would have yielded to any touch. The room was empty and disordered. The floor was strewn with the familiar iconoclastic literature of the Militant Suffragettes—the Wild Women of Britain. On a banner affixed to the opposite wall he read in lurid letters: "The peace of the world has always been won by fire or sword!"

Gordon stuffed his bag, and placed his money in the breast pocket of his light tennis shirt. Then he went down quickly into the cathedral-bent crowd.

The front of the old church was well ablaze. Little lambent flames were leaping venturesomely up into the bell-tower, and a cyclonic whirl of fire, springing fountainlike from the tinder pews and venerable hangings, poured through the roof. The tremendous updraft had just cleared the nave of smoke, and notwithstanding the heat the interior was quite endurable. There was no one there, however—

Save Thorma.

Blinded and choking, she leaned against the high altar like a still animate burnt offering. Her gown was torn, her hair in disarray. Her face was ludicrously smudged with soot. She had been crying, and the tears had made little pale water-courses on her smudged cheeks. She saw Gordon approach, but there was only one avenue of escape from him: the fire. She ran toward the blaze. He crossed her path and caught her in his arms. She struck him furiously in the face.

"I'm a fury! A fury! A fury!" she screamed above the monstrous humming of the conflagration. "I had to do it! I promised! It was a death-bed vow, and I've kept it! It's done—I've obeyed, implicitly—now I want to die, too, for—" She did not end the sentence. She had fainted.

Gordon dropped his bag unhesitatingly, and raised the limp body to his shoulder. He started toward the chancel door, which was beyond the crowd. He stumbled over the big black sketching box *en route*—open, tin-lined, and reeking with little flaming ghosts of the gasoline it had contained. But the wicked box saved his life, for it delayed him a second, and in that second the chancel roof came down, and where the aisle had been was an incandescent inferno. The American turned and leaped with his yielding burden to the one remaining unfired window. Fortunately it turned easily upon its pins.

Before the crowd, he was silhouetted like a demon bearing a lost soul from some altar-tomb. Realizing that his burden was a woman's body—with the literature about their feet, and the history of a hundred similar outrages in memory—the townsmen knew that he held the destroyer of the cathedral. They rushed toward him like a Macedonian phalanx. It was twenty feet to the ground, but Gordon dropped, holding Thorma on high.

He brought up in a ditch, with salvation in the half-foot of muddy water at its bottom. Thorma catapulted from his shoulder, and shock and water combined to restore her senses. First over the barrier of the ditch's parapet was Aitken—Aitken whose Lion's Head had for two generations been supported by votaries at the shrine of Tottenham cathedral.

"Kill 'er! Kill 'er, Hi say!" Gordon got him neatly on the point of the jaw,

and he went head down into the water. The youth stopped only to whirl his host's face above the slime. Then he thrust Thorma, struggling bewilderedly, beneath his left arm, and rose to confront twenty villagers.

"I've got her!" he cried, with strategy born of the football field; "to the police with her! Stand back there!"

This was a common mob; it was headless, and to its confusion was added the panic of destruction. Beneath the solemn and unbroken rampart of the rear wall it was still dark, and there were comparatively few people that way. Besides, it was the cliff's edge. Shouting his authoritative cry, and dragging the sobbing Thorma with exaggerated brutality, Gordon pressed that way.

He seized Thorma's hand, and the two of them ran, stumbling and rising again, down the steep, dark path that led to another path in the face of the cliff, and so, rushing headlong and heedless to the beach. There the girl shook herself loose, and stood away from him.

"Stanley, I am the most wretched girl in the world!" she murmured in a low, quivering voice. "My mother, a cripple, was the most ardent of militants. On her death-bed I promised her, not two months ago, to do the work she could not do—should they ever command me. The command came—the day you saw me start for Tottenham. It was my love for you that made me wait so long—that made it so hard. But I did obey, and now I want them to take me away—"

"I sentence you for life: to be my wife, you pitiful, bad, helpless thing!" She could scarcely breathe as Gordon held her; she could not breathe at all as he crushed the kisses of a battle-mad soldier upon her mouth. "You're going to America with me. You're going to forget—"

Superhumanly she hurled him back. "You're bigger and stronger than I, but women are fighting and burning and destroying just because of that strength. We want to give ourselves—not to be compelled. You've lashed us with your bigger muscles for forty centuries—and you're through. You can take me, but you'll be sorry. I loved you, but after all I hate you. You're just—a man!"

Gordon did not reply. His eyes were fixed upon lurid little figures that seemed to run out of the now vast fire toward the

cliff's edge and there disappear. Their disappearance meant that they were coming down the hill. They did not know, for a certainty, that Gordon and Thorma stood on the shore, but were they discovered again escape would have been impossible.

Gordon seized Thorma's wrist so fiercely that she cried out. He dragged her toward the water.

"Take off your shoes, and that jacket," commanded the man, quietly.

"No!"

"Take them off, or I'll beat you like a big, bad dog. Take them off!"

He picked up a slender wand of driftwood, pliable like wire or whip cord, and cruel as wet rope. She stood sullenly, and, without compromise, he bent it about her shoulders, just as he had threatened. She crouched, whimpering like a hurt and astonished baby.

"Obey me, Thorma!" he exclaimed, more slowly and not unkindly. "Drop your shoes and your jacket; your skirt seems short and light."

In a moment the garment and the shoes were floating out on the ebb ahead of her, and the sharp pebbles were hurting her soft, small feet. Gordon flung his coat and shoes after hers.

"You swim?" A brusque question.

"Yes," she shivered obediently. In a moment her teeth were chattering in the cool water. They were both swimming in the dark. The first stragglers, without lights and seeing nothing on the shore, were turning back toward the hill path. Gordon, lifting his face toward the Pirate, distant half a thousand yards, struck out soundlessly, regularly, going in great splashless leaps through the water.

"Put your hand on my shoulder, dear," he bubbled to the girl, his face low in the wake of his arm.

"Thank you! I think I can swim as well as you." The taunt surprised him—but she was holding the pace. For a few minutes neither spoke. Suddenly a roller, climbing, lifted them high above the level surface of the sea.

"Stanley!" cried the girl, in alarm, "We're on the dragon's teeth. This sand is sown with terrible rocks!"

"I'm enjoying it!" called the youth in exuberant reply. Turning over, he went down the breaker's oily back like a Hawaiian on a surf-board. It was wonderful tobogganing—and then his right shoulder

met the submerged pinnacle. He whirled about and spun toplike in the water; then, dizzy with the excruciating pain, choked in the salt that suddenly boiled round him.

He struck out desperately, and the agony almost cost him his consciousness; his right arm floated nervelessly. He sank; he was whirled up. His head struck Thorma's breast, as frantically she swam over him.

"Thorma!" He gurgled in such articulation as the yeasty water allowed him: "The ship—my partner, Frothingham—give—my name—I'm gone—broken shoulder—save—" He went down.

A tiny, mighty little hand, agonizingly gripping his flannel shirt just above the fracture, yanked him to the surface. A small voice rang in breathless, short gasps through the double surge of water and pain.

"Stanley! — Stanley! — I'll hate you more than ever — if — you die — live for me—I can't live without you. I want you—I love you—I need you. Oh—don't leave me—alone—in this desert—world!"

Gordon smiled sternly into the green-white-black even as another banging blow on a Neptunian needle sent him quite out of consciousness.

When he opened his eyes he thought he was fathoms deep—but there was across his eyes a cloth, cool and wet. He could feel, too, the vibration of a swift-turning screw. It had all been a deadly sweet nightmare; a week-long dream in one turbulent slumber. He rose quickly.

He dropped heavily, groaning. Assuredly the broken shoulder was no dream. He lay with eyes closed, biting the blood from his lips. Suddenly a velvet cheek touched his; lips quivered over his lips, and his nostrils were bathed in a perfumed breath. He raised his arms, heedless now of pain. The face went away.

"Who is it?" he cried quaveringly, reaching out hands that grasped nothing. No one answered. "Who is it?" he cried again, his voice strident as a sick child's.

"Pardon me," came the most wonderful voice, softly; "what's *the* hotel in New York-on-Sea? The hotel at New York—could a girl survive it a whole week?"

His hand plunged unerringly through the damp darkness and anchored her wrist.

"Whichever it is, *this* girl has got to survive New York a lifetime!"



CHILDREN OF THE EARL OF GOWER

From the painting by Romney

CHILDREN IN PAINTINGS

(TENTH PAPER: GEORGE ROMNEY)

BY CLAYTON HAMILTON



IN the matter of painting children, it is difficult to choose between the three greatest English artists of the eighteenth century. The distinction between them may be summed up in a sentence. Reynolds painted with his head; Gainsborough painted with his hand; and Romney painted with his heart. The technical dexterity displayed by Gainsborough in his famous

painting of "The Blue Boy" was utterly beyond the reach of Romney's craftsmanship; neither could Romney have rendered an abstract idea with the classic ideality displayed by Reynolds in "The Age of Innocence"; but in the best of Romney's paintings of children there is a note of lyric loveliness that neither of his more admired rivals ever quite attained. He is the most poetic painter of his time; and his poetic appeal is seen, upon analysis, to

have resulted less from his craftsmanship than from his personality. He lacked the brains of Reynolds and the brilliancy of Gainsborough; but neither of them was

commonly accompanied by tears." He was a man whose eyes would fill at a vision or a thought of loveliness; and this is the main reason why his paintings make so poignant



MRS. CHARLES HAWKINS AND CHILDREN

From the painting by Romney

endowed with so sensitive a temperament. It is recorded of Romney by a man who knew him well that, whenever he was wooed out of his shyness to talk about his art, his thoughts were "uttered in a hurried accent, an elevated tone, and very

an emotional appeal. Stephen Phillips, in "Marpessa," has remarked:

The half of music, I have heard men say,
Is to have grieved; when comes the lonely wail
Over the mind; old men have told it me,
Subdued after long life by simple sounds.



CHILDREN OF CAPTAIN LITTLE

From the painting by Remmey



CHILDREN OF J. N. FUZAKERLEY

From the painting by Romney



MRS. CANNING AND CHILD

From the painting by Romney



LORD HENRY PETTY

From the painting by Romney

Romney was himself no mean musician; and in his greatest canvases there is a singing quality that subdues us like a long-remembered melody of simple sounds.

The briefest glance at the eight great paintings that are reproduced herewith will reveal this lyric quality of Romney's art. Here was a man who responded spontaneously to every fleeting hint of loveliness. Like Keats, he caught a vision of "Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips, bidding adieu"; but, working with inspired swiftness, he was able to arrest the vision before it faded into melancholy. The merit of his method is its extreme simplicity and unpremeditated ease; he could record his impressions of beauty without apparent effort and without the slightest hint of affectation.

Romney never sent a picture to the Royal Academy, and his name never came up for election to that distinguished institution. He neither supported it, like Reynolds, nor opposed it, like Gainsborough. He seems to have felt that a man of his sensitive temperament should avoid competition and paint only to satisfy himself. It is to be noted that both the merits and the faults of Romney's art are the very reverse of academic.

A more academic attitude toward his work might have marred the spontaneity of Romney's productions; but, on the other hand, it must be admitted that his most obvious defects resulted from his lack of systematic study. In the handling of color he was neither a student, like Reynolds, nor an experimentalist, like Gainsborough. He contented himself with a cool pallet of the simplest tints, and was overfond of a thin color of red. In composition, also, he was weak — especially when he was called upon to place more than two figures on



his canvas. His larger patterns either seem to fall apart or else appear to be uncomfortably huddled.

Of these contrary defects of composition examples are afforded in three of the pictures that are reproduced in connection with the present paper. In the group of "The Countess of Warwick and Her Chil-

dren" the figure of the boy seems to stand quite apart from the closely patterned figures of the mother and the little girl. Also, in the group of "Mrs. Charles Hawkins and Her Children," the blank expanse of sky in the background appears to make a hole in the picture. In both of these canvases the individual figures are

rendered with appealing loveliness, but we feel the lack of some necessary device of composition to bind the groups into a consistent unity.

The contrary fault of an uncomfortably

ing picture the figure of the boy at the left side of the canvas is almost worthy of Van Dyck for simple dignity and aristocratic poise. Even when Romney is at fault from an academic standpoint, he is



COUNTESS OF WARWICK AND HER CHILDREN

From the painting by Romney

huddled pattern is displayed in the picture of the "Children of Captain Little." The white dress of the central figure sets off the darker costumes of the children on either hand; but even this obvious device is insufficient to relieve the composition of the sense of unnecessary crowding. It should be noted, however, that in this disappoint-

capable of overcoming us with a simple hint of perfect loveliness.

Perhaps the greatest of the pictures that are reproduced herewith is the famous group of the "Children of the Earl of Gower." This canvas, known popularly as the "Dancing Children," is usually conceded to be Romney's masterpiece.

Though fully as spontaneous as the other pictures now before us, it is much more academic in its craftsmanship. The white-robed figure of the eldest sister, holding a tambourine above her shoulder, is conceived in the "grand manner" and affords a hint of that "heroic" type of painting to which Romney vainly aspired in those visionary hours when he imagined himself as a rival of William Blake instead of as a rival of Reynolds.

The color-scheme of this canvas is unusually careful. The dark-haired little girl dances in front of a white column, while her fair-haired sisters and brother are set off before a background of dark-green trees and deep-blue sky. The white costumes of the eldest sister and the tiny brother are deftly employed to interrupt the warm values of the green, plum, and red dresses of the three little girls. In the leading lines of the composition there is a perfectness of grace that appears to be both studied and spontaneous. Here is a work of carefully calculated art that seems as simple as a glimpse of nature.

THE DESIGN OF ROMNEY'S ARTIFICE

To say that Romney was occasionally artificial is only another way of saying that he painted in the eighteenth century; but even in his artificiality there is a note of *naïveté* that relieves his work of any possible imputation of insincerity. In this connection the accompanying portrait of "Lord Henry Petty" may be noted. It cannot be denied that this quaint little fellow, in his blue tail-coat and amber-colored trousers, is consciously posing for his picture. He merely pretends to have been reading the book which he is holding in his hands; and the backward fling of his left foot has been deliberately made in the interest of the painter's composition. Yet the artificiality of this portrait is something totally different from the artificiality of Sir Thomas Lawrence. Lawrence purposely told lies about life in order to achieve effects of prettiness; but in this arrangement of Romney's there is no note of insincerity—the artifice is merely a method that he snatched at while groping for a means of telling truth.

One of Romney's most difficult and most successful compositions is the portrait of "Mrs. Russell and Her Child." The child, with its back turned to the spectator, is standing on a table and playfully

regarding its own chubby face in a circular mirror. The note of color in the green dress of Mrs. Russell is continued in the sash of the child, and the composition is further bound together by the expedient of making the mother hold the child's sash with her uplifted hand. The device of employing a mirror to complete a composition is nearly as old as the history of painting: it was used, for instance, by Velasquez in the "Rokeby Venus"—a picture which has recently been called to general attention: but seldom has this subterfuge been more successfully exploited than in this very happy and winning design of Romney's.

AN APOSTLE OF SIMPLICITY

More than any other English painter of the eighteenth century, Romney seems to have felt that nature unadorned was adorned the most. The charm of the accompanying portrait of the two "Children of J. N. Fuzakerley" results mainly from the absolute simplicity of the costumes of the little sitters. Romney preferred to dress his women and children in white, or else in the simplest tints of red or blue or green; and in the matter of design he steadfastly rebelled against the artificial costumes of his time.

In the lovely portrait of "Mrs. Canning," seated under a tree and clasping her child to her bosom, we are impressed not only by the graceful ease of the double embrace but also by the dainty and delicate simplicity of the dresses of the figures. Of Romney's costumes it may be said, as Jonson said of Shakespeare's plays, that "they are not of an age, but for all time." In a period when the majority of people dressed absurdly, he showed them how they ought to dress in order to achieve the beauty of simplicity.

No less apparent in his paintings than his lack of affectation is the essential modesty of Romney's personality. When one of his pupils told him that his picture of Mrs. Siddons was considered superior to Reynolds's portrait of the actress, he replied: "The people know nothing of the matter, for it is not." At the age of fifty-two he wrote to William Hayley, the English poet: "This cursed portrait-painting—how I am shackled with it! I am determined to live frugally, that I may enable myself to cut it short as soon as I am tolerably independent, and then give

myself up to those delightful regions of the imagination."

Romney was, in Tennyson's phrase, a "follower of the gleam." He regarded the spontaneous and simple portraits that have won him immortality only as so many mile-stones on the road toward that "heroic" art which glimmered fitfully before him in the "delightful regions of the imagination." Always modest in respect of his achievements, he was evermore ambitious of the unachieved. This is the key-note of his life. Rightly understood, it explains the semi-madness of his declining years and all but excuses his early desertion of his wife to seek fame in London. A great man should be judged by his intentions.

When, at the age of twenty-eight, Rom-

ney rode away from Kendal, after dividing his small fortune with his wife, his imaginative purpose was not to forsake his family, but merely to follow the gleam that lured him on to fame. It was characteristic of this idealist that he returned to his humble home only after he had been spent and broken by a lifelong quest of "the light that never was on sea or land." We may agree with Fitzgerald and with Tennyson in lauding the patient Griselda of a wife who waited for him thirty years and then, after he came back, nursed him through his final illness (he died in 1802 at the age of sixty-eight) when his mind was gone; but to a man who gathered so many immortal roses by the way, even so long a wandering may charitably be excused.

AUTUMN SONG

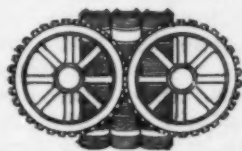
ALL things that fade and fall,
With a strange, haunted sound,
Upon the astered ground,
In sad September nights;
Apples and yellow leaves,
And the low, ghostlike call
Of Summer's lost delights
That grieves and grieves:
Of these be the song made,
Like them to fall and fade.

Of garden corners dank,
With piercing smell of mold,
Of Summer's cup of gold,
Wherefrom so deep he drank,
By the dry fountain's edge
Cast down and grown arust;
Dust calling unto dust,
Sedge sighing unto sedge:
Of these let the song tell
That pleaseth Autumn well.

Of woods—a painted scene,
A hollow mimic show,
A mask within whose glow
A grinning death is seen;
Of flowers funeral
That seem not flowers at all,
But little paper shapes
An art fantastic apes:
In these hath Autumn pride
That knows not she hath died.

Richard Le Gallienne

The MAN, the SYSTEM & the MACHINE



by Gilbert Parker



KNOW the title of this article seems portentous, but, as in legerdemain, the thing is simple enough when you know it. There is no mystery here. The System of the title is the modern education scheme, and the Machine is the system at work under steam. The Man? Recall the old tree-puzzle—to find the man's face among the leaves? The reader will, of course, find my Man if he wishes to do so. To achieve his illusion the prestidigitator first attracts your attention, makes you look at something, while he does something else.

If at command you look backward, you will see with me that in Education, as in all other things, vast changes have been at work in the past generation. Science has played its part with education and its methods as with social life and industry. The education scene has a newer, a more vivid coloring than it ever had, though the gray note lurks still in the background, steals into the perspective. Things have changed for the better; but they have not changed so infinitely much for the better that we can afford to despise what was done in the older days. There was this to

be said of the old "Go-as-you-please" system,—I speak now of a couple of generations ago—that it allowed more freedom on the part of the child and more individuality on the part of the teacher. Yet it was only little fields which were then tilled—not great prairies. The masses were widely ignorant of the rudiments; yet when ability appeared, because of the very freedom of its growth, it had personality, distinction and force. I am not speaking of the great private schools, but of that less exclusive, more multitudinous world of education where the humble struggle upward.

It was inevitable that, as education became national, policy and purpose should be reduced to a system. The more logical and exact and comprehensive and orderly the system, the greater danger that the system would become a machine, the machine become rigid, and the rigidity, translated into human terms, tend to change the human boy or girl into the inhuman prig. The antidote to the implacable working of the system is the man and the woman higher up—the teacher. If the teacher is also the mechanical product of the system, then good-bye to the human

boy. Yet every system, no matter what its rigidity, its logical precision, its machinelike inelasticity, becomes flexible in the hands of a man or woman of vivid and sensitive mind.

THE CRY OF DISCONTENT

The cry of the discontented is constantly heard under our present educational system—the moan that comes from monotony; but men and women of individuality do not permit themselves to become the slaves of routine, or the victims of their surroundings. The system is necessary; the machine is inevitable; and the only question is, whether there is freedom within the system and adaptability to the machine.

It is not for me—indeed I am not capable of doing it—to enter into a critical examination of educational systems in England or America; but when I recall what I have seen, I am convinced that whatever faults they have the living quality of the teaching intelligence has not been destroyed. There is greater freedom as to text-books. There is infinitely more variety in the illustration of subjects; and questions are put in more human fashion. The Westminster Catechism is no longer the model upon which the teacher instructs and interrogates the child. Information is given in an increasingly interesting and stimulating way; it is no longer what his godfathers and godmothers may do for the child; the spirit of it all is what the child may do for himself. We are getting closer to a grasp of the things that matter in the education of the young. The element of choice and selection has increased the chance for a boy or a girl to develop along his own individual path.

MONOTONY IN RUDIMENTS

To a degree, however, monotony must still exist in the earlier stages of education. There is no choice or selection in the field of the rudiments. In spite of the Kindergarten and Froebel systems and all such means, there must ever remain monotony associated with the more primitive and elementary stages. Elasticity begins with the information period; and there—as I have said—variety has been largely extended. There, elasticity in details, variety in illustration, may become infinite; and with the development of modern science, as found in the moving-picture

world, a new life, a greater vision, a more excellent understanding is on the way to the boy and girl of to-day. A larger meaning with more practical results should henceforth come from our educational life; yet the system and the machine must remain. The machine is the instrument for the large design, and it cannot be displaced by individual initiative.

But then there comes the man in the machine. It is inevitable that he should be controlled by it to a certain degree, limited by its capacities. An expert chauffeur cannot drive a car at fifty miles an hour if its power warrants no more than thirty. To that extent a man is controlled by the system and the machine. But given an adequate machine, however comprehensive or detailed the system, the man can make it his instrument with which he may perform prodigies. There are men who cannot be distinguished from the machines; there are men who are lost in the systems; but there are men who are masters of both system and machine and working with both effectively. The danger lies, however, in the deadliness of routine, in the limited field which the systems open up to the individual.

AMBITION AS A HELP

In the United States, in Scotland and the Overseas Dominions—particularly in Canada—the teaching profession has ever been greatly used as a stepping-stone, as the gateway for ambitious men to other professions with wider scope, so far as the material benefits and profits of life are concerned. That looking forward, that eye fixed upon a distant star, is a great and good thing for the worker. But it has its dangers. The man in one profession, who is ever looking towards another profession, may fail to make his temporary calling what it should be; on the other hand he may vivify it by those very ambitions which take him out of it in the end. Given that a man or woman determines to make the teaching profession his life or her life, then the danger of monotony, the deadliness of it, is great. Then the machine gets its chance; but then again the real man or woman rises above the stern iteration of the recurring daily task, by living more fully himself, expanding his own culture, enlarging his own human interests, and so making his work and himself more vital.

On the other hand, there are those who are absorbed by the deadliness of routine, oppressed by the fact that the odds are against them, in that the prizes of the teaching profession are few. Discontent thereupon takes possession of them, and then you have the revolt of the dead. I have long noticed an undertone of bitterness in the teaching profession. I think there is a feeling that from the elementary schools up the rewards are inadequate; and this thing is true—that the best teacher is never well enough paid. He is asked to take note of the dignity and nobility of his work, and not to keep his eye fixed on mundane things.

DIGNIFYING THE PROFESSION

It was said by a hopeless platitudinarian that it was not the calling which gave honor and dignity to the man, but the man who gave honor and dignity to his calling. That is all nonsense. Professions and positions belonging to a great system in organized society have an honor and an influence which add at once to the importance of the man. If you give the teaching profession greater importance the public will attach to it greater honor, and you at once dignify the man.

Lift a member of parliament out of his seat in the crowded forum to the Speaker's Chair and he at once assumes a new importance, and even in his bearing there is a new sense of authority because of the power that he wields. The best that he does is partly himself, but it is mostly what others have done before him to give his position authority, precedent and influence. He is like the eldest son and heir to a great estate: the odds are with him; he starts without any lead under the saddle. If he adds to the authority and the permanent tradition of his place a wide outlook, a large intellectual life, many mental possessions, sympathy, humanity, capacity to see big things, decision and intellectual stamina and vision, then he becomes the giant.

Therefore, I say that the more importance our civilization attaches to the teaching profession, the more it is honored, the better on the whole the man and the woman will be who are of that profession. They start with an advantage. In old days the teacher—Moses, Confucius, Socrates, Plato, or another—was near to the heart of the world. Arnold of Rugby and

Thring of Uppingham were near to the heart, true to the soul of modern England; but it would be good to see the teaching profession nearer and dearer to the heart of the people as a whole.

Uniformity is inevitable to all organizations in their formative periods, but it must permit of variations, of expansions, contractions and free movement, lest it flatten out the individual. With it there is possible greater impetus and movement and there are apparently greater results, though often these results represent only superficial attainment and glossed ignorance. It is a mistake to suppose that the child is unthinking. The average child is an inquisitive mortal, and inquisition or inquiry is the only source of light. It is when the system lays hold of the child that he is in danger of ceasing to inquire, because he has been urged to acquire, driven indeed to acquire; and too frequently it is only eating at the long educational trough which has been filled by his teacher, acting on the demand of the system.

WHERE THE TEACHER IS A VICTIM

Very often the teacher himself has ceased to think in the really native way—I mean the way that is native to the mind. He has become the slave of information, and the acquisition of information is his test, as it is the obvious test of the system. Very often he has been the victim and not the sinner. There are few men who can resist the dominance or tyranny of an organization, and the atrophy of mind, of initiative and originality which attends the man controlled by the machine is almost insensible, and it is terribly insidious. Here and there comes a great reformer who breaks away, and you get Pestalozzi and the Kindergarten and Froebel and the Montessori systems, each of them (whatever its faults) having a sound idea or principle which may work cumbrously, crudely, and even with bad accidents at first, like the flying machine, but which represent evolution and growth.

At first it is the nature of children to try and break out of the enclosure. Some, however, fall instantly under the pressure of the system, grown aged while yet in the very bud and blossom of intelligence. In one sense they are happier; as is the instructor who has learned to work with the system and adapt himself to it—to be its master and not its slave; to serve it yet

not to be controlled by it. It is the same with the conventions of society. Convention does not represent an arbitrary code, or the social manufacture of any given moment. It represents the steady growth of adaptability to the necessity of the hour. What is that necessity? It is ease, freedom from friction, from chaos and the unadaptable and antagonistic units. Life's conventions, all social conventions, have sprung from the desire to have recognized rules which make for convenience. These rules often harden into moral laws which, begun in habit, end in virtue.

There are children and there are instructors, however, who continually try to break away from the rule and the convention at first. They are wilful and difficult and are often called impossible. I have often watched a young horse being broken. He is given rope, and within the range of the rope he lets fly with his heels, with his whole body—he gives vent to his rebellious spirit; but by and by, within the range of the rope, he ceases to rebel, though he preserves his spirit.

THE BOY NEEDS MORE ROPE

I have often thought that teacher and parent—the parent in the civil government of the home and the teacher in the national government of the school—do not give the boy enough rope. Certainly the system does not. Conformity! Conformity! is the stock-whip cracked over the young warrigals, as wild untamed colts are known in Australia. I have seen a team of warrigals which never had had harness on before, broken before my eyes; put into the traces and made to drag a coach over the desert waste as their first effort of tamed life. It was a time of drought. They had been corralled at a watercourse, they were filled only with water and the leaves of the mulga-tree. I saw them put into the traces and start wildly galloping over the saltbush plain. Presently they were covered with foam, and the flesh began to dwindle before one's eyes. Emaciated, broken, one by one they dropped out and were left to die. But one only was left, and with him we came trudging into the homestead of the sheep station, where we were safe.

Is the illustration too bizarre, too melodramatic? Perhaps. But the ill-nourished young mind, fed only with information and not sustained by it, when put to the

test, when it strives to reach the goal of human achievement, soon gallops itself to death. It would not be true to say that our educational systems are failures, that they turn out ill-nourished, famished, death-stricken minds: that would be folly. I am pointing out merely what a machine and system at their worst may do, and what grayness and lack of vision may come to people in whom the true spirit of education has not been working.

You have the best example of rigidity in the German system, with a consequent parsimony of initiative, yet with great accumulation of information; and you have got the too eclectic and elastic systems of the United States, where initiative and individuality are touched by eccentricity here and there. Within the system there should be the widest encouragement to individuality, to a lively sense of freedom. You never know, even in the smallest elementary school, what genius is lazily and even sullenly taking punishment because the tasks set him have not interested him. The awful futility of making the young learn, or making their elders teach, what they are not interested in is enough to bring despair, were it not that the living human being clings to life even when insane!

NATION'S SKILL ADVANCED

Having said thus much, it is time to remark that our educational systems have enormously advanced the capacities and the skill of the nation during the last fifty years. The average boy is better equipped to-day, from the standpoint of general information, quickness of perception and readiness of word and wit, than he was then. But in spite of that, we, as a nation, are not so thorough as we were, and that lack of thoroughness tempts the schoolboy, as it tempts the footsteps of the craftsman in the factory and the worker with his brains in the office and the study. I once crammed for an examination in four days and passed in a subject which I had never before studied; but the shame of that rather notable performance has pursued me ever since. They said it was clever, but I say that this influence is a thing which I have had to fight ever since then. The knowledge got in those four days was mere cramming. It vanished like the memory of a debt. In the fields of handicraft and braincraft we see sloppiness and

scrappiness, and the work breaks down at the centre. In these days the tendency is to brush the dust into the corners, to put untidy things where they cannot be seen. In spite of our systems, comparatively rigid as they are, we have much intellectual as well as industrial untidiness. We could do well with more pride in the mind's work, in handicraft, in the perfect accomplished thing, sound in all its parts, ringing to the stroke of criticism as the flawless wheel of a railway carriage rings to the stroke of the testing hammer. Steam and electricity, machinery and the product of machinery which imitates artistic handicraft, have cheapened taste and made cold the love of work for work's sake. This, in spite of the fact that something at least has been done for the arts and the crafts in our Elementary and higher Secondary Schools. Whatever the fault is, wherever it is, it is quite clear that, in the words of James Russell Lowell, "We do not know everything down in Judee."

One loss always brings another. When pride of work, which only means true interest in work, passes, imagination fails. There are those who would think that this is no loss, but that is because they associate imagination with romance, which is childish and erroneous. Imagination is the inspiration of all progress in practical and concrete things. Every scientific genius who gives us life's conveniences has it in him deeper than his executive and technical skill. All men who have done big things have in the true sense been dreamers as well as workers. Find a boy that broods and dreams as well as works and plays, and you must keep your eye on him. Imagination does not consist in dreaming of what you might accomplish if you had nothing to do, but of what there is to do beyond what is doing. It means that you shall have the Cortez eye, the eye of the discoverer:

"Of some lonely watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims within his ken."

IMAGINATION THE LIGHT-GIVER

Imagination is gaiety and gravity in one; it is light and the way out of the wood. It is laughter and the understanding of the world. It is the thing that gives the power-house of existence its power. It is what makes you get the worth of your money in life. If you will not cultivate

imagination you will not get beyond the belief that "All that glitters is not gold." If you neglect it, you may perhaps easily become a member of parliament; you may even achieve the giddy height of a peerage; but you won't become a statesman or belong to that aristocracy which cannot be nominated—the aristocracy of the men who do things. Without it you will never see the wonderful procession of life as it really is, nor where it is going, nor what is your own place in it. And you will laugh less and care more, and be as dull as the monster who does not share his feast but eats and drinks in gluttony and alone. If one were asked to give a motto to our educational systems it would be this:

"The pride of work is ours, the pride and lure
of it,
The thing done well, so well that all stands
fast;
The seeing what is far, the making sure of it,
The future conquered through a conquered
past."

Imagination enables the mind to find the symmetry of things—the relation of the unimportant to the important and the essential to the non-essential. It is the difference between the human view and the academic view. There are many men who know humanity theoretically and do not know men at all. For every side of life I believe that the keyword is, "Watch and Wait."

SLAVES OF PRECISION

It is well to try not to do things by rule or by precedent, but through insight and prescience. I do not mean sloth or procrastination, or an ineffectual waiting for things—that sort of conscience which is sheer egotism, that fearfulness of making up one's mind, that petty indecision which is a form of mental inadequacy, and in another form is sheer insanity. I knew a man so intellectually precise, so conscientiously eager to have a perfect reason for everything he did, that, in spite of his Double First at Oxford, he took a header into that piteous sea of insanity provided for those of us whose thoughts are ever turned inward—that miserable monotony which drives the Australian stock-rider, the peasant of Saxony, and the farmer's wife in Montana to the lunatic asylum. The last time I saw my Oxford friend before he went mad, he was greatly con-

cerned as to whether he should put his right arm or his left arm into the sleeve of his coat first; whether he should pick up his knife or his fork first; what were the reasons in favor of one or the other. There was his difficult problem. I settled the matter for him by helping him on with his coat and inducing him to pick up his knife and fork together.

There is nothing sadder in this world than the educated egoist. Education of itself does not necessarily enlarge the understanding; it disciplines the capacities—no more. How much of *information* does one retain from one's college life? "The finished education," as the advertisements of the Ladies' Schools announce!—What is it? A few thousands of hours of education at school and college for the hundreds of thousands that we live! No, you do not think that the few years in school or college mean a finished education.

School years, however, do open up doors beyond which is an ever-widening perspective. The whole world of thought and the whole campaign of time are merely shown to us by the thousand good hours which do with the mind what the athlete does with the body, with the limp nerves, awkward untrained fiber and undeveloped muscles. No, it is not the facts that you acquire—from vulgar fractions to the "Pons asinorum"; from the sine and cosine to the hard problems of the differential calculus—which mean education. It is not these that educate you alone, for they will be and are useless without other things behind them. That knowledge only is useful which may be applied.

THE TRUE VALUE OF FACTS

Every fact in history, every demonstration in Euclid, every problem solved in mathematics and physical science, every line drawn in art, every good sentence constructed is only good when it has a real relation to life. To do things and to say things thinkingly there must be the trained mind. It is very hard to know and to say what we think. We go on month after month—sometimes year after year—imagining that we think certain things on a certain subject. One day, however, we are called upon to discuss that subject. We therefore set the wheels of logic going in our minds, and behold, a grim precise intelligence grinds out a wholly different opinion from that we thought we held.

So very many of our supposed ideas are not our own at all; they are conventional, traditional, atmospheric, as it were; we take them up unwittingly, like microbes. So many of our minds are mere sponges—or, shall it be said, loosely fibered plants which reject little out of all the component parts of the atmosphere. It is the business of a good educational system to train the mind to a sense of proportion and measurement, and to achieve that the individual must have some freedom in his growth, and imagination must be given rein. It belongs to most of us in different degrees when we are young. So many of us only grow stupid when we leave childhood. During childhood we were vivid and critical, and on the whole had good judgment. I am in political life and I should say that the greatest defect and fault discernible in parliamentary service is lack of judgment. Passion, energy, force, power, determination are never absent; what is absent is a sense of proportion and good judgment. We allow our feelings to run away with us, and our logic and our intelligence are made useless by passion and prejudice.

I remember a French lady saying to me once, "Ah, I hate you English; you killed Joan of Arc!" It was nothing to her that Joan had been dead a few hundred years. There are women who consider all men bad because one man has lied. There are men who consider all women are faithless because one has deceived them. There are business men who distrust the whole world because one man has been dishonorable. That is lack of proportion and of imagination. If we could only carry on into manhood and middle age the powerful emotions of youth rationalized, the imagination which makes for proportion and judgment, the national life would be sounder and stronger. Youth feels strongly; it uses up with extravagance its emotional powers. So much the more important that those emotions should have the higher refining influences, but also so much more important that the intellect should be disciplined by hard but engrossing tasks, so achieving the balanced excellence of heart and mind which should go to serve the needs of a necessitous world. Nothing is accomplished without passion—the passion of the intelligence, of the spirit. We should not arm ourselves too much against feeling, but we should make no idol of the

intelligence, and above all, we should not have idols in the field of knowledge.

IDOLATRY OF THE INTELLIGENCE

We should rid ourselves of the idolatry of the intelligence. One of the greatest dangers attending the education of man or boy is a slavish awe or admiration of the text-book in the school curriculum, or the work of an author, poet, essayist, historian, or whatever he may be. A text-book is composed of a number of facts, illustrations or deductions as the author sees them; put in one man's fashion—and he may probably be more correct than some other man—but the student ought not to be made to feel that the last thing has been said when Bighead Knowall, Esq., M.A., has placed his name upon the title-page of a book of history, physical science, literature or what not.

As a student I did badly at examinations, where I failed to take the text-book view of an event in history, or the value of an author's work in literature. Perhaps my views were wrong; but they were my views and I gave my reasons for them. It was in opposition to the author of the text-book, whom the instructor and examiner regarded as infallible. I paid the price for independence—egotistical independence, may be—and I am not sorry. To think for one's self is a duty. Infallibility—in literature, history or art, at any rate—is a creed no wise man accepts.

ONE ENSLAVED; THE OTHER FREE

I remember with what joy I used to listen to a schoolboy friend of mine express his opinion upon Hannibal or Cæsar, Cromwell or Cardinal Wolsey, the duke of Cumberland or Savonarola. He had read in his own way, thought in his own way, and had come to his own conclusions. I am sure now that many of his conclusions were not correct,—that does not matter—and I disputed them greatly at the time, while horror struggled with amazement and admiration in the mind of his teacher. Happily this teacher was a man with a glimmer of the real thing in him—he has become a distinguished lawyer since—and in my friend's exuberant opinions he got a glimpse of the human mind discarding precedents, refusing specific and trammelled guidance, and thinking for itself.

You will ask what became of my boy friend. Alas! my report is saddening. He

went in for honors at Cambridge university, and somehow at last the machine got him, and he ended with inheriting £1,000 a year, and preaching and dogmatizing from his hearthstone. I see him occasionally now. I press the button and a stream of information, comment, argument, reverie pours out. Here and there is a glimmer of that old delightful Adam, which he apparently suppresses; now and then a glint of revolt, a sting of individuality, but, on the whole, a man lost in the machine.

If, like myself, he had known less as a boy; if, like myself, he had been obliged to apply his knowledge, he would probably have towered over me like a mountain; but when I see him or think of him now it is with the thought that he made of himself a slave forging his own chains, while I—the lesser—remain free. To think in one's own way, to live intellectually according to one's own bent of mind, refusing to bow down to idols, loving many, some less, some more, discriminating, absorbing, rejecting; the mind the crucible into which all information and thought are poured, but burning to its own crystal in the end—that is freedom and culture.

STUDY INDIVIDUAL TASTES

When listening to children talk, when hearing the original, vivid, whimsical things they say, a feeling of sadness steals over me, because so many of them lose all that when they enter into the grown-up world. That is why there is an impulse to say to those who have to do with the young, "For God's sake give them a sense of freedom, even within the shadow of the machine." If a boy has a taste for wheels that go round, or a song that has a jingle, or an instrument that he would play, or an engine that he would invent, or acids that he would mix, help him; encourage him in his hobby. For of all things that are good for a man or woman it is to have a hobby—something outside eating and drinking and sleeping and earning, the getting of the means of subsistence. You never can tell what the boy who makes crude cartoons upon the blackboard, when he ought to be doing the Rule of Three, may become. His tastes may be in the cruder forms of the things that make for beauty and for charm, for the recreation and for the utility of mankind; but the gift to feel the lesser may become the gift—is, probably, the gift—to feel the greater; and to

feel the greater is the way to do the greater. But no boy was ever deftly guided or happily encouraged by the soulless instructor, by the machine-made man. It does not mean that a teacher must love poetry or music or art, but he must love something—science, philosophy, theology, zoology, anthropology, or what you will. The man who deeply loves things—or something—of the mind will, however imperceptibly, stimulate and vivify minds in the making, hopes in the forming, purposes in the conception thereof.

A SPLUTTERING CANON

I knew of such a man who was a theologian, with a mind for all things, theology chiefest. A canon of the church he was, who spluttered and fumed and gave out of his great brain confused utterances, but who was a kind of genius in his way; now expounding Browne on the Thirty-nine Articles, now acutely arguing upon the conclusions of Spencer, but always the man who saw the glimmer of the light he knew, and sought to make it brighter. He said one witty thing which is good to remember. He was Chairman of a Diocesan Mission Board, and I have no doubt he greatly failed in his duties, for he had no powers of organization. He could not do, he only was. A reverend doctor, who wore a doctor's coat with very many buttons, attacked him strongly in the synod—almost viciously indeed. The reverend doctor fumed and oburgated, ending with a passionate outburst, and then went steaming down the synod hall. My old beloved canon adjusted his glasses, sniffed and snuffed in a way he had, then standing up spluttered out to the Bishop in the chair: "My Lord, we have seen an eruption of buttons!"

One thing is clear: we have not yet, either in England or America, reached the really close relations which ought to exist between education and practical life, if our guiding thought is that there exists a difference between the things that really matter and the things that do not matter so much—to use a music-hall way of speaking. We are beginning to grasp the fact that intelligent cooking for the welfare of the body is just as necessary as intelligent workmanship which provides the money to buy the material that the cooking turns into death or delight. We really have begun to see that education consists both in

being and doing; that intelligence and charm, that utility and convenience, that skill and sensibility may all go and must all go hand in hand. But oh, the thousand things we still do that there is no use in doing, the thousand facts that the child learns which, at the best, only provide discipline for the mind! And alas, the thousand things that matter, which the child is never taught to see or feel—not the child alone, but the grown-ups, the graduates!

Observation is the greatest factor in education, and it is not developed as it should be. Did you ever suddenly realize an expression in the face of man or woman, a contour of countenance which you had never seen before, though you had known that person for a lifetime perhaps? Were you ever suddenly made aware, through a closer look, a keener concentration, of an aspect of that face or head which threw an absolutely new light upon the personality? If you have had that experience then you will agree that the new recognition revealed something fresh of mind or character. The fact that you had not seen it, that it had been always there unnoticed by you, showed only how casual and lacking in understanding is our sight, how perfunctory the working of the mind behind the sight. The only satisfaction we have in it is that to a greater or less degree it has always been so, and probably always will; but the great thing is to recognize the fact, and through the influence of the recognition it may be that we will improve. If we improve observation, sympathy, judgment and understanding as a race, the improvement will be perceptible in our educational system. Children will then learn more easily, and labor will be diminished because of the alertness, the sensitiveness, the instinct of the mind.

HUMOR MUCH NEEDED

It would be a very ingenuous thing to say that humor ought to be taught in the schools of the country; that it ought to have a place in our educational system. Perhaps it may be said that it already has a place, that unconscious humor is one of the most notable characteristics of the system. It may be so. Every year we are regaled by the "howlers" of the schoolboy and the schoolgirl; but some day I want to see a book written by a schoolboy on the howlers of his master. It is impossible

to believe that any system which is not permeated by the vivacity of life and the gaiety of the natural mind can only produce the howling boy and not the howling master.

It is whispered that in the later methods of teaching a little real cheerfulness is permitted—nay, even encouraged; but is it not possible that the same old solemn, surly and dreadful apprehension swims through the minds and bodies of the young when that Olympian, the school-inspector, appears upon the scene? Is it not still so, that all parties in the educational system take themselves too seriously—from the legislators who make the education acts, with views prejudiced and a too-awful sense of responsibility upon their minds; the minister or superintendent of education who, it might almost seem, carries the book of Job and Deuteronomy in his pocket, and forgets that there is a book of Revelation; to the teacher who, recognizing that duty is, in the words of the Prayer-book, "an awful" thing, produces such awe in his beholders that the whole gamut of grim conscience is run? It is so often forgotten that wit as well as wisdom is a gift to be nourished. I would, if I could, treble the number of humorous pieces in the reading-books for school children. I would develop and extend the habit of recitations in the schools even more than it is in the United States—as many humorous as pathetic, as many joyous as grave; and I would have the teacher laugh outright once a day at least, a full-throated, big-hearted, long-winded laugh, if you like.

RIGHT SPIRIT THE THING

These things, however, cannot be made to order or done to order. But if the spirit that animates the system is a right spirit, into the gray fields of daily educational drudgery, light and warmth would find their way; and the well-trodden paths would be greener for the dew that falls from the cheerful sky of a bright humanity. Such things are not impossible. Even with the defects of the system, even with its inevitable monotony, the man who is not the mere victim and slave of the machine can make the school more consanguineous and harmonious with actual life; so that from the schoolroom the boy does not step into freedom, but only from happy labor to ambitious labor; not from prison to the

open world, but from the enclosed garden with a wide vista beyond, to the prairie with its measureless bounds.

Too much is asked of the teacher. He is expected to do what the system and the machine make it difficult to do; he is expected to be not only sage, philosopher and friend, but to take the place of the parent, to be the substitute for the godfather and the godmother, to do what they do not. Yet in spite of every disability the born teacher is all these things; and whether it be in the elementary, the secondary, or the public school there is more power for the time being in the hands of the teacher, in the presence of the teacher with his handful of pupils, than there is in the hands of the leader of a government in the presence of his followers. That may sound trite; but it is just as well to remember that such things are true, and to my mind there is no more pleasing thing in the world than the admiration of an old boy for an old teacher, unailing while the human machine runs on.

THE TEACHER AS A TRUE HELP

It may be sentimentality, but I look back with warmth at my heart even at this day, to a young teacher who used to walk sometimes with his hand upon my shoulder; who, after school hours, when I was eleven years of age, helped me with my geometry as I chalked it on the door of a deserted house, and who gave me a smile and a word of cheer when I recited "Lochiel's Warning" or the whole of Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

The human man is the observant man, and the human man sees always with an eye of humor. An observant being is never an uninteresting being. To see things really, to watch the myriad manifestations of life in the animal, the vegetable, or the man world, is to make the mind alert and the personality characteristic. There never was an enthusiast, a man with a hobby, a student of created things, an expert, who was not interesting. No man could be witty or humorous who was not observant, whose eye was not all-embracing, whose ear was not quick to hear and senses swift to perceive.

MEANING OF TRUE CULTURE

That induces a word concerning the use of the faculties of the body to register sensations upon the mind. A good brain-

machine is not enough. It has created generations of prigs and potentates; it has given birth to dogmatists and theorists and Draconian logicians; it has made men intolerant and women unbearable. The bookworm is often only a worm that shelters itself in the well-manured soil. True culture, if it means anything at all, means the making of the mind and personality more adaptable, and therefore more useful. It means flexibility and tolerance and understanding. No knowledge is worth while which cannot be applied directly to life through the influence of acts impelled by character. The world has a great many cultured people from whom most of us pray to be preserved. They are the people who are book-ridden, author-ridden, theory-ridden; the slaves of the notes at the foot of the page; the victims of the appendix.

It is impossible for man, with his senses all alive—seeing, hearing, feeling, smelling, tasting—to be wholly uninspired, to be dull, despairing or forlorn; to be lacking in humanity or uncultured. The real essence of culture, the beginning of culture, is the training of the senses. All thought has had its origin in feeling, from the first bleat of anthropological man to the last note of a symphony by Debussy. In these days the senses are too little trained. We are absorbed, swamped, by the thousand conveniences of life, the products of science, which take the place of the bright eye, the keen scent, the instinctive feeling of the nerves. With it has come greater

information, but less real knowledge, the monotony of acquirement, the lessening of personality.

A lady once said to me in a country-house when a great dry-as-dust historian was about to pay it a visit, "Whenever he comes I always carry my drops!" I am bound to say that I felt for her, and often feel *with* her when I have met some cultured soul who knows so much and exists so little; who knows so much of what somebody else has said and done, and lives so little the things that belong to himself—that separate individuality placed in a multifarious world to develop in its own way, breathing in the air that all breathe, but exhaling his own individual soul.

No man or woman who is really interested in people and things is ever quite dull or quite unhappy. We say of a man that he has a personality. That means that he is alive—seeing, feeling, sensitively observing things with his whole organism, and giving out all he feels. I have seen it and loved it in a hall porter, in a shoemaker, in a ranchman, breathing life as he lived it, from cabbage-tree Bill on the saltbush plains of Australia to my friend George, the broncho-buster, out in Arizona, who, notable in his silence, became fluent in his enthusiasms over the campfire, when he recited Kipling's "Ballad of East and West" and Adam Lindsay Gordon's "Sick Stockrider." George was cultured in his way, for what he had he used, he gave. That is the secret of education: to get, to give, to live.

THE GOOD RAIN

I CAN hear the feet of the rain,
As they surge across the plain;
And I know that mighty army
Will not march in vain.

They will vanquish Summer's drouth;
They will rescue the weary South,
They will come with shouts of healing
In their crystal mouth.

They will bless—that thrilling host,
When the sad earth needs them most;
They will cleanse the hills, and vanish,
Vanish like a ghost!

Charles Hanson Towne

THE END OF HIS SENTENCE

BY JOHN FLEMING WILSON



FOR two long years, on the whaling ship *Narwhal*, Frederick Allen, *alias* the Sonoma Kid, *alias* the Bull-Fighter, had dreamed of love and revenge, of smooth-faced, lazy-eyed Lizzie the Blonde, and of Gentleman Algie. Now as the launch surged up San Francisco Bay and the dark, somber fabric of the ship grew hazier in the blowy distance, while San Francisco's hills and towers grew clearer to the view, he stared at the bronzed and bearded companions of his enforced cruise as though they were strangers. The Bull-Fighter was coming home; he had served the sentence meted out to him by a puzzled criminal judge who asserted that California could better do without his presence than afford to keep him a year in Folsom Prison.

"Where you goin'?" demanded the big, lanky man who had shared his watch and mess. "It's me for East Street. I guess a little real livin' won't hurt after them twenty-six months on that packet."

Allen recalled his mind for the moment to the present. "Muh?" he answered dully. "Well, I got to meet some folks. One of 'em's lookin' for me and the other ain't."

When the launch chugged up into its slip a short, entirely capable mate of a deep-water vessel looked curiously at the men disembarking with their bags and chests. His eyes picked out the Bull-Fighter.

"Say you, there," the mate began, stepping in front of him. "Don't you want to sign on the Glendale for Antwerp? Good advance. Got a berth as bo's'n for the right man."

"Nothing doin'," Allen responded curtly.

"You're a good man," the mate insisted, glancing at the clear-skinned face, bright eyes, and trim figure. "I can make it worth your while. What do you want of

goin' to a boarding-house and blowing all your pay just to be handed another knock-down? Come and sign on with us. I'll see that you have plenty of shore leave."

"Say, mister," the Bull-Fighter returned scornfully, "d'ye suppose I ain't tired of lookin' at the moon nights? I want to see lights along a street and over doorways. Anyway, I'm no sailor."

"You ain't!" muttered the mate profanely, and stared after the departing man.

When the Bull-Fighter had finally been landed in court after a career of five years on the Barbary Coast he had had his hang-out at Reed's Hall on Pacific and Sansome Streets. It was in Reed's that he had first met Lizzie the Blonde. It was in Reed's that he had gathered and maintained the gang of which he was bully and leader. To Reed's he now directed his steps, refusing all invitations to a drink.

As he passed up East Street, by the Ferry Building and across Market, he was flushed with the sense of being once more on his own ground. He was no longer a slave of authority. He was no longer F. Allen, ordinary seaman, no longer F. Allen, prisoner in the dock, but once again the Bull-Fighter.

He hastened his steps, glancing now and again at the people who were thronging homeward after the day's work. Vaguely enough he realized that they looked strange: they were white-faced. They dodged here and there. They were a poor lot. After two years of seeing only his own sea-beaten, sun-scorched, ice-blistered companions these folk seemed a people apart.

Finally he emerged into Pacific Street and stood before the big yellow sign of Reed's Hall. The Coast was waking to its nightly day. The sandwich men were fixing up their stalls. Brassy orchestras were tuning up inside the swinging doors of the various resorts. The first tide of flashily dressed, pallid-faced habitués were

sauntering down to their accustomed haunts. Far up the street a crowd of jackies were boisterously jostling a pedler of cheap jewelry. It was all familiar.

The Bull-Fighter drew a long breath. The odor of the Coast filled his nostrils with its dull, greasy smell. It was good to be back. And yet—he stopped, puzzled. Something was wrong.

He pondered the thing slowly, standing on the curb, careless of the men and women that passed looking curiously at him. He had dreamed of this two long years. Now he was here, the dream come true. But why—

A furtive touch on the arm made him wheel quickly. He stared down at an undersized, loudly dressed man with glazed eyes.

"It's the Bull-Fighter!" this one chuckled. "So you're back?"

Allen wrinkled his brows and jerked the lean, dirty fingers off his sleeve. "Say—yes, of course, you're Sport Thomas."

"Sure," said the other. "Come back—to stay a while?" he went on with a sly intonation.

"Where's my girl?" the Bull-Fighter demanded brusquely.

Sport Thomas frowned. "Come on over to Reed's, Kid," he protested. "This ain't no place to talk."

They crossed the filthy cobbles and pushed their way into the big hall. Yes, it was the same, too, from the long, brass-bound bar and line of sullen, shouting, silent, murmuring men to the "orchestra" in the rear. Sport glanced at his companion and pulled at him petulantly. "Come on, you fool! He ain't here!"

Far back they seated themselves at a table and Sport called for drinks.

"I ain't had one for two years," the Bull-Fighter muttered as he held up the thick glass.

"Do you good." Sport Thomas drank.

To his amazement his companion sniffed at the liquor and then set it down. His sharp, bright eyes roved the place with quick glances as definite and as pointed as rifle-shot.

"Huh!" the Bull-Fighter murmured to himself. "Of all the pale-faced rats ever I saw! I wonder where the old bunch of huskies is?"

Leaving his glass untouched, and without a word to Sport, he got up and paced down the hall. The reek of beer, the tang

of bad whisky, and the stench of cheap cigars filled him with disgust. He passed on out into the street.

The Bull-Fighter did not know it, but vice and dirt had lost their zest for him. The odor of whisky seemed worse to him than the heavy stench of the Narwhal's try-pots, and he could not brook the pallor of the men who thronged the Coast. The huskies he sighed for, the comrades of his own riotous day, were still on Pacific Street. He simply did not recognize them.

At last he decided to go to the Chinese restaurant on Jackson Street, where he knew Lizzie the Blonde always ate. It was dark now and he would be sure to find her there. And also he would cross the territory of Gentleman Algie, whom he had sworn to "land" for having had him, the Bull-Fighter, pinched by the police.

On his way he turned past the Hall of Justice. Its gloomy portals he merely glanced at, as one does at a thing that has lost interest. He was not afraid of the detective that lounged on the corner, nor of the lieutenant who was speaking sharply to a ragged hobo. Neither recognized him.

When he arrived at the Po Far Lun and had gone down the steps into its smelly interior he suddenly was hungry for food. His quick eyes told him that Lizzie was not there. It occurred to him that she might be dead. But there was time enough to find out the facts. He ordered a steaming bowl of chop suey and dipped into it. He ate heartily, remembering that two weeks ago he had dreamed of porterhouse steak served in a Montgomery Street restaurant with Lizzie opposite.

He had eaten his second dish when he saw a big, faded woman come in, accompanied by a chalk-faced, swaggering man in cheap clothes. For a moment he stared. Love and revenge were present at last in the forms of the blonde and Gentleman Algie. Very consciously he shaped his lips into a smile and his hands into fists. Then he saw that the woman was old and blowzy and trembling, while her companion was merely dependent on his insolent air for the fact that various people cringed before him.

"I could lick him with one hand," thought the Bull-Fighter. "And that woman is the limit."

Neither of them paid him any attention until he called to the Chinese waiter for his check. Then the woman looked up at

sound of the familiar voice and her fat face wrinkled into an expression of coyness. The man hastily dipped one hand into a pocket.

"It's the Bull-Fighter!" cackled Lizzie.

"Whad's he doin' here?" growled Algie ferociously.

The Bull-Fighter rose and walked over to their table. His keen eyes gazed at them as if held there by some hidden spell.

"Say, Freddie," said the woman, holding out a fat hand with a single huge green glass stone on one finger, "when did ye get back?"

"Muh?" demanded the other. "Say, who's your friend?"

Quickly she dropped her eyes. "He ain't no partic'lar friend of *mine!*" she murmured, having appraised the Bull-Fighter's fitness.

Gentleman Algie licked his parched lips.

But the Bull-Fighter paid no attention to him. His gaze seemed to focus on something thousands of miles away, out of the ken of the cowering pair at the table. What the Bull-Fighter saw or heard, who knows? Possibly the clean run of the sea in Kamchatka, the curl of the surf on the Kuriles, the thunder of the breakers on Kunashiro. At any rate, he stood a moment in the vile restaurant, a dominant and careless figure with his smooth, wholesome face, his steady eyes, his firm attitude. Then he shrugged his square shoulders and looked down into the faded glances of the woman. There he read the

substance of his years away from the Barbary Coast.

"I thought you was a lot of huskies and good fellows," he murmured. "And you're only a pack of rats."

"Ye better be careful of the cops," snarled Algie venomously. "The captain's still a friend o' mine."

"Cops!" repeated the Bull-Fighter carelessly. "I ain't afraid of any cops. I don't *have* to be afraid of any cops."

He turned magnificently and strode up the stairs to the street.

Half an hour later he stood before the calm, capable mate of the Glendale, preparing to sail for Antwerp.

"Say, mister, I'm ready to go with you," he remarked.

"As bo's'n?" demanded the other.

"Sure. Can I go aboard to-night?"

"Sure! Bright lights no attraction?"

"This ain't my home town," remarked the Bull-Fighter. "I'll buy a new kit and bunk aboard to-night. Gee! but this place is no good for a white man!"

Let us compare two entries made twenty-six months apart:

(Police Station Blotter.)

F. Allen, *alias* the Bull-Fighter, assault and battery. Drunk, and resisted officer. No money.

(Log of Ship Glendale.)

Frederick Allen, bo's'n. Ar. Sober. Signed on as good man all around. \$167.25 to captain's care.

HOME MEMORIES

I WONDER if the thrush at morn

Is singing with delight,

I wonder if the rustling corn

Is like a sea of light.

I wonder if arbutus trails,

And if the violets grow

As fragrant in the hidden vales

As in the long ago.

I wonder if the tender leaves

Are green beyond belief,

I wonder if the ring-dove grieves

That love should be so brief.

I wonder do the sunsets flame

As once for you and me,

I wonder if the spring's the same—

Would I might go and see!

William Wallace Whitelock

Light Verse

IT RESTS WITH YOU

THE puny self we think so great
Is just a bubble blown by fate—
And yours may be of rainbowed hope,
Or yours may be—well—merely soap!

Jane Burr

HAUNTED

KEEP your hair out of my dreams, little girl!
Keep your face out of my fancies!
Why, I can see how each tremulous curl
Dances!

How do you think I can work—though I try?
All of my dreams—your eyes haunt them!
I'd banish your curls from my thoughts,
but—I—I
Want them!

Mary Carolyn Davies

TWIXT COURSES

WE were waiting for the oysters,
And I boldly took her hand,
In the candlelight between us on the table.
"Dear," I started, "will you marry—"
Then I stopped, as she cried: "Grand!
That's the new maxixe they're playing.
Come with Mabel!"

"You are frail, and what you need is
A protector," I began
A second time; then rose and "hesitated,"
At her bidding; while the soup-course,
Roast, and eke *pommes au gratin*,
Came and went, but hunger lingered unabated.

"To your ivy," and I mopped my
Brow, "I'll play the sturdy oak—"
But she took me "dipping" ere the rest
was stuttered.

Then I shut my lips forever—
More upon the hollow joke
(With the accent on the "hollow") I had
uttered.

It was lucky I had wooed her
There in that tango café:
She, un nourished, still was fresh, with me
half dead;
And I saw she didn't need a
Fond protector in the way
I needed, lame, the whole next day in bed.

Keene Thompson

ADORATION

MY lady's nose, pure Greek, above
Her rosebud mouth, who wearies of?
It is so wonderful—the line
Exquisite in its grace divine,
White as the breast of a young dove.

Long, long I sing the praise thereof,
And prove, though there's no need to prove,
How sweet she is; how superfine
My lady's nose.

I envy, when it dares to move
Close to that beauteous spot, her glove;
And I grow dizzy, as with wine,
Asking the question, when we dine,
I've asked so oft. . . . I do not love
My lady's no's!

Charles Hanson Towne

HIS IDEAL

HE'D have the stars for her to wear,
Such dizzy heights do lovers dare!
And Orient pearls from out the deep,
With her alone to wake and sleep.
And in his praises she is May
And Queen of Beauty, Dawn of Day;
She sits upon a thousand thrones,
Poor, blushing little Mary Jones!

Richard Kirk

CAUGHT

SHE wafted a kiss from her lips;
Just a simple flutter of finger-tips;
A gesture sweet I thought it.

Why sing a song about this?
You may think there's naught in a wafted
kiss—

But then, you see, I caught it!

Will H. Johnston

THE INEBRIATE

THE Moon is full, quite full again,
His face is bright and jolly,
He rolls, and smiles, and little recks
The fruit of folly.

But, like poor mortal man who must
At times resort to water,
The Moon will have to sober up
On his last quarter.

Joseph P. Hanrahan

THE NEW YORK ZOO

AND THE MAN WHO DIRECTS IT

by

Winthrop Biddle

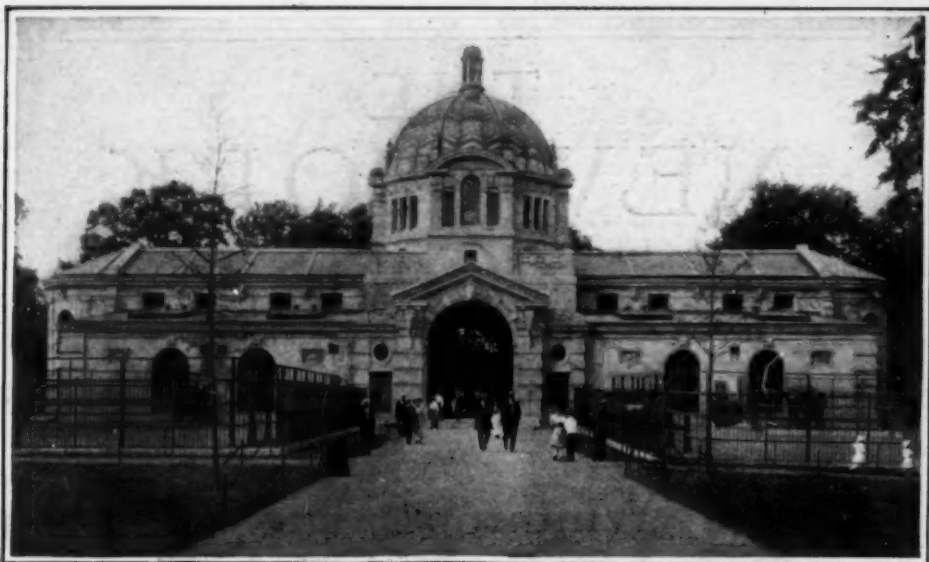


THE greatest collection of wild animals in the world, maintained under the closest possible approach to their natural habitat of mountain, jungle, desert, or marsh—such is the incomparable New York Zoological Park.

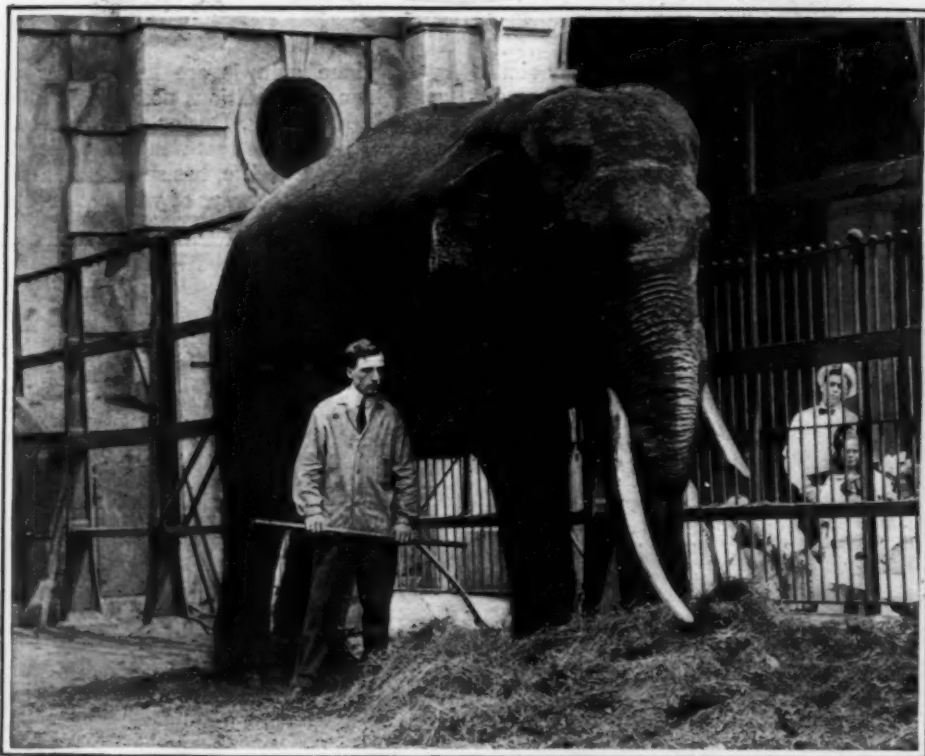
All these animals are kept under the most humane conditions possible. William Temple Hornaday, Doctor of Science, the man who designed this rich and varied installation of wild life, has spent half a lifetime studying the ways of wild creatures in



WHITE-TAILED DEER, ONE OF THE MOST WIDELY SCATTERED SPECIES OF HOOFED WILD ANIMALS ON THE CONTINENT



ELEPHANT HOUSE, WHERE THE MONSTER ASIATIC AND AFRICAN SPECIES ARE KEPT. THIS CONCRETE BUILDING IS THE HOME, ALSO, OF THE HIPPOPOTAMI AND RHINOCERI



GUNDA, THE SPLENDID FULL-SIZED INDIAN ELEPHANT WHO BROKE ONE OF HIS TUSKS IN AN UNSUCCESSFUL ATTEMPT TO KILL A KEEPER ABOUT TWO YEARS AGO, AND HAS LOST THE OTHER TUSK IN AN OUTBREAK OF TEMPER SINCE THIS PICTURE WAS TAKEN

HAIRY-EARED BEAR FROM THE
ALTAI MOUNTAINS, CENTRAL
ASIA; SELDOM SEEN IN CAP-
TIVITY



the creation of a Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund of \$100,000 to stop the reckless destruction of birds and animals by cruel or avaricious hunters. He believes that, unless something energetic is done at once to prevent the extermination of singing and plumage birds on the American continent, posterity will have cause to condemn the present generation bitterly. More than half of this fund has already been subscribed.

The director-general and curator of the "Bronx Zoo," as the famous institution is popularly called, be-



SLOTH BEAR, FROM THE FORESTS OF INDIA; A CREATURE OF UNKEMPT
APPEARANCE WHICH IS THE ORIGINAL OF KIPLING'S "BALOO"

their native environment. He has camped among the Rockies, trekked in the deserts of Mexico, hunted in the Far East and on the Orinoco. With camera or gun he has penetrated into the fastnesses of the north and into the morasses of the tropics to observe the ways and the needs of the creatures that inhabit corners of the earth which have not yet been trodden down by the foot of man or devastated by his cupidity.

Dr. Hornaday is on speaking terms, so to speak, with half the animal creation. A feature of one of his books is an obituary of a noble dog. He believes that one of the tests of true civilization is the preservation of wild animals and birds. One of the projects to which he has devoted himself is

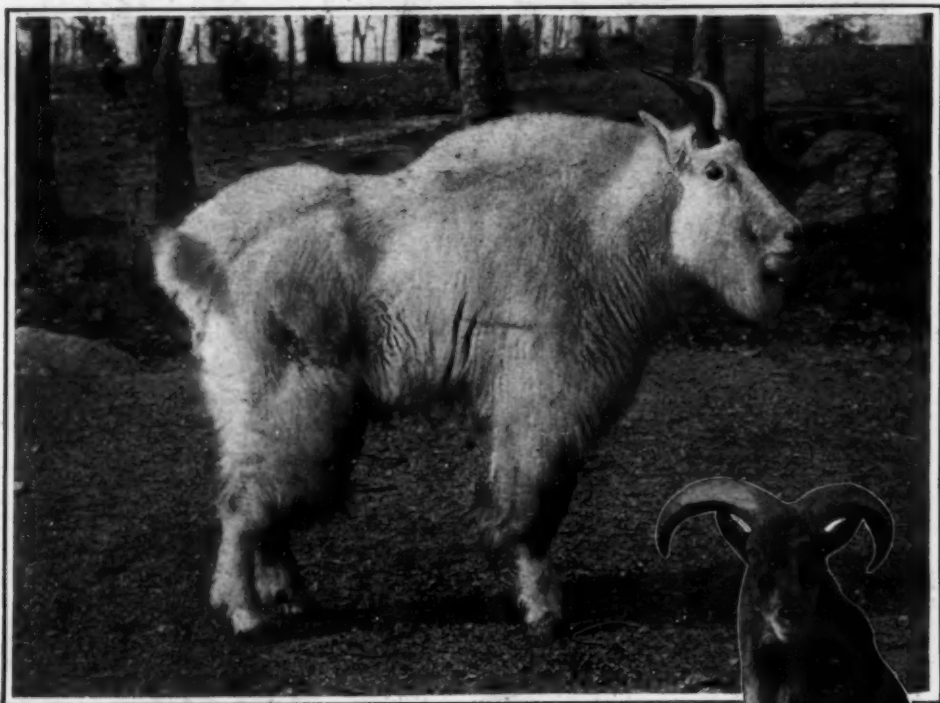


ALASKAN
BROWN
BEAR, A
SHAGGY
FELLOW
WHO RE-
SEMBLES A
GRIZZLY



been successfully bred, and are apparently completely acclimated.

There are almost five thousand animals in the various installations in the establishment. When Dr. Hornaday became associated with the New York Zoological Society in 1896 the present park was a tract of wild land. Through the cooperation of the City of New York and the New York Zoological Society, under a remarkable executive committee, impressive landscape gardening, architectural effects, and scientific results have been achieved. The animal collection includes all degrees of life, from the giant Indian elephant, Gunda, who stands eight feet nine inches at the shoulders and weighs eighty-one hundred pounds, to the Hercules



INTERESTING HOOFED GAME. TOP AND BOTTOM—BARBARY WILD SHEEP, OR Aoudad; MIDDLE—ROCKY MOUNTAIN GOAT

believes that if animals for exhibition purposes cannot be kept under humane conditions they ought not to be kept at all. Therefore the motto of the establishment over which he presides is Kindness to Animals.

The collection in the Park is the largest in the world by about one thousand specimens. Many species which in other zoological gardens sicken and die after a few months are happy amid their surroundings in the Bronx. Many, even of the more timid and exotic creatures, have

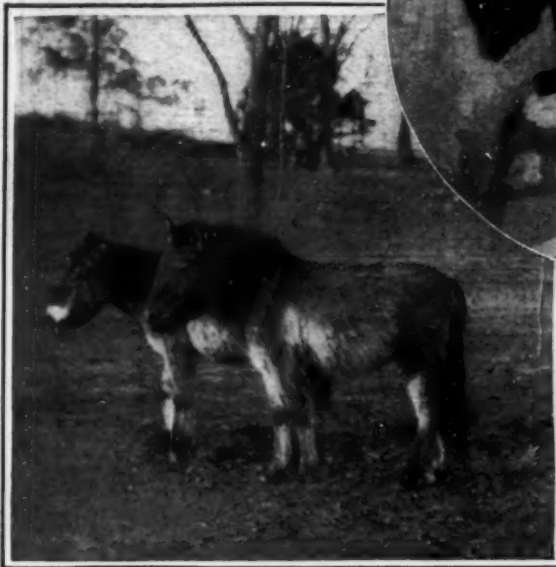




POLAR BEARS IN THEIR NATIVE WILDS—ALMOST. THE INSTALLATION OF THESE IMPRESSIVE WHITE CREATURES IS AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF DR. HORNADAY'S SUCCESS IN REPRODUCING, AS FAR AS POSSIBLE, THE NATURAL SURROUNDINGS OF THE ANIMALS EXHIBITED



PYGMY HIPPOPOTAMI. RARE ANIMALS
OBTAINED WITH MUCH DIFFICULTY,
WHICH ARE EXACT COPIES, ON
ONE-SIXTEENTH SCALE, OF
THEIR HUGE RELATIVES



TWO OTHER MINIATURE EDITIONS
OF LARGER ANIMALS—JAPANESE BEAR
(IN CIRCLE) AND WILD HORSES. THESE
LITTLE HORSES ARE BELIEVED TO SUP-
PLY THE MISSING LINK BETWEEN THE
FAMILIAR FRIEND OF MAN AND THE VAR-
IOUS MEMBERS OF THE ZEBRA FAMILY.
IN SOME RESPECTS THIS MINIATURE
STEED RESEMBLES THE DONKEY. HE
IS A HARDY CREATURE. SMALL HERDS
OF HIM ARE STILL TO BE MET WITH IN
TARTARY, WHERE THE RUSSIAN NAT-
URALIST, PRJEVALSKI, HAS MADE A
STUDY OF THE SPECIES.

beetle, no larger than the third joint of a man's forefinger.

Among the twelve hundred and forty-eight species in the various animal houses are some extremely rare animals. The Park possesses a full-grown Indian rhinoceros which Dr. Hornaday describes as seeming "like a prehistoric monster belonging to the days of the dinosaurs rather than a creature of to-day." The specimen in the Bronx was obtained after a long search extending over nearly fifteen years, during which no living specimens were to be found in the wild animal market. The prize secured by Dr. Hornaday



From a copyrighted photograph by the New York Zoological Society



TOP—RACCOON DOG OF JAPAN; MIDDLE—LEMUR, A COUSIN OF THE MONKEY, WHO IS A NATIVE OF MADAGASCAR; BOTTOM—THE FUNNY LITTLE PANDA, WHO LOOKS AS IF HE CAME FROM THE COMIC PAGES

was made available through a lucky capture by hunters, in the employ of Carl Hagenbeck, of four young specimens in 1906.

Another exceedingly interesting inmate of New York's great animal boarding-house is a huge orang-utan, standing up more than four feet, which



GREAT LION FROM BARBARY

was bought seven or eight months ago and which fascinates the spectator by his ghastly resemblance to man. The eyes of this specimen have the curious veiled look of the higher order of anthropoids, a look which somehow reminds one of a background of many centuries of experience.

The Primate House, of which this specimen is

the most renowned occupant, is an elaborate structure containing forty-nine cages. It cost sixty-five thousand dollars to build. Probably because of their resemblance to mankind—the resemblance of a caricature, perhaps—the monkeys fascinate multitudes of spectators. The inmates represent all phases of the life from which, if the scientists are literally right, the human race has descended in a direct line. The children especially find the denizens of the Primate House the most attractive folk in the institution, and the monkeys justify the attention of their little guests by many a diverting antic in their large, airy cages.

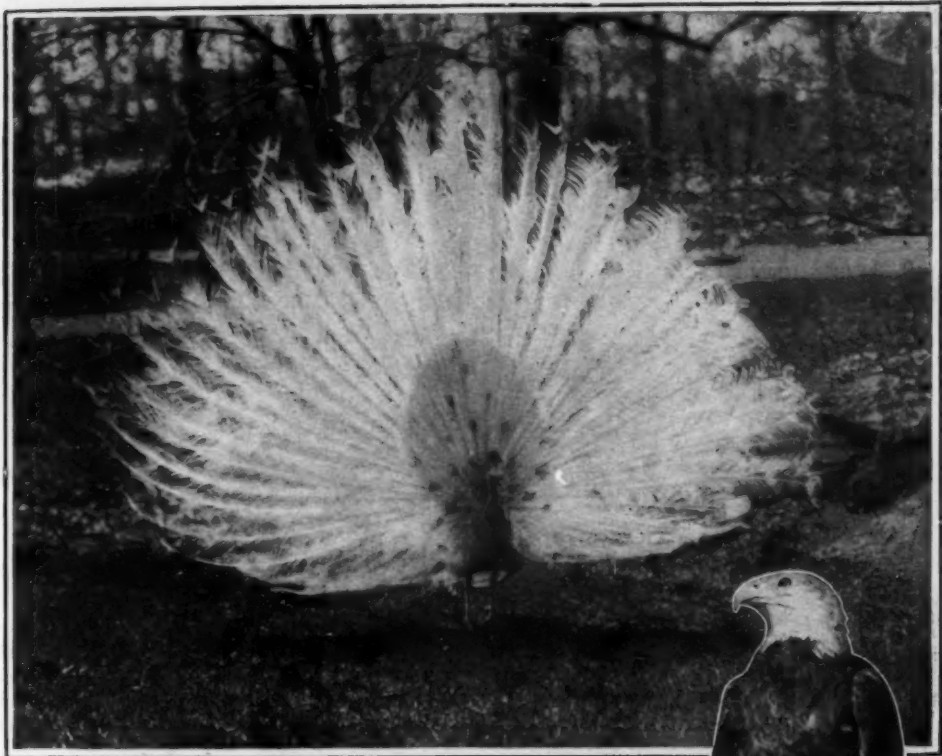
The Wild Fowl Pond is one of the striking sights of the Park and attracts large crowds throughout the summer. Here, early in the spring, begin the nesting activities of the colony of ducks and geese, some of them rare specimens. The nests are laid in the tangle of grass and underbrush along the eastern shore of the pond, and the voracious little broods are finally led sailing out into the shallows to feed on the fat worms, grubs, and insects that swarm in that locality as if they loved to be served up for the web-feet's breakfast.

Among the rare denizens of the Wild Fowl Pond are the pintail duck and the baldpate, American species



THE HUNTER STALKING THE DESERT CARAVAN IN HIS DAY-DREAMS

From a copyrighted photograph by the New York Zoological Society



INDIAN PEACOCK IN FULL SPREAD OF BEAUTIFUL PLUMAGE

which are seldom to be found but which a generation ago were the plentiful prey of the insatiable hunter.

The Rocky Mountain goat, a conspicuous member of the hoofed-animal collection, is a creature of striking appearance, in the successful acclimatization of which Dr. Hornaday takes justifiable pride. The difficulty of making the mountain goat live and thrive at sea level is best realized when it is remembered that the animal's natural habitat is at an elevation of about eight thousand feet, in a rarefied, dry atmosphere. Despite this difficulty, however, this striking white creature has been established on a breeding basis in the Bronx Park and bids fair to be a permanent boarder in the establishment. Whether ultimately this independent denizen of

From a copyrighted photograph by the New York Zoological Society



CENTER PICTURE—BALD EAGLE; LOWER—CALIFORNIA CONDOR, NOW NEARING EXTINCTION

the heights will degenerate into an ordinary goat of the Harlem variety remains to be seen, but Dr. Hornaday has no fears of such a transition.

A Nubian, or three-horn giraffe is a highly prized and comparatively rare acquisition.



THE TAMANDUA. A TREE-CLIMBER OF THE ANT-EATING SPECIES, IS A MORE ACTIVE ANIMAL THAN SOME OF HIS COUSINS AND WORKS HAVOC WITH THE INSECT KIND



The menu of his daily meals is rather an elaborate one and consists of clover hay, raw vegetables carefully cut into small pieces, bran, rock salt, and broken forage.

The polar bears—great, massive animals with snow-white fur and evil, black eyes which suggest infinite cunning—vie with the grizzlies and their first cousins, the European brown bears, as the center of interest in their section of the exhibition. Despite the vast rise in temperature which the polar bears have experienced in their descent from the Arctic to the Bronx, they apparently suffer no distress, even in summer, and one of these interesting

TWO-TOED, OR COMMON, SLOTH;
A CURIOUS CREATURE WHICH
MOVES SLOWLY AND SELDOM,
AND PASSES THE GREATER
PART OF HIS LIFE HANGING
TO THE LIMB OF A TREE BY
HIS PAWS. HE SHOWS SIGNS
OF ACTIVITY ONLY AT MEAL
TIMES



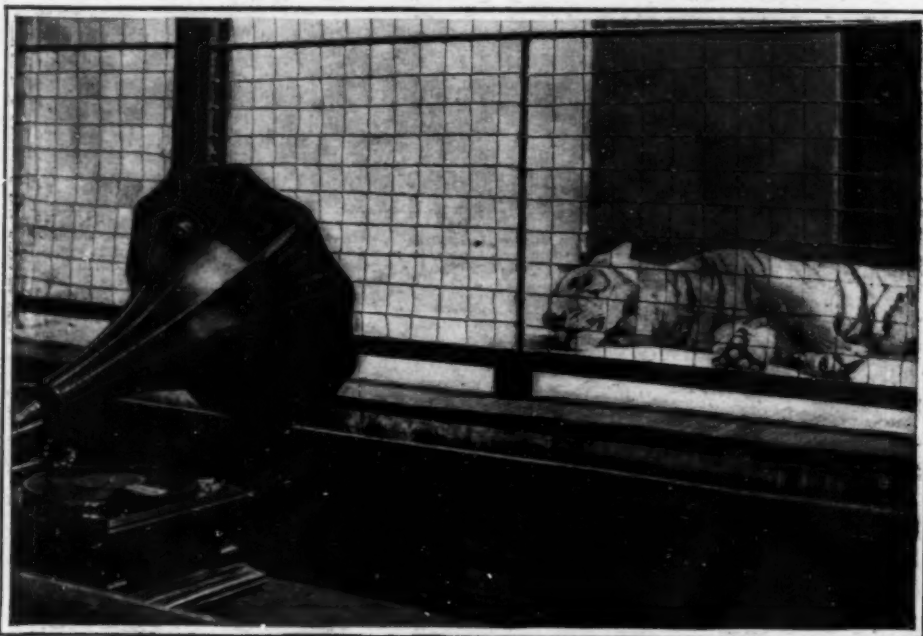
THE EGYPTIAN JERBOA, A
LITTLE HIGH JUMPER



AMERICAN BISON, WITH YOUNG—THE HERD FROM WHICH DR. HORNADAY ALREADY HAS CONTRIBUTED TWO HERDS TO THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT IN AN EFFORT TO RESTORE THE VANISHING SPECIES



RAISING HIS VOICE IN SONG—THE EFFECT OF MECHANICAL MUSIC ON ONE OF THE OCCUPANTS OF THE DEER-RANGE. THERE IS NO MISTAKING THE ANIMAL'S INTEREST IN THE SELECTION, AND IT IS EVIDENTLY A PLEASURABLE INTEREST



A BENGAL TIGER, ONE OF THE TERRORS OF THE JUNGLE, YIELDS TO THE SOOTHING SONG OF A PHONOGRAPH. THE INFLUENCE OF HARMONY UPON THE TEMPER OF WILD CREATURES, WHETHER AT LARGE OR IN CAPTIVITY, HAS BEEN ASCERTAINED BY A SERIES OF SCIENTIFIC EXPERIMENTS IN THE WILDS AND IN THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDEN

fellows disdains even to take a plunge in the pool of cold water which is a feature of his den. The collection of seven huge Alaskan brown bears is a feature of commanding interest and importance.

Dr. Hornaday and his assistants have made a profound study of every animal in the collection in order to insure its well-being. The topography of the Park offers only slight variations, but it has



WHITE AFRICAN RHINOCEROS WHICH
COST \$5,000



INDIAN RHINOCEROS, WHICH LOOKS AS IF IT
WERE A RECONSTRUCTED GEOLOGICAL
SPECIMEN LONG EXTINCT

been discovered that even these trifling differences in altitude exert decisive results upon the health of some of the animals. "The Director," as he is called by his friends, found, for instance, that the mountain goat failed to flourish on the rock-bound miniature heights of Mountain Sheep Hill. After several unsuccessful experiments it was discovered that his goatship was better adapted to the climate of the region of the Crotona entrance. Accordingly, he was established, with his mate, in a rustic barn and a range in that part of the Park.

The medical inspection

is constant and careful. The moment a monkey sneezes an effort is made to diagnose his case and deal with the dangerous symptom. When the boa-constrictor turns up his nose at his dinner the medical staff sets about without delay to find a



HIPPOPOTAMUS, A MONSTER SPECIMEN, READY FOR HIS LUNCH



A HANDSOME SPECIMEN OF TIGER FROM THE
JUNGLES OF BENGAL

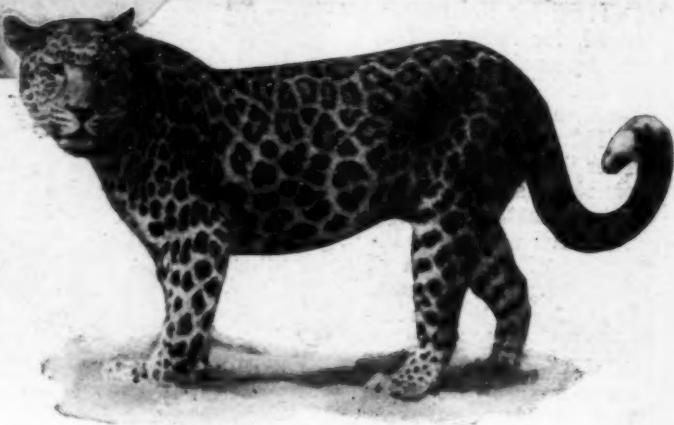


AFRICAN LEOPARD, SNARLING

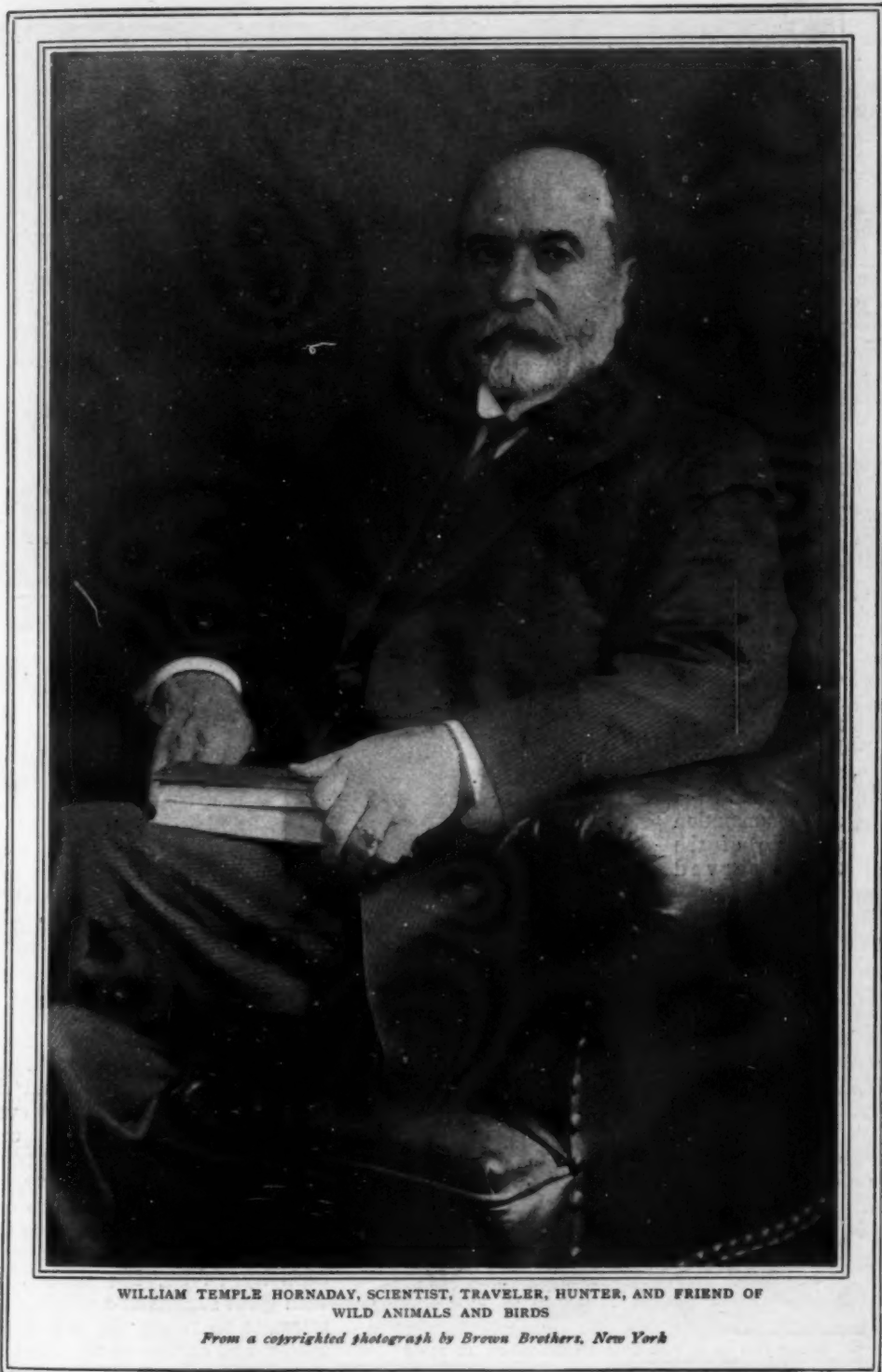
reason for the loss of appetite. Animal surgery and animal medicine, which, after all, are identical with or closely related to human surgery and human medicine, are a highly developed science at Bronx Park. The activities of this branch of the staff of the Park have resulted, since its organization,

in the saving of many thousands of dollars to the New York Zoological Society and in the maintenance of a degree of good spirits among the animals which is rare indeed in institutions of this sort.

The commissariat department of the Park is a highly organized phase of its activities, and disposes of forty thousand dollars in the course of the



MANCHURIAN LEOPARD, BEAUTIFULLY SPOTTED



WILLIAM TEMPLE HORNADAY, SCIENTIST, TRAVELER, HUNTER, AND FRIEND OF
WILD ANIMALS AND BIRDS

From a copyrighted photograph by Brown Brothers, New York



TAKING MONKEY'S PULSE

IN ANIMAL HOSPITAL

year. Some idea of the quantity and variety of food consumed by the boarders at the Park can be gathered from an enumeration of some of the articles served



AN EXCELLENT SPECIMEN OF
THE MANLIKE CREATURES
—A GORILLA

for their dinners. These included last year: 175 tons of hay, valued at \$3,500; four and one-half tons of bread, \$710; fifty-three tons of meat, \$9,900. These are only some of the staple supplies. Among the delicacies are such dishes as meal - worms, forage cakes, skimmers, ant eggs, and fish

food, groceries of almost every kind, dried flies, dry mash oats, bran, corn, and peanuts.

Dr. Hornaday's theory that, unless an animal can be kept in captivity in a state of well-being and content it should not be kept in captivity at all, has worked out with great success as a whole. The attempts to retain the Arctic fox, moose, and caribou in the collection



SUSIE AND DICK, THE TWO CHIMPANZEES, AT PLAY

were given up because it was found impossible to get those rare and striking animals to live more than a few months amid the changed conditions of climate and surroundings. The American bison, on the other hand, has taken so kindly to the range provided for him that the New York Zoological Society has been enabled to contribute two separate herds to the United States government to rehabilitate the noble creature which once swarmed over the Western prairies.

In the bears' dens and in the seal enclosure the idea of landscape and seascape effects, to simulate the natural habitat of the animals lodged therein, has been carried out with especially happy results. The bears, as they wander among the cliffs of their installation or rest in the dens provided for them, present every appearance of being thoroughly at ease. The seals and sea-lions, in their pool with its cliff-like projections, certainly do not give the idea of suffering from homesickness.

The same careful imitation of natural conditions of life has been observed in the installation of all the animals wherever this has been possible. The truth to nature is conspicuous, for instance, in the reptile house, where each specimen or group of specimens is placed in a bit of jungle or desert or swamp to suggest the habits and the manner of life of the creature exhibited.

Dr. Hornaday regards the great collection which he has gathered together at constant trouble and at great expense as an object lesson in the campaign of education which he is carrying out with the New York Zoological Society. Familiarity with wild animals, it is Dr. Hornaday's theory, breeds respect and not contempt—respect not only for the physical side of animals, but for their mentality, which he points out is wonderful.

The director tells with great gusto the story of his attempts to induce the beaver colony to build their dam at a point which he had picked out for them instead of at the spot they had selected.

He plainly indicated his wishes to the busy builders by putting a plank edge-up

across the place where he wished them to build. After viewing the site they promptly put up their dam several yards away.

The director indicated his displeasure in a pointed manner by destroying the dam. Once more the beavers put it up in the same place with all possible speed. Again came the stern rebuke in the form of the destruction of the mound. The third time the beavers evidently argued the situation out among themselves and decided to take the line of least resistance. This time they built their structure on the spot where the director wanted it to be. There it stands now, a tangible reply to the world-old question: "Can animals reason?"

The New York Zoological Park, splendid institution that it is, nevertheless is only a phase of Dr. Hornaday's activities in the conservation of wild animals. He regards the present generation as the trustee of the future in all things concerning the perpetuation of life in forest, prairie, mountain, and air. He holds that true civilization requires the preservation of all that is beautiful or interesting or useful.

For the past score of years a good deal of his time and some of the resources of the New York Zoological Society have been devoted to the task of safeguarding native birds of the continent, many species of which have either been destroyed or are at the point of extermination by pot-hunters or through the activities of commercial greed. Dr. Hornaday is a recognized champion of the feathered folk.

Among the achievements in behalf of wild animals of which he has been the initiator are the creation of the Montana National Bison Range, the Goat Mountain Park in British Columbia; the Wichita National Bison Range, the Snow Creek Game Preserve in Montana; the passage of the Bayne law to prohibit the sale of native game and the insertion into the new tariff law of the provision prohibiting the importation of wild birds' plumage into the United States for millinery purposes. He also has done much to promote the study of nature and its living forms in a series of interesting books that contain the stimulating breath of the great outdoors.

This magazine is issued and on sale at all news stands on the 20th of the month preceding the date it bears

THE PERFECT NURSE

BY GEORGE M. A. CAIN



HE tall young man paused long enough to light his cigar before descending the steps of the hospital. Even in the performance of that utterly trivial and commonplace act there was something which would have suggested the physician to any person very familiar with professional mannerisms. It was not affectation with Dr. Trevaux. It was the inheritance of four generations of medical men, as natural and unconscious as his firm chin, his straight nose, or the gray of his eyes.

At the foot of the steps he paused again. This time it was to speak to the young woman who came toward him across the lawn from the nurses' dormitory. He almost felt that he would not have seen her had her uniform not stood out so brightly white; so very quiet and unobtrusive she was, even out of doors.

"Good evening, Miss Roberts." He spoke with the tone and smile of a gentleman addressing a business associate, though he removed his cap and held it in his hand. In any of the other doctors at St. Luke's this little bit of courtesy would have seemed exaggerated. In him it was native, like everything else about him.

"You will be in the third ward to-night, won't you?" he asked.

"Yes, doctor," she answered simply.

"There are two new cases of mine there—I am glad you will have charge," he said without at all intending or seeming to pay a compliment.

"Is there any special thing you wish me to do?" she inquired.

"No," he replied slowly. "I have left all the directions. I have resorted to a somewhat unusual treatment in one case. That is my reason for being glad that you will be there. I know my directions will be followed."

It seemed superfluous to promise that

she would follow his instructions. It would have been equally superfluous to thank him for his expression of confidence.

"I hope it will be successful," she remarked, referring to the treatment he had mentioned.

"I hope so," he responded calmly; and the two went their ways, she up the steps of the big building, he to the motor-car waiting at the curb beyond the gate.

"The perfect doctor!" she said within herself as she noiselessly ascended the stairs to the upper floor.

Not that she attributed to Trevaux the attainment of the absolute in medical knowledge or skill—she knew far too much medicine herself to imagine that such a human being ever will exist. What she probably meant was that the man perfectly fitted the profession to which he belonged; that, to put it tersely, he was "all doctor." Inasmuch as there was the faintest trace of color in her cheeks when she reported for duty, it is possible that she neither said nor meant nor realized all that she felt.

As he reached the curb and climbed to the seat beside his boy chauffeur Dr. Trevaux glanced back toward the closed door of the hospital building, frowned very slightly, and formed three words with his lips:

"The perfect nurse!"

The frown remained and his teeth broke the wrapping of his cigar as the little car started smoothly away.

II

THE perfect nurse!

It had been said of Miss Roberts by many another beside Dr. Trevaux. It had been spoken a little spitefully by her sisters in training, partly because it had been impossible ever even to tempt her to violate the many rules and regulations with which their life was beset, partly because they

half envied the obvious confidence the doctors placed in her.

It had been spoken again and again by the physicians, who invariably sought to have her placed in charge of their most difficult cases. It had been said by the manager of the institution, who had no record for liberality with praise. It had been uttered by Miss Childs, the superintendent nurse. Most of the nurses in training suspected Miss Childs of regarding herself as the sum of nursing perfections.

"She is the one to do perfectly what she is told," was another comment which had been frequently spoken about Miss Roberts. And it was the truth of this statement which, more than her quietness or her sympathy or her skill, caused the doctors to regard her as almost invaluable.

"Writing directions for you is like starting a perfect machine," an old surgeon had once told her admiringly. "You are the one really efficient nurse I have ever known who had sense enough always to obey."

That year, in imitation of a New York hospital training-school, the examiners of the nurses at St. Luke's had put to the graduating class the question—

"If you knew that the treatment directed by the physician was mistaken and would be fatal to the patient, what would you do?"

And Miss Roberts alone of the class of ten had answered: "I would follow the doctor's instructions implicitly." She had been rewarded for that answer by being retained at the hospital with full graduate's salary and with the understanding that she would succeed Miss Childs as the superintendent in the fall.

"How could you give such an answer?" one of Miss Roberts's classmates had demanded of her, and had added severely: "I would not commit murder at any doctor's orders."

"But," she had replied, "I cannot conceive of myself as capable of judgment superior to that of such a doctor as I would work with. And my whole idea of a nurse's work is the carrying out of the physician's treatment of his patient."

III

THE second and third wards were only half full. Even then a less experienced nurse must have become hopelessly con-

fused in the attempt to perform the multiplied duties involved in looking after both of them. But Miss Roberts had formed her plan for the night as she glanced over the charts before Miss Gray and Miss Benham, the two she relieved, had gone. Three or four of the convalescent patients heaved sighs of relief as they saw her enter the rooms.

If people would not get well, nurses would have an easy life. It is the patient on the road to recovery who makes the unceasing demands that break up schedules. To a lay mind the most wonderful thing about Miss Roberts must have been the fact that she seemed always ready to meet these unexpected demands without varying a minute from the doctors' charts.

Back and forth she went, from bed to bed, so quickly that she seemed to be in both wards at once, so calmly that there was no suggestion of haste. A word of encouragement here, a quick jest that would cheer another there, and an utter tranquillity that fairly hypnotized the wakeful into sleep—there was no lack of personality or magnetism about her mechanically precise labors.

Had she been a different sort she might have let out the secret that ten patients and four doctors had asked her hand in marriage during the four years of her stay at the hospital. But—had she been different, she probably would not have received the proposals. No one ever heard of them from her.

"A perfect nurse," these men had repeated, as Dr. Trevaux had done that afternoon. "A perfect nurse, and incapable of being anything else in the world."

Some of them had said it very bitterly; some had sighed as they spoke; one had groaned with the pain of wringing from himself such an admission with regard to the object of his love.

And, although she now watched the two patients of Dr. Trevaux with a certain interest beyond that she felt for the others, if she had been conscious of that added interest she would have attributed it to the fact that these patients belonged to a perfect doctor whose work merited special care. For she herself regarded as her highest possible ambition that of becoming what they called her—a perfect nurse.

There was nothing really to be done for

these patients until after midnight. Both of them had been given morphin, which kept them quiet. When the time came she had no difficulty in administering the prescribed medicine to the one. She went back to the chart of instructions about the second. One of her rules of conduct was always to look up the direction immediately before giving medication; another was never to waste time in reading instructions until they were needed.

A wrinkle of perplexity crossed her forehead as she now read the order. She glanced, puzzled, across the aisle at the patient, then looked again at the chart.

"Dover's powder—thirty grains!" she exclaimed half aloud. "That must be a mistake."

She stepped over and laid her hand on the white brow; she tucked her little thermometer under the tongue. While she waited, two or three times she shook her head. She went to the chart and wrote in the reading of the thermometer, with her eyes fastened upon the direction for medication.

"It is Miss Benham's writing—I'll have to ask her if she is sure she took it down right," she thought. It annoyed her to lose the time in going over to the dormitory.

Miss Benham was the last member of the class left at the hospital to make up time lost in her course. She had never shown any liking for the earnest "perfect nurse." Furthermore, she had retired with a headache and was not at all pleased at being aroused.

"Are you sure?" Miss Roberts insisted a second time on her answer.

"Certainly I am sure," the other replied tartly. "I took down just what Dr. Trevaux said. I don't see why you should come over here asking me about it."

Miss Roberts knew she had done badly in seeming to accuse another nurse of blundering. She had intended only to give Miss Benham a chance to correct her mistake without having it brought to the doctor's attention. Now she must telephone Dr. Trevaux.

A sleepy maid answered the telephone after a long wait. The doctor, she said, had not returned from the hospital. He had spoken of being out all night on a private case. She did not know where he was or how he could be reached. For an instant the nurse thought of appealing to

the house doctor. She dismissed the idea, knowing the impossibility of getting one physician to interfere with another's work.

She returned to the ward from the telephone. Her conscience grew satisfied. She had done her best to rectify any possible error. Nothing remained but to follow the instructions as they stood. Perhaps she had been wrong, after all. Certainly it conformed to her whole conception of her business to think so.

Without another glance at chart or patient she weighed the thirty grains of the powder into a glass, stirred it up with a little water. She went to the cot and turned back the coverlet, the better to place the glass to the patient's lips. As she did so his eyes opened.

He was hardly more than a boy. There was nothing remarkable about the eyes or any other feature of the fever-flushed face. Their stare was dull with drug or delirium. They could hardly have been interesting eyes at any time. Yet the nurse felt a half-conscious wish that they had stayed shut. She placed her hand soothingly on the hot forehead. It helped her to do her duty to get the eyes hidden from hers.

Then the thick, parched lips parted and the heavy, dry voice spoke one word:

"Mother."

Miss Roberts drew her hand away as from a hot iron. The eyes were better than the voice. It was disquieting to be under orders to give a human being—a mere boy—an almost certainly fatal draft. But to have that boy call her mother at the same time was too much.

The dull, gray eyes rested upon her again as she brought the glass to the lips. The boy was quite delirious; he slowly repeated that word. Probably he thought he was a child again, and through his fever-fogged consciousness pain gave only a sense of deep trouble, in which the tender touch on his brow, the glass's rim at his lips could mean but one thing—the comfort of his mother's presence.

"I can't do it," Miss Roberts spoke aloud to herself.

Her tone was one of complete astonishment. The thought that she could disobey a doctor's order had never before occurred to her mind, except as the thought of cold-blooded murder might occur to the mind of the average peaceful citizen. She wondered what was the matter with her now. She tried again to place the glass to

the boy's lips. Her hand trembled so violently that it was physically impossible to do so.

Even then the thought that she was balancing a human life in all that she had started to do had no clearly defined place in her consciousness. The thing that impressed her was the fact that she was breaking a rule, disobeying an order. She would incur the wrath of the superintendent, the manager—Dr. Trevaux, of all the men with whom it might have occurred, would, in his quiet, terrible manner, reprove her, as he would have a right to do.

To the perfect doctor she was failing to show herself the perfect nurse. Her receptive mind had well absorbed the lesson of implicit obedience. It pictured this failure as nothing less than the ruin of her career, her life.

And, having disobeyed the order given, she did not know what to do. Had she been possessed of a doctor's authority to proceed with the case she might readily have given some other remedy. But her brain utterly refused to consider the substitution of another medicine for that prescribed. Her mechanically perfect system had suddenly broken down. It seemed as if her self had gone with it.

She walked unsteadily to the desk and sat down weakly. Then her real strength of character asserted itself and she strove to bring some order out of the chaos into which the sudden, sharp break from habit had plunged her.

At length she went to see Miss Childs. It seemed the only thing left to do. She needed no reflection to show her that this was a most unusual procedure, or to prepare her for the reception it would meet. Miss Childs had expended her efforts for popularity rather with the manager and directors of the hospital than with the nurses in the training-school. Even Miss Roberts regarded the superintendent as worse than a martinet.

"There has been a mistake made in one of the charts in the third ward," Miss Roberts said to the white-arrayed regent of the place. "I don't know quite what to do about it."

Miss Childs looked up from the book she was reading at that late hour. "Go ask Miss Benham about it," she commanded curtly, her face showing her quick impatience with the stupidity which could fail to act thus without advice.

"I did," the younger nurse said miserably. "Miss Benham says the chart is absolutely correct."

"Well, I don't see why you should have any question, then, as to what you are to do. Do what the chart says."

"But it would be fatal. It orders thirty grains of—"

"Never mind telling me what it orders. Give it. It's not your affair to question orders." The pitch of Miss Childs's voice rose with her temper, which, in her dealings with her subordinates, seemed ever awaiting a chance to rise.

Miss Roberts's hands were lifted in a gesture of impotence. Her voice sank to a whisper. "I can't do it, Miss Childs." There was no hint of defiance—on the contrary, her manner was that of one confessing hopeless incompetence.

But Miss Childs's was one of those little minds which ever search for signs of distraction from such small dignity as they possess. She missed the utter dejection in the whisper; she saw only rebellion against her own authority. What she saw was plainly revealed in the stare of indignant amazement with which she favored the younger woman.

"Very well," she spoke with icy, dread finality, "I will attend to the matter myself."

IV

WITH a sinking heart that seemed to locate somewhere in the rubber heels of her shoes and weigh them heavily Miss Roberts dragged after the superintendent. If her own act had been unprecedented, it was still more unprecedented in her experience that the superintendent should perform the duty of a recalcitrant underling. Every seam of the straight back of Miss Childs's white uniform seemed to stand out as a threat of quick punishment. And the younger nurse did not doubt that the superintendent could and would bring about the end of her career.

Without a word Miss Childs advanced to the desk and took up the chart Miss Roberts had left on top. Silently she went to the glass case of medicines and took down the vial of Dover's powder. Unflinchingly she weighed off the dose and mixed it with a little water. As stiffly, angrily, uncompromisingly erect as ever, she walked to the side of the cot on which lay the boy.

He was asleep again, and almost repulsively uninteresting as he breathed heavily between his swollen lips. A half wonder as to why she had acted as she had was the only feeling that possessed Miss Roberts. Miss Childs remained so completely matter-of-fact in her manner that the other nurse's self-confidence collapsed entirely.

"Won't it kill him?" she stammered, suddenly losing the last remnant of belief in her own medical knowledge.

"It is what Dr. Trevaux prescribed," was the unsatisfying reply delivered in a frigid monotone.

A numbing fascination seemed to hold Miss Roberts—a dull sense of watching some one else act a scene in which she had failed—as she saw the coverlet drawn back. Then again, to make the scene a more perfect rehearsal of the one in which she herself had just been the incompetent actress, the big, staring, dull eyes opened and the thick, fever-burnt lips moved to form the simple word—"Mother."

As though the room had been illumined by a garish flash of lightning, that strange, subconscious dread which had held back her hand before blazed now into a clear-cut understanding in the nurse's mind. Somebody's son—a human being—was the subject of this ghastly quibble over rules and regulations. A boy's life was to be the penalty.

No cry burst from her lips. She was too well trained for that. But, with a spring like that of a tiger, she covered the distance from the foot of the bed to Miss Childs's side. The superintendent was much the larger, stronger woman of the two; but the glass fell with a crash to the floor as Miss Roberts caught her wrist in a viselike grip. Taken utterly by surprise, Miss Childs stood speechless, while the grasp was released by fingers which had become nerveless.

For the quick ear of the younger nurse had heard the tread of feet on the thick-carpeted floor of the hall; had recognized the step. She turned upon Dr. Trevaux a blanched face, with the hopelessly frightened expression of a child caught in an act of unheard-of naughtiness. Even in the mental turmoil of that moment she was conscious that she could better have met the gaze of any other doctor who ever visited St. Luke's. It required all her will-

power to overcome an absurd desire to crawl under the cot.

"What is the trouble?" Trevaux asked in a studied tone of casual curiosity which failed to hide his purpose to avoid the least token of judgment until he should know the facts. And, as he spoke, he walked rapidly toward the desk.

Miss Childs answered. Miss Roberts probably never could have done so.

"Miss Roberts has refused to give your patient your prescription"—she spoke in a voice vibrant with emotion—"and has just prevented me from doing so."

But the doctor seemed not to hear. His own face had lost color as he reached the words which had caused all the trouble.

"My God!" he whispered faintly. "You didn't give him this?"

"I—I—no," the superintendent stammered, momentarily losing her poise.

"Thank Heaven!" Trevaux breathed fervently. "I seemed to have a feeling that I had some way mixed up the three grains of Dover's powder with the thirty grains of quinin to be given cumulatively to that other chap over there. I could not rest till I had come back and made sure. This would have killed the boy in an hour."

"But that"—Miss Childs spoke now with restored dignity—"in no manner excuses a nurse for disobeying instructions."

Under the circumstances Miss Roberts felt that Trevaux might be expected to condone her action. He stood with his back toward them, himself weighing out the proper dose of the powerful drug.

"No"—his words came slow and severe, though he did not turn about—"nothing can ever excuse a nurse for the disregard of directions. I am particularly surprised that this should have happened with Miss Roberts."

"Miss Roberts will please report at my office at nine o'clock in the morning," Miss Childs requested with all the harsh significance her voice was capable of; then, stiffly erect, marched from the ward.

The other nurse leaned weakly upon the foot of the iron cot. Without a word or a glance in her direction, Dr. Trevaux gave the medicine to the patient, walked back to the sink, and rinsed the glass before replacing it on its shelf.

"Could I speak to you a moment in the hall?" he said, as he turned to leave.

Miss Roberts was too overwrought to

discern aught but sternness in his manner. She followed meekly, trembling with fear of reproof from the one perfect doctor, more perfect now than ever in her eyes, since he had preserved his fine balance through the scene his own mistake had brought about. The long corridor was empty at that hour and only dimly lighted with about a fourth of its lamps. He paused when he had reached a point midway between the doors of the second and third wards.

"Miss Roberts," he said, "I have done you a great injustice. I—"

But he got no further at that moment. His admission of his own fault was all that was necessary to cause the girl's strained nerves to give way. She burst into hysterical weeping.

The fit did not last long, however. For the perfect doctor undertook to cure it in a most unprofessional manner. He caught her in his arms and kissed her forehead again and again. The treatment took immediate effect. The shock of her complete astonishment checked her uncontrolled sobs and tears. But she did not yet think to struggle to free herself from his clasped arms.

"I have done you a great injustice," he repeated, looking with intense earnestness into her eyes. "Oh—I don't mean *that*—that blunder. I mean—I am so glad I could wake up all the patients with a yell of joy."

He did not wait for her to ask what he did mean, but hurried to tell her.

"I have thought you were a perfect nurse—an automatic machine for carrying out doctors' orders. And you're not. Thank God! you're not. You're a million times more—a real woman—the woman I have longed for and wished I dared

believe you were. I love you—and I am going to make you love me. You are the perfect woman for whom I would throw everything I have—into the ash-can."

It was not medical talk. Its lame ending was hardly even dignified. But it seemed to find a response in the heart of the woman who had failed to be a perfect nurse; for she still let him hold her in his strong embrace, and, after a little, she whispered some words that caused him to kiss her again, this time upon her smiling lips.

V

At last she broke away. "I must get back to my patients!" she exclaimed. "I am an hour behind with my work—and I am not discharged yet."

"I'll attend to that," he spoke gaily. "You'll probably want a little time to get together some garments other than the uniforms of a perfect nurse."

He followed her into the ward, as if unwilling to leave her again for an hour. He stepped over toward the medicine-chest as she hastily glanced over the charts.

"By the way," he said with a smile of mischief, "Miss Childs neglected to put away the weights after she had weighed that powder. She left them on the scale-pan."

"Yes?" said Miss Roberts, in a tone which betrayed considerable loss of interest in the superintendent of the nurse's training-school.

"Yes," he replied. "She left them there. They were two little aluminum bits—the two-grain and the one-grain weights. You still have a chance to be the most nearly perfect nurse."

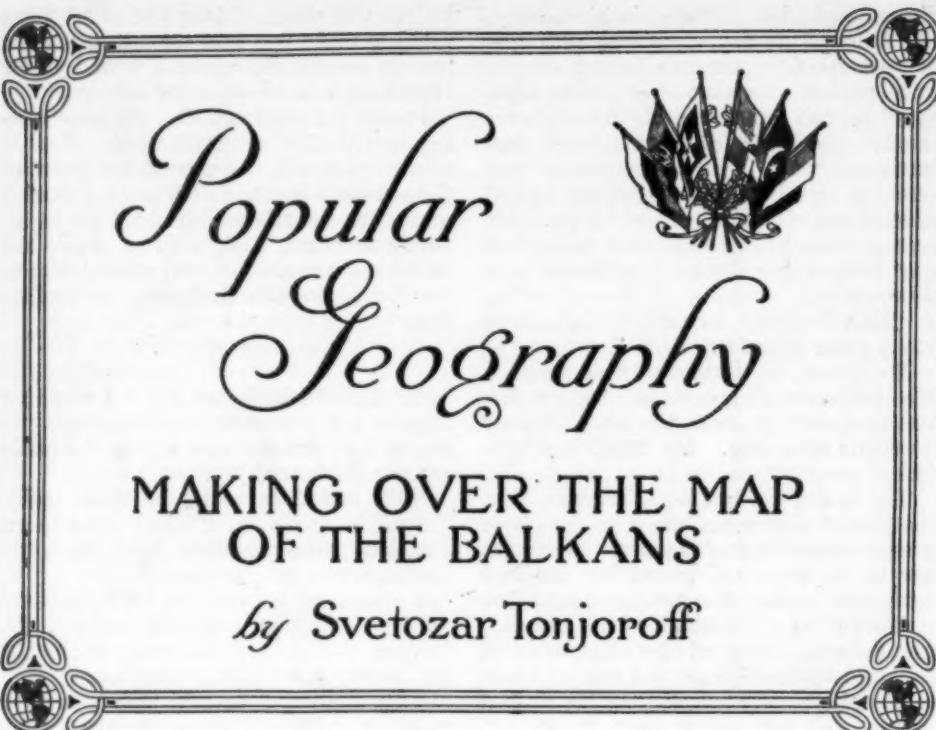
"I don't want it," she smiled, as she reached for the bottle of quinin sulfate.

HEART'S GARDEN

I BUILT a little wall about
The garden of my heart,
To bar intruders firmly out,
And keep it safe, apart.

Then, when the first intruder came
(I know it was a sin)
I went (I tell it you with shame)
Myself, and let him in!

Mary Carolyn Davies



Popular Geography

MAKING OVER THE MAP OF THE BALKANS

by Svetozar Tonjoroff

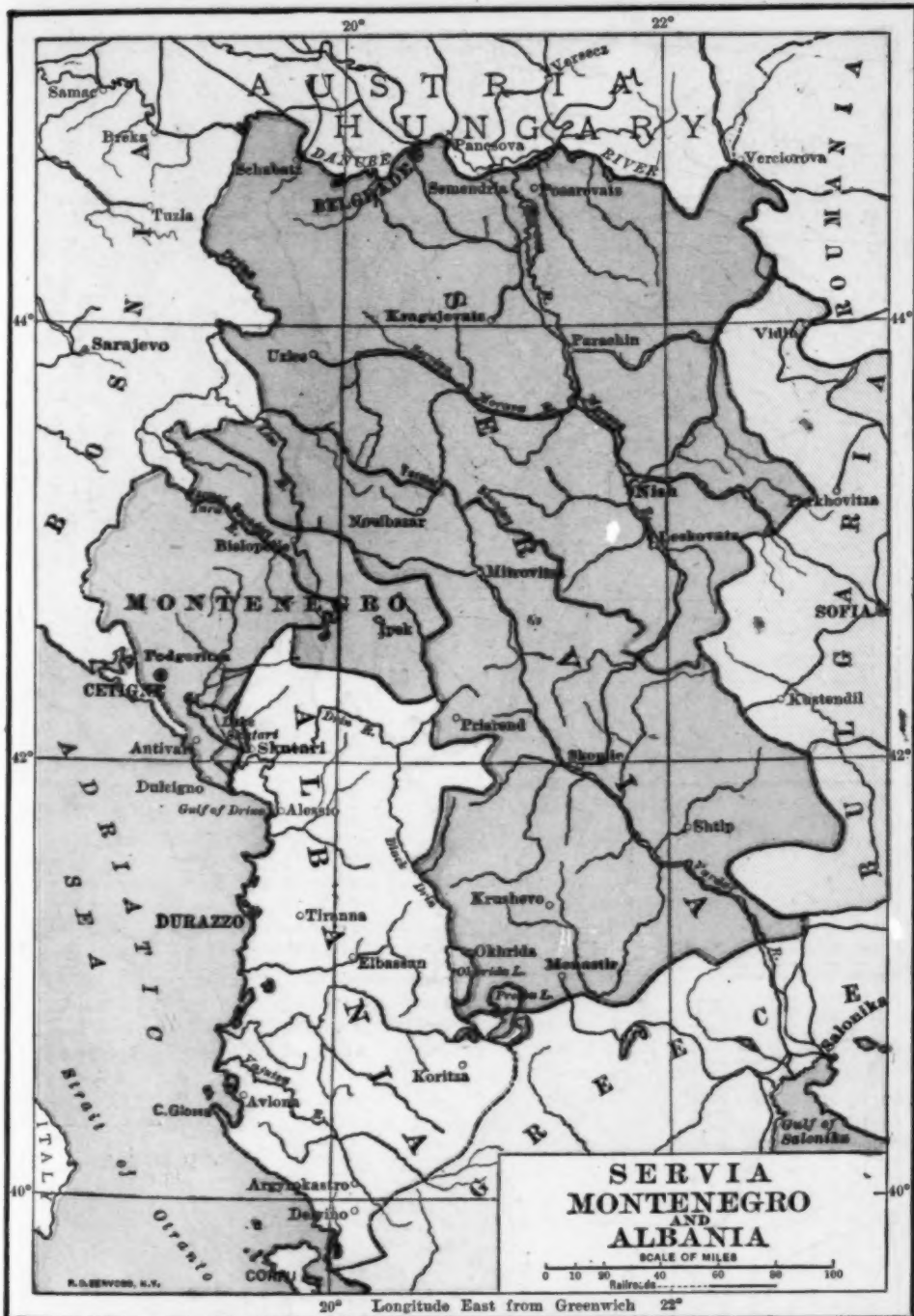
PERHAPS the greatest task of map-making since Napoleon I ceased to shift the boundaries of nations at his pleasure is awaiting completion in the Balkan Peninsula. To-day, two years after the sword began to trace the new territorial divisions, the frontiers still remain a mooted question. This problem is becoming so insistent that statesmen are opening their despatch-boxes with apprehensive expectations of sinister news. The uncertainty is the result of an attempt to solve vital international questions on arbitrary instead of national lines.

Of all the races in the Balkan Peninsula, the Turk alone is a squatter. The roots of the rest of the peoples—the Greeks, the Bulgarians, Servians, Albanians, and Roumanians—are embedded deep in the soil since the dawn of civilization. Yet even the Turk is not content to bow to the decree that was spoken by the international conference at Bukharest last year. All the nations involved in the controversy are bent upon a new readjustment of boundaries to satisfy national ambitions.

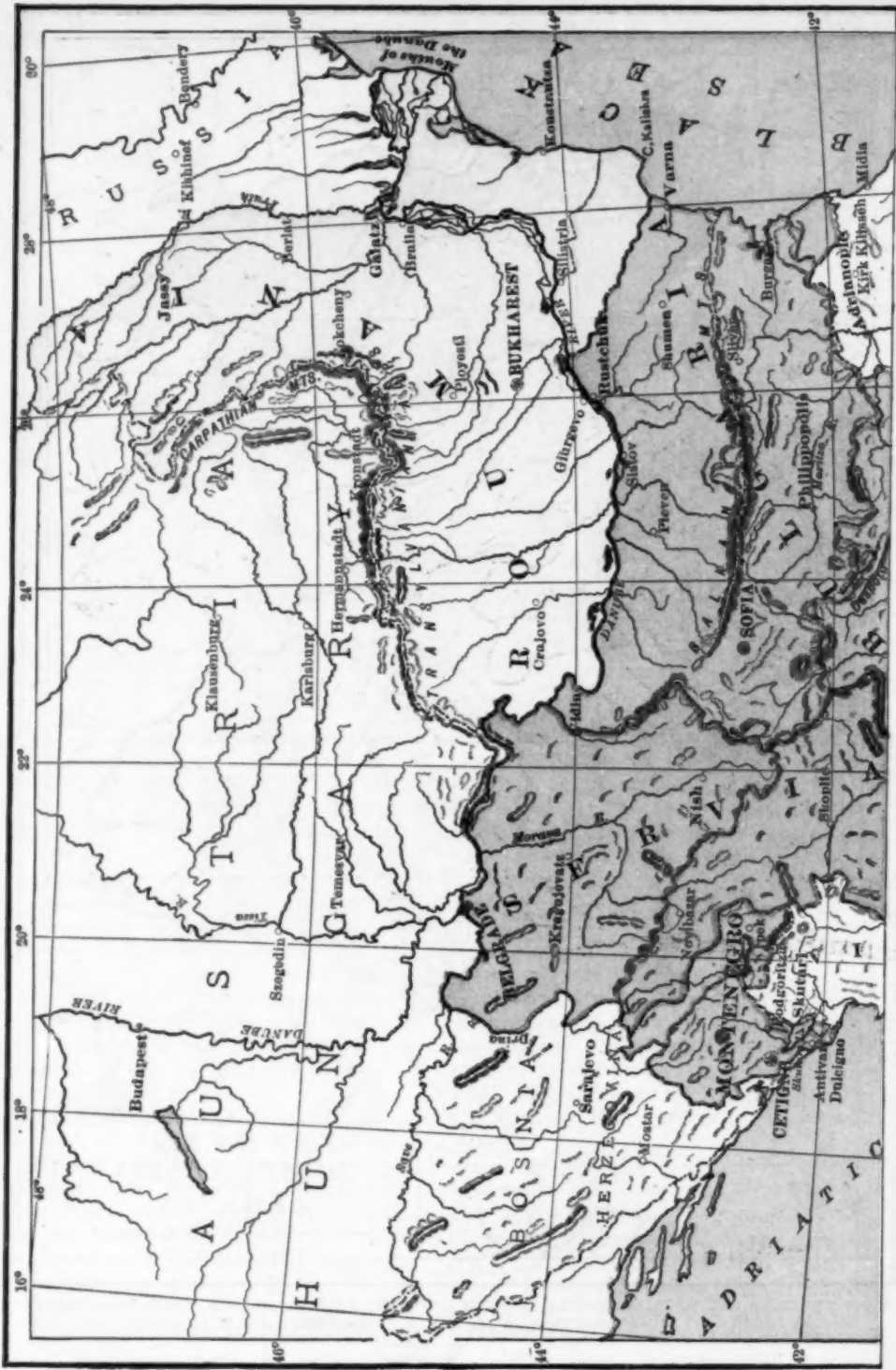
In point of fact, Turkey, like Spain after the war of 1898, is the gainer by the amputation to which she was subjected by her enemies. The Ottoman Empire, like the remnant of the Spanish Empire, has been rid of irreconcilable elements by the arbitrament of war and is launching upon a new period of development.

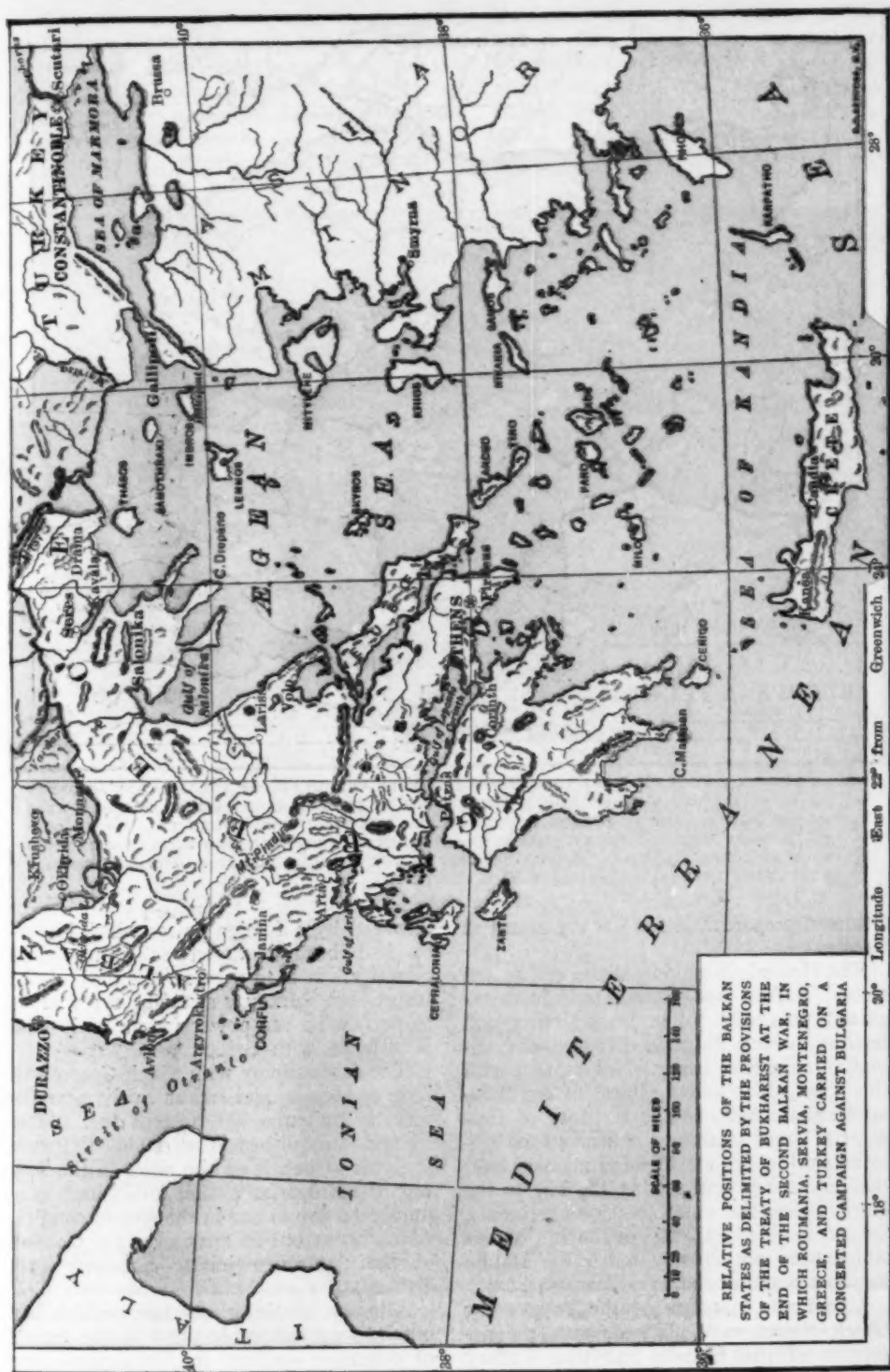
The projects for the development of Asia Minor by the construction of railroads, and the improvements which have been made in the old Turkish dominion, all the way from Constantinople to Bagdad, indicate that the Young Turk party now in power in Stamboul has at last realized that the internal development of the country is essential to its external strength.

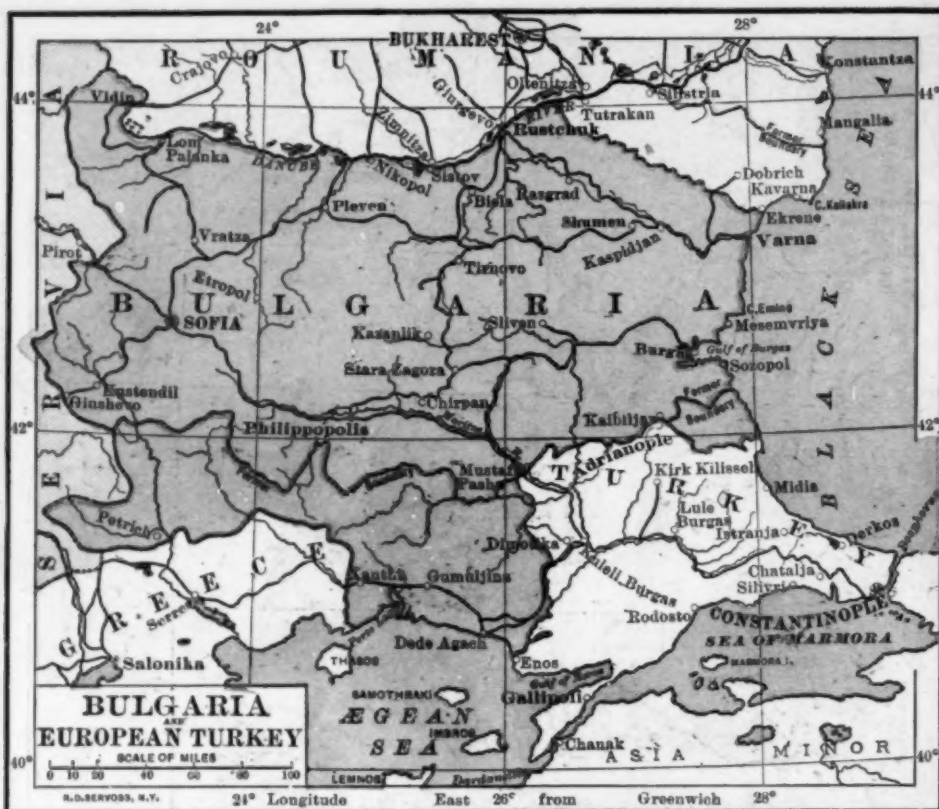
Side by side with their activities for the industrial and commercial betterment of Asia Minor and the remnant of the Vilayet of Adrianople, the Young Turks have entered upon a comprehensive program of naval development under British officers and of army reorganization under German instruction which augurs ill for the enemies of Islam. It is an open secret in Constantinople as well as in Sofia that the



SURROUNDED ON ALL SIDES BY HOSTILE NEIGHBORS, THE NEW STATE OF ALBANIA, WHICH WAS CREATED BY THE POWERS UPON THE INSISTENCE OF ITALY AND AUSTRIA-HUNGARY, IS BEGINNING ITS EXISTENCE UNDER PRECARIOUS CONDITIONS. SERBIA, GREECE, AND MONTENEGRO EQUALLY RESENT THE ACT OF THE POWERS IN COMPELLING THEM TO EVACUATE THE TERRITORY WHICH THEY HAD TAKEN FROM TURKEY AND WHICH EUROPE APPROPRIATED TO THE MAKING OF ALBANIA







WHERE TURKEY RECOVERED TERRITORY WHICH HAD BEEN CONQUERED BY BULGARIA AND ACCORDED TO THAT COUNTRY AS A MINIMUM OF ITS DEMANDS, BY THE COMBINED MANDATE OF THE POWERS AT THE CONFERENCE OF LONDON AT THE END OF THE FIRST WAR. WHEN THE SECOND CONFLICT BROKE OUT THE TURKS SHIFTED THEIR FRONTIER FROM THE ENOS-MIDIA LINE, IMPOSED UPON VICTORIOUS BULGARIA BY THE POWERS, TO THE PRESENT LOCATION, AND THE POWERS CONTENTED THEMSELVES WITH A FORMAL PROTEST

Ottoman preparations for war are aimed at Greece.

The Hellenic kingdom, at the end of the second Balkan war, found itself in unexpected possession of a large continental territory which Bulgaria disputed unavailingly for the time being. Not content with this gain, which added almost fifteen thousand square miles to the territory of Hellas, the Greek statesmen conceived the ambitious project of establishing mastery over the Aegean Sea and seizing the key to the Dardanelles, the outlet of Constantinople, by occupying all the available islands which were not already under the Italian flag as a result of the Tripolitan war.

Under the mandate of the Powers the Greek claims were allowed, with the exception of two islands, and thus Turkey found the control of the coast of Asia

menaced by a foreign power which hitherto had been regarded as a negligible quantity. It is to prevent this peril of the future that Turkey is straining every nerve to perfect its sea power for an early trial of strength with Greece.

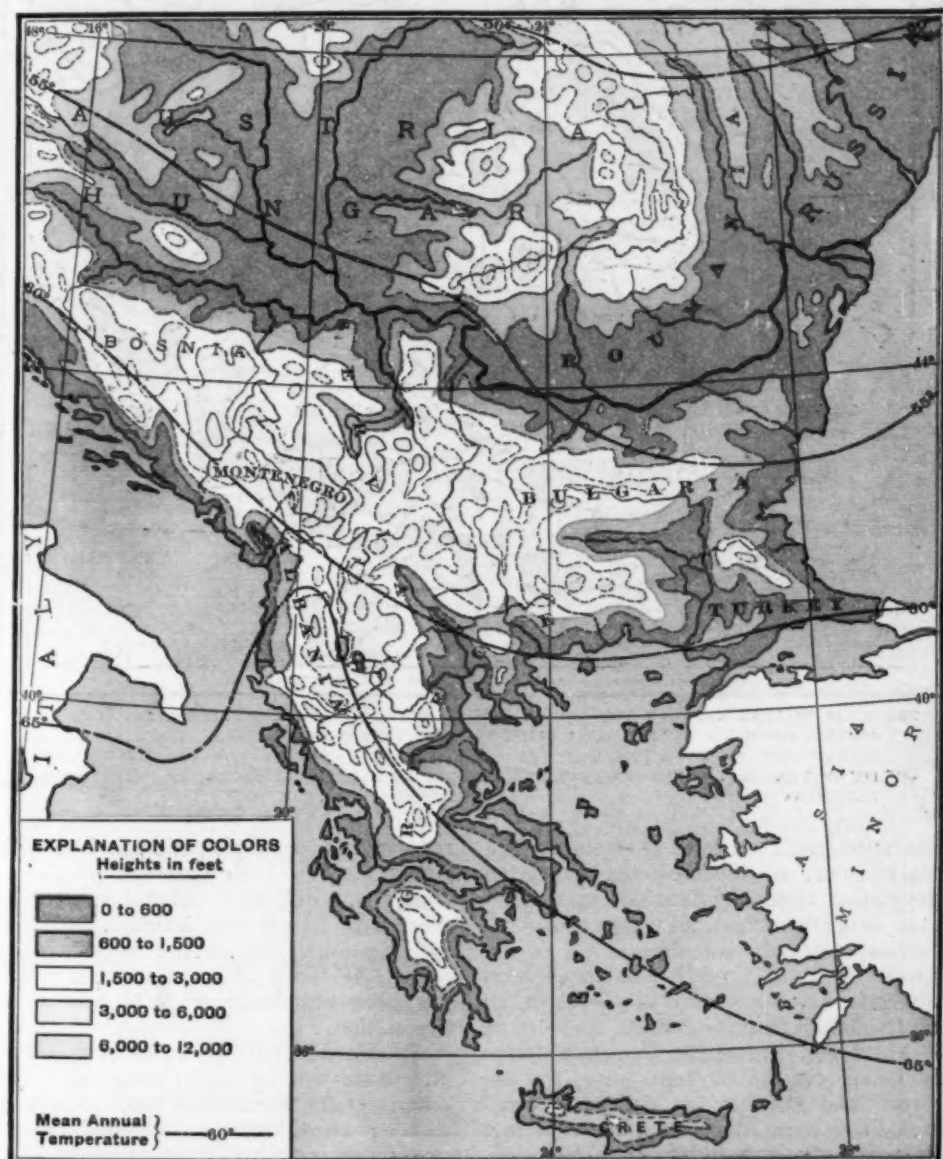
The other enemy with which Greece will have to reckon, and reckon in the near future, is Bulgaria, her ancient foe. After having vanquished the main Ottoman strength in behalf of the allies in the first war, the Bulgarian nation found itself outnumbered five to one in the second conflict, which broke out in 1913 over the division of the territories jointly acquired from Turkey.

After an obstinate resistance which has obtained an honorable place in the annals of defensive warfare, the Bulgarians were defeated by the joint armies of Serbia,

Greece, Roumania, and Montenegro, while Turkey, taking advantage of the preoccupation of the Powers, tore asunder the treaty of London and reoccupied part of the territory which she had ceded to Bulgaria only two months earlier.

Under the provisions of the treaty of

Bukharest imposed on Bulgaria by her former allies, backed by interested foreign powers, Bulgaria renounced a large part of Macedonia, which had been liberated from Turkey by Bulgarian arms, to her former allies. Inasmuch as the Bulgarians had entered upon the first war as a war of



SHOWING THE REMARKABLE DIVERSITY OF ELEVATIONS IN THE BALKAN PENINSULA, WHICH RANGE FROM SEA-LEVEL TO 12,000 FEET ABOVE THE SEA. AS A RESULT OF THIS VARIATION THERE IS A NOTABLE FLUCTUATION OF COMPARATIVE TEMPERATURES IN ALL THE COUNTRIES ON THE PENINSULA AND A CORRESPONDING WEALTH OF AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS



THE STRIP OF LAND BETWEEN THE OLD ROUMANIAN BOUNDARY AND THE PRESENT FRONTIER SEPARATING ROUMANIA AND BULGARIA COMPRISES THE TERRITORY OF MORE THAN 2,000 SQUARE MILES WHICH ROUMANIA SEIZED IN THE SECOND WAR AS "COMPENSATION" FOR ITS NEUTRALITY IN THE FIRST CONFLICT—THUS ESTABLISHING A BRAND-NEW PRINCIPLE IN INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS

liberation, and the decree of statesmen had placed most of the liberated Bulgarian population under Serbian, Greek, Roumanian, or Turkish flags, the treaty of Bukharest is regarded, and always will be regarded in Sofia, until it shall have been abrogated by diplomacy or by force, as an intolerable national wrong.

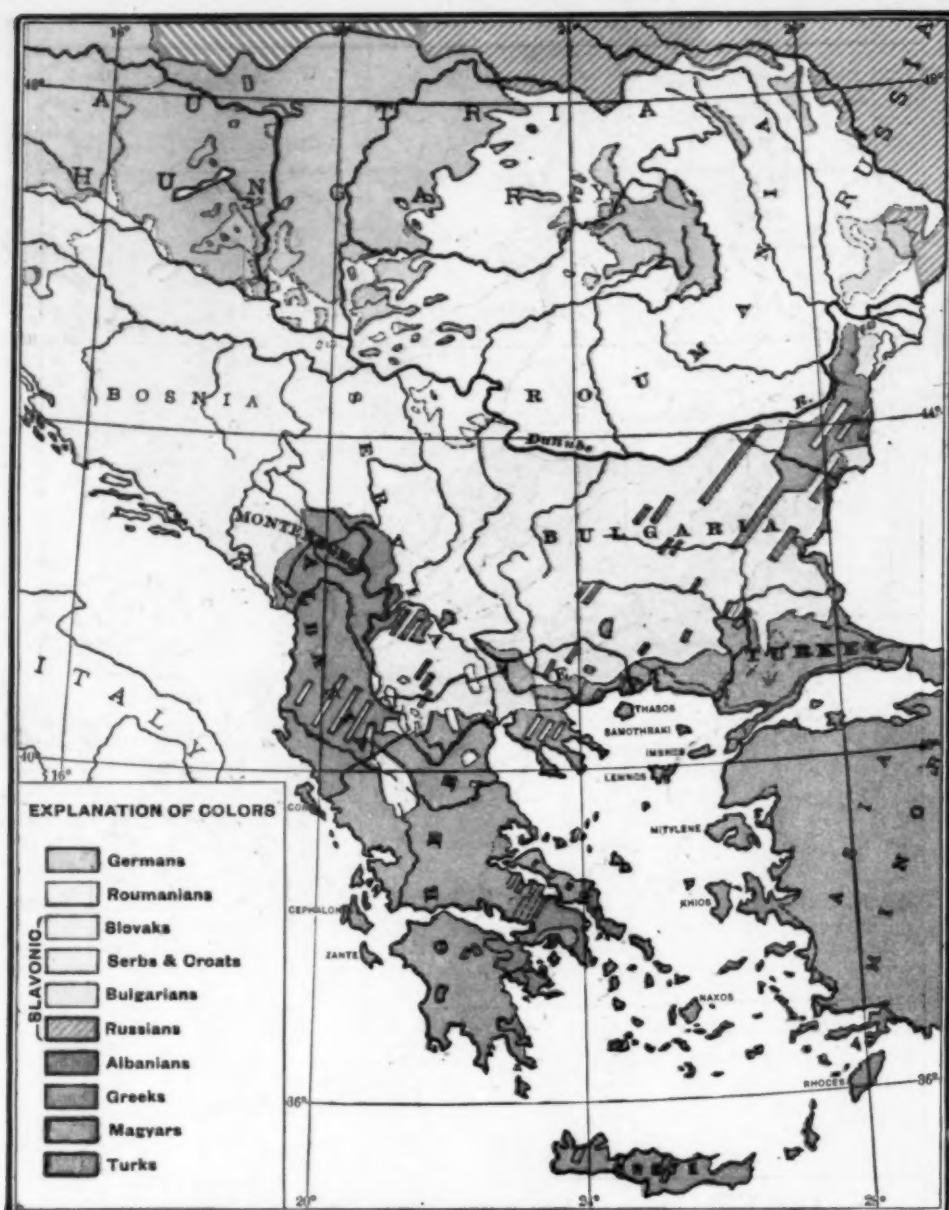
The resentment of the Bulgarian nation is being constantly kept alive by the Greek and the Servian policy of denationalization in Macedonia, the workings of which have been so forcefully condemned in the Carnegie report. So bitter is the feeling in Bulgaria against Greece as a result of the Greek persecution of Bulgarians in Macedonia, that Sofia has

not yet resumed diplomatic relations with Athens, and a fresh outbreak of Greco-Bulgarian hostilities is possible at any moment. In a new war Bulgaria probably will be found in alliance with Turkey under the terms of an agreement which has been negotiated or is in process of negotiation.

To this dual alliance, in all probability, Roumania will be found attached. The temper of the Roumanian people has been severely tried by many detailed reports of excesses committed upon people of Roumanian blood in the part of Macedonia occupied by the Greeks. It is well understood at Bukharest that the relations between Roumania and Greece are verging



THE NEW TERRITORIAL ACQUISITIONS OF GREECE, WHICH ADD ABOUT 16,000 SQUARE MILES OF FORMER TURKISH POSSESSIONS ON THE MAINLAND TO THE KINGDOM. THE AWARD OF THE ISLANDS OF KHIOS AND MITYLENE TO GREECE BY THE POWERS HAS CREATED A TENSE SITUATION BETWEEN CONSTANTINOPLE AND ATHENS. THE OTTOMAN GOVERNMENT PROTESTS AGAINST THE ARRANGEMENT UPON THE GROUND THAT IT ESTABLISHES GREEK CONTROL OVER THE COAST OF ASIA MINOR



SHOWING THE MINGLING OF THE RACES IN THE BALKAN PENINSULA AND THE CONTIGUOUS PARTS OF THE AUSTRO-HUNGARIAN EMPIRE. UNDER THE NEW DIVISION OF TERRITORIES A LARGE BULGARIAN POPULATION HAS BEEN PLACED UNDER GREEK, SERBIAN, TURKISH, OR ROUMANIAN RULE. THIS CIRCUMSTANCE IS ONE OF THE PORTENTS OF A NEW CONFLICT IN THE NEAR EAST

upon that critical stage which they had reached in 1903-1904, when diplomatic relations between Bukharest and Athens were broken off because Greek bands in Macedonia had tortured and murdered Roumanians. In fact, it now appears that

the marriage which had been arranged between Prince George, the heir to the throne of Greece, and Princess Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Crown Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, has been abandoned because of friction between the countries.

In Sofia Roumanian advances toward the resumption of closer relations are being received hospitably despite the seizure of more than 2,000 square miles of Bulgarian soil by Roumania in 1913; because Bulgaria and Roumania apparently have reached a conclusion that the danger to their nationals under Greek rule in Macedonia is so grave as to put every other issue in the background.

It must not be supposed, however, that Bulgaria came out of the second war without substantial gain. The most valuable acquisition of that country was a seacoast of ninety miles on the Ægean Sea, with two seaports—Porto Lagos and Dedeagatch—as outlets to a newly acquired territory about ten thousand square miles in extent.

Servia, under the rearrangement of frontiers, acquired about eighteen thousand square miles of territory with a population of a million and a half. The new subjects, however, are almost entirely Bulgarians or Albanians, and such is their attitude toward the new conqueror that the prospects are that they will have to be kept down by a formidable display of force. Servia's bitter disappointment in the two conflicts was her inability to acquire a seacoast on the Adriatic as a direct outlet for her commerce. The forces of Servia and Montenegro in the first war occupied the entire Adriatic coast down to Northern Epirus, and the dream of a Servian port seemed to have been realized, when Austria and Italy intervened.

Basing their demands upon the theory that the Albanian people were a separate national entity and should not be handed over to Servian and Montenegrin control, Rome and Vienna induced the other great powers to join them in ordering Servia and Montenegro out of the territory which had been assigned to what is now the kingdom of Albania. Menaced by combined European coercive action, the Servians and Montenegrins finally yielded to the international decree and withdrew their forces from Durazzo and San Giovanni di Medua.

But the Servians have not forgotten that two-thirds of the territory which now constitutes Albania was once theirs by right of conquest. Consequently they are proving very bad neighbors to the little kingdom of about twelve thousand square miles which issued, like Pallas Athene, fully equipped from the sea at the bidding

of the concert of Europe, but quickly betrayed its lack of intelligent cohesiveness.

The difficulties which Prince William of Wied is confronting as the sovereign of Albania are greatly complicated by the aggressive tactics, not only of the Greeks of Epirus, but apparently of the government at Athens itself, despite its final acquiescence in the wishes of the creators of Albania. Although Greece made the largest gains in territory and population at the end of the second war, the Greeks have not been able to reconcile themselves to the inclusion of a small Greek population in Northern Epirus within the boundaries of Albania.

Southern Albania, from the beginning of the existence of the little kingdom, has been harassed by Greek bands, armed with quick-firing guns and other modern military equipment which the Albanian leaders at Durazzo say came from Athens. Prince William, confronted with dissensions from within the country, has not felt inclined to take vigorous action against the enemies from without. Consequently he has found himself between the devil and the deep sea, and his flight from Durazzo to an Italian war-ship last May was an indication of the seriousness of his plight.

One reason of his unpopularity with his subjects has been his inability to act with prompt energy against the Greeks of Epirus. Another has been his determination to place Moslem and Catholic Albania on exactly the same footing in matters pertaining to the payment of taxes and compulsory service in the army. His flight from Durazzo at the first approach of his enemies from the south produced so unpleasant an impression upon his adherents in Albania that the prospects of his remaining upon the throne were considerably darkened. His chief personal opponent is Essad Pasha, a Moslem Albanian and former Turkish minister of war, whose arrest in Durazzo on the charge of being involved in a plot against the sovereign precipitated the crisis in which Albania is now struggling.

Essad's activities, carried on in his absence from the country by his Moslem supporters, culminated last June in an attack in force upon Durazzo. Prince William, stirred to decisive activity by the assault upon his capital, offered such effective resistance to the Moslem army of about 30,000 men that the Essadists were com-

pelled to retreat and to abandon for the time being their project of seizing the reins of power by force of arms.

There was every indication, however, after the prince had been victorious at Durazzo, that the unrest was not quelled. The open clash created a breach in the Albanian nation which promises to be fruitful of organized violence, if not of ultimate disruption.

The old principle of blood-feud is still the ruling method in personal as well as political affairs in Albania. Under that method of settling disputes the relatives of a murdered man regard themselves as under obligation to avenge his death without recourse to law. The members of the tribes who took part in the battle of Durazzo now are applying the feud rule to their prince. In this way William of Wied, in the process of enforcing order in his turbulent country, has placed himself at feud with about half his subjects.

Thus his problem, difficult as it was in the beginning, is made still more delicate by the infusion of a medieval usage of clansmen. The succession to the Albanian throne is already the subject of informal consideration in the European chancelleries. The Moslem demand that a Moslem shall be placed to rule in Durazzo. The Christians, on the other hand, are equally insistent that their sovereign shall be a Christian, preferably a Catholic.

Montenegro, the smallest state on the Balkan peninsula, has almost doubled its territory and its original population of hardly more than a quarter of a million. The little kingdom has accomplished more than that. It has effected a physical connection with the Servian people, kin to the Montenegrins by blood, traditions, and religion, by the acquisition of Novi-Bazar.

Furthermore, the contiguity with Montenegro has suggested to Servian as well as Montenegrin statesmen the possibility of extending the present alliance into an actual union of the two states. It is said that this project, designed to furnish to Servia an outlet into the Adriatic by way of the port of Antivari, has the strong backing of Russia, which is always anxious

to strengthen the possible Slavic opposition to Austria-Hungary.

The Montenegrins, however, are not satisfied with the delimitation of Albania. There has been a struggle of centuries between the Montenegrins and the Albanians on the border-land, and this chronic rancor has been aggravated by the inclusion within the Albanian boundaries of a small population which the Montenegrins claim as their own.

Thus, it will be seen, the young state of Albania is surrounded on the north, the east, and the south by neighbors who are actively promoting any movement which promises to contribute to its disruption.

The great powers, with Austria and Italy in the lead, are pledged to maintain the integrity of Albania. There are indications, however, that the internal discord in that country is fast precipitating events toward a crisis in which the occupation of Albania by a mixed military force will be imperative.

It is this eventuality that is proving a menacing factor to the harmony of the discredited "concert" of Europe. Russia is obviously unwilling to take action which would appear hostile to its protégées, Servia, Montenegro, and Greece. Great Britain also is showing a disinclination to take a more active part than she is at present taking in the affairs of the Balkans. Therefore it would appear that an occupation of Albania in force would devolve upon Italy and Austria, acting in understanding with Germany, their partner in the Triple Alliance.

Both Rome and Vienna, however, are hesitating before a step which might well bring down upon them the jealous anger of Russia. In the conflict of international interests and the interplay of international suspicions Albania is fast drifting into anarchy.

In the meanwhile Bulgaria and Turkey, with Roumania as their potential ally, are watching the progress of events closely and awaiting the opportune moment for the completion of the suspended task of map-making. And the third Balkan conflict is practically a certainty.

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THE WORKING PROBLEM

BY A WORKING GIRL



NE of the officials of the Illinois State Employment Bureau is quoted as saying: "The currency question or the tariff reform can't begin to compare with the house-girl question. I began working at it in the most hopeful way, but after five years I don't know any more than when I started." This being true, it seems strange that there is one side of this question that has not been presented. Obviously, if there is an occupation into which workers cannot be induced to enter, there is something radically wrong with the conditions of that occupation, and these conditions should be investigated from every point of view with the purpose to find a remedy.

I am the self-appointed speaker for a class of women who are being constantly preached at, especially by those magazines which I have classified as being of the "Mother, Home, and Heaven" type. I am a working woman—a stenographer—struggling to maintain life and self-respect on a six-dollars-a-week wage instead of seeking nice, honorable employment in the kitchen of some one of the hundreds of worthy matrons who are yearning to hold me to their hearts, and who profess not to understand why I refuse to be so held and prefer to struggle along when I might work for them and get plenty to eat and always have a job.

In the first place, I understand housework and like it. I kept house for my father for three years—until I had the misfortune to lose him. As soon as I realized that I was "on the world" I took the three hundred dollars which I was lucky enough to get from the sale of our furniture and other belongings and took a six months' course at a business school, and for the last year I have been earning the munificent sum of six dollars a week before mentioned.

I do not regret my choice of an occupa-

tion, though so far it has involved a distinct financial loss, for housekeeping being a subject which I already understood, entering that occupation would have meant the saving of the three hundred dollars at the start; it would have meant that I could earn money from the very beginning and have saved me six months' time. As it is, if I do marry—and eighty per cent of the women do—I shall have to give up my shorthand and go back to housework; my office experience will avail me nothing.

AN ECONOMIC WASTE

Here is really a great economic waste. I wonder that the point is not more dwelt upon, that life is hard on women of these days. Housekeeping is now recognized as a science, an occupation in itself, and every woman should be prepared to do it efficiently; and yet, as things are, she must also learn another trade, profession, or calling by which to earn her living for a period of four or five years. Men do not labor under this disadvantage; their choice of an occupation is usually for life.

But to go back to my position. Needless to remark, six dollars is not enough to live on in luxury. I can just manage to exist on it; but it is an awful thought that if one of my teeth begins to ache I shall either have to endure the pain or owe the dentist indefinitely, providing he is willing to trust me.

According to the theories of the before-mentioned worthy matrons, I would be infinitely better off in one of their homes; I would have, so they say, three comfortable meals a day, a good home, better pay—that is, the pay would be clear gain, for when it comes to actual money very few housemaids get as much as six dollars a week. Those getting five a week are doing very well indeed. This is written for those who cannot understand why I wickedly and ungratefully refuse all these advantages—represented advantages.

Well, in the first place I shall not stay at six dollars a week. In a sense, my employer is finishing my education. If he does not raise my pay to eight dollars within the next few months I shall look for another position, and in time I shall find one. Then, as I increase in experience and efficiency, I shall, in the course of time, reach the exalted heights of twelve dollars a week, and it is by no means extraordinary for a stenographer to get as much as fifteen or eighteen dollars a week, at which latter figure she sticks, unless she has unusual ability; but, anyway, within the next three or four years I may hope to attain to at least twelve dollars a week; then I shall find a boarding-place where I pay six a week and have six left, the same as the housemaid.

Now can any of these worthy matrons tell me of a place where the housemaid's wages are increased as her efficiency increases? Is it not an undeniable fact that the percentage of cooks and housemaids who get more than eighteen or twenty dollars a month is so small as to be negligible? And is it not a fact that the good and efficient ones are not rewarded in proportion to their efficiency, but are simply paid the standard wages, their efficiency being their employers' gain and not theirs?

The stenographer may always look forward to an increase in wages after so many years of service, and the possibility, at least, is before her of becoming a private secretary or of being promoted to some responsible position in connection with the business; the shop-girl may look forward to being made the head of her department or the buyer, or to getting a bonus on her sales, or even, in this day and time, to some kind of profit-sharing scheme being inaugurated. The factory girl may be made forewoman, or, if she works piece-work, be paid in proportion to her skill, and the profit-sharing scheme is always a possibility with her also. "Hope, like a glimmering taper light, cheers and adorns their way," but by the very nature of her work the domestic is cut off absolutely from everything but a wage promotion, and these are few and far between. In short, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here," stands at the entrance of domestic service.

But to come back to my present position. I get six dollars a week, the housemaid gets the same and her board, but there are other things to be considered.

My official working hours are from half past eight to five, with a half-hour for lunch. The overwhelming majority of offices in the city have established this same set of hours, though in many they are even shorter. It is true, I seldom get off at five. In the matter of uncertainty of hours the stenographer and the domestics are in much the same position. They are both the outcasts of labor in that the law does not protect them from overwork, while it does, in many States, protect the factory and shop-girls. In Virginia, for instance, domestics and stenographers are specifically exempted from the operations of the ten-hours-a-day law, and in the capital of the United States they do not come under the provisions of the eight-hour law.

RATED WITHOUT THE LAW

Stenographers and domestics, being without the law, pay in full the penalty for the lack of system and efficiency of others. Men and women will sacrifice money without a sigh before they will sacrifice their whims and convenience. My employer usually looks out of the window from four to five and then begins his dictation just at the time when I am supposed to leave; it is often six o'clock before I get off, and sometimes it is seven, but so far it has never been later than this.

I never receive an extra penny for this overtime, though my agreement was to sell him eight hours of my time a day for one dollar; but his cook must have begun her day's work by seven at the latest in order to have prepared his breakfast in time, and when he does not leave the office until seven o'clock he cannot possibly reach his home before half past seven, and it is reasonable to suppose he does not finish his dinner before half past eight. Now at what time is it logical to suppose that his cook and housemaid get off duty?

In respect to unpaid-for overtime I am worse off, as a stenographer, than almost any class of labor except the domestic, but how infinitely better off I am than they are! If I had the money, I would have plenty of time to go to the theater, and, as a matter of fact, I do go occasionally—when some one asks me; they cannot go at all. Most public libraries do not close until ten in the evening and I have abundant time for reading; it is also pos-

sible for me to attend some of the very instructive free lectures, concerts, and art exhibits which are constantly being held in the city, and I do attend a free night school for several months out of the year.

Then, again, I have every Sunday to myself, Saturday half-holiday all the year round, New Year's Day, Washington's Birthday, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Thanksgiving, and Christmas, and two weeks' vacation with pay—seventy-three whole days and fifty half-days a year, to say nothing of the days on which, while I am in the office, I have comparatively nothing to do because my employer is away somewhere on business or has a day or two of sickness. In contrast to this the domestic has one afternoon off a week and—occasionally, a part of Sunday.

THE INCONSISTENCY OF HOUSEWIVES

As to my having a better home were I in domestic service: I now share a room with two other girls. It is the third floor back and none too large, but there are two windows and we get plenty of fresh air. I'd prefer to room by myself if circumstances permitted, but at least I select my roommates; if I were working in a home, the chances are ten to one I would have to share a room with a fellow servant, and while it is possible the room might be larger and more comfortable, it is not probable. Some few, it is true, do have comfortable rooms for servants, but others partition off a part of a stifling attic or one corner of a damp basement.

As it is, if the house is not kept reasonably warm or clean I can leave my room without leaving my job, and the landlady must at least clean the room after each tenant in order to rent it again, but this does not follow in a household. But for the life of me I cannot understand why those who profess to have made a study of the servant question always put forth the inducement of a comfortable room. It is by no means an unvarying rule that a domestic is provided with a room. Every paper carries multitudes of "help wanted" advertisements which read "go home nights." Women who live in five and six room apartments employ maids, and those maids go home at night, rest assured. Where else would they stay and leave any room for the family?

In my lodging-house I have the use of the parlor in which to entertain my friends,

and, if I get there first, it is possible for me to get a bath in a full-length tub. Neither of these conditions prevail in the average home. They do in some homes, but unless these things were the general custom one place would simply spoil one for the next. Even in my lodging-house the servant is not allowed the use of the bath-tub. She is clean enough to put her hands in all we eat, but she must not cleanse herself in the same tub. "Consistency, thou art a jewel!"

But even though every housewife in the land furnished a nice clean room for her domestics, would this be an ideal state of affairs? In my opinion it is decidedly better to pay wages which permit the employee to room wheresoever she likes. Perhaps the majority of the girls who are compelled to earn their living have parents and relations with whom it is desirable that they stay. I do not think it is economic justice that working girls should be partly supported by their parents or other relations, but if they can pay adequate board and stay at home it is by far the wisest and best for all parties. Nothing takes the place of home ties. Wherever possible, it is highly desirable that parents and daughter should eat two meals a day together and spend the night under the same roof.

Think what a storm of protest there would be if the big department-stores of the United States were to start the "living in" system of England. I venture to say there would be few defenders of this system, and it would be a potent factor in keeping efficient girls out of stores rather than an inducement for them to go in.

In domestic service I would probably get more to eat than I do at present, but with this difference: I'd get it after every one else had finished and the food was cold and unattractive; I'd eat it in the kitchen, most likely, with a stack of soiled dishes staring me in the face; my food would be the least desirable part of everything. At present I run my chance of getting the best portion, and can choose between a ham or a tongue sandwich, or between apple sauce and prunes. In a household my preference would seldom be consulted.

My employer is by no means an ideal person. His continued encroachments on my time are not just; he does not pay me a living wage, and he has other faults in my eyes; but at least he allows me a cer-

tain amount of liberty of action. He does not stand over my machine criticising my fingering of the keys, nor does he comment on the shape of my notes or care whether I use the Gregg or the Pitman shorthand. As long as I produce results he does not bother about my methods.

The same cannot be said of the average housewife. Again, he makes no criticism of my dress or method of arranging my hair. Not being devoid of intelligence and good taste, I refrain from coming to work in cheap finery, but if I did appear in the latest thing in slit skirts and wearing long earrings, he would, I feel sure, either not notice them at all or else consider it none of his business. He does not interfere in my personal affairs or give me unsolicited advice. And, oh, heavenly thought! when he goes into his private office to talk to visitors I feel quite sure that he is not discussing the number of erasures I make, the word I misspelled last week, the fact that I was two minutes late month before last, and my other faults of omission and commission, while those of my friends who employ servants make their imperfections a constant theme of conversation until I feel like shrieking "Stop, my sympathies are with the maid! We are both working women. Perfection comes higher than six dollars a week, whether with or without board."

AS TO SOCIAL OPPORTUNITIES

Looking at the matter from a social standpoint, a servant must seek her friends exclusively among servants, standing as they do on the lowest respectable round of the social ladder. Stenographers are not restricted to the society of members of their calling. Social distinctions are rather vague, but in my judgment a stenographer who has a semblance of refinement and is not the gum-chewing vulgarian of the alleged comic paper is on about the same social plane as the teacher, the trained nurse, the clerks of various kinds, the library employee, and the bookkeeper, and in any and all of these callings men and women of refinement and culture are to be found.

I might marry on terms of equality with the man teacher, bookkeeper, or even a young professional or business man; no one would consider such a match a *mésalliance* on the part of the man. This same statement is true of teachers, nurses, and

members of the other callings I have previously named. It even applies to the shop or factory girl. You may be a brave little lady working at any of these occupations, but to be a servant is a stigma which will endure for a generation.

The ex-chorus girl does not find the social door too tightly closed; tights may be forgiven where the cap and apron are not. And this snobbish view-point is not confined to women. It was a man who said sneeringly about a woman who has attained a measure of well-deserved prominence: "That woman! why, she used to scrub knives in our kitchen." It was a man who said of another: "The only thing I have against him is that he married his mother's hired girl."

Still another feature. If I am to marry, and the "Mother, Home, and Heaven" magazines seem to think I should, I must have an opportunity to meet men. Some people seem to think a woman could get married if she were stranded on an uninhabited island, but I could never see how she could manage it. I have no mother to introduce me to society and to arrange that I shall meet eligibles. The man I marry, if I marry at all, must be a man whom I may meet in connection with my business or in connection with church work or at some little entertainment.

Even if I could bring myself to marry the sort of man who does no constructive work in the world and has no opportunity to rise, the man servant is not a common institution in America, and as a domestic, as I have previously pointed out, I would have no chance to meet men at church or at entertainments. Be it understood that I am not carrying on any matrimonial campaign, and if I never marry I can still find a reasonable contentment in my work, but it seems to me the only men and women who definitely renounce all possibility of matrimony are those who go into a convent or into the priesthood.

I grant that the social status of the servant-girl is horribly illogical and unjust, but nevertheless it is a fact, and I challenge any one successfully to deny any of my statements. There are, of course, exceptions, but the general rule is as I have said. The servant-girl should be honored and respected, but, unfortunately, she is not. "It is a condition and not a theory that confronts us," and until conditions are admitted and changed, American wom-

en of refinement, women with ability, women with ambition, will prefer semi-starvation to taking a downward step in the social scale from which they can never recover.

All of this is true, and "pity 'tis, 'tis true." But will the worthy matrons admit the truth of this article? They will not. They will be getting off the same old platitudes about the domestics being sheltered in a home (disregarding the fact that the red-light districts, according to statistics, draw as many recruits from the domestic

servants as from any other occupation) and will be asking for years to come: "Why do girls prefer to work in offices and stores at starvation wages rather than enter domestic service?" "There is none so blind as she who will not see."

Yet, in a sense, I do not condemn them. The problem before them of changing entirely at one and the same time the methods of running a home and a social view-point which has been held for centuries is an immense one. No wonder they shirk it.

THE FOOL

THE Prince sat on his carved throne,
And wine from gold he quaffed;
The Seer, in drear, dull monotone,
Read of his saga-craft;
The Bard stood near, musing alone,
Watching the breezes waft
The rose-leaves through the window on
The Fool, who sang, and laughed:

"To you, O Prince, the power of lord—
That force almost divine
Of right of might and law of sword
And rule of fear malign,
That wait but for your spoken word,
Nor need another sign!

"Ah, Seer, you know the meaning cast
In word of book or pen,
You ken the tale of ages past,
Before the time of men—
And segregate from first to last
Nebulous 'Why' and 'When.'

"Yours, Bard, the song of youth's heart-blood,
The lilt of light sunbeams;
The May-time bloom of spring-quicker bud,
The soft night-hush of streams;
Young Love's ideal and Passion's flood,
Th' esotery of dreams!

"I am no king, yet rule the door
Of Laughter, Song, and Tears;
I cannot read, but yet know more—
Life's heart, its hopes; its fears;
I rime but lyrics of the lore
That strengthens hearts and cheers!

L'ENVOI

"Prince, when the Last Long Night is Dark,
Whom are ye then to rule?
And Seer, of what import the spark
Of wisdom from the school?
You, Bard, how can ye laud the Lark
When those hot lips are cool?
I 'row, when we the Summons hark,
I'd rather be the Fool!"

Raymond T. Ashley

The Stage

The Intimate Theaters of London and Paris

by Burns Mantle

AFTER observing them closely for several weeks, I have come to the not important but still interesting conclusion that the little, or intimate, theaters of London and Paris are largely responsible for those theatrical woes from which we suffer some and at which we rail a great deal in America.

The intimate theaters of London, for instance, bring the auditor very close to both the author and his theme. They must, therefore, exert a direct influence on the production of either the delicate and imaginative or discursive and argumentative modern drama which we count slow and wordy and usually treat abominably because we have no theater to fit it.

The intimate theaters of Paris, on the other hand, put you so closely in touch with the actor himself that he either inspires you with a vast respect for his art or embarrasses you because of its boldness, and whether the American manager tries to reproduce the art or imitate its daring, he is quite likely to fail. The conditions, physical and artistic, under which he works are all against him.

We, for instance, borrowing from the English, will take a thin but pleasant little "chuckle" comedy and expect it to fill a huge theater with boisterous laughter. Or

we will puff a musical titbit—one that served in London for no more than a part of an evening's entertainment—into a spectacular musical play by trebling the quota of legs and doubling the number of puns and then wonder why it fails to carry.

Or, in our annual effort to move a boatload of Parisian atmosphere to America, we will adapt a boudoir farce that skillfully skirts the edge of good taste and can only be made possible for our entertainment by preserving its intimate characteristics as a peppery bit of domestic dialogue, and present it as a French vaudeville, with interpolated tunes by Jerome Kerns, in an auditorium intended for operatic productions. Or give it as a choice bit of scandal that, we seem to think, being choice, should be shouted from the stage of a colosseum.

If, however, we treat the foreign author and producer shabbily in failing to give his productions the advantages in cast to which they are accustomed; if we twist his plays this way and that to fit a particular star who happens to be under contract and out of work, we do give him a much more impressive setting than he usually gets at home. I have seen a great deal of shabby scenery this summer, particularly in Paris.

There is, however, one notable exception, and that is at the Comédie Française. Here the current revival of "Macbeth" is



MISS GLADYS COOPER IS THE REIGNING STAGE BEAUTY OF LONDON. SHE ALSO MADE A NEW REPUTATION FOR HERSELF AS AN ACTRESS LAST SEASON AS THE HEROINE OF EDWARD KNOBLAUCH'S "MY LADY'S DRESS"

From a copyrighted photograph by Wraether & Burs, London, England

beautifully staged. A wonderful castle that stands, towered and turreted, as grim and solid as though built of granite. Flat backgrounds of heath and moorland that are so skilfully lighted as to seem to extend miles into the distance. A banquet-

ancient crones as they lean over their bat-stew, from which greenish vapors arise to light weirdly their wizened features. A glorious park at the castle of *Macduff*, done in the reddish browns of autumn, with a descending sun at back, a scene



LYDIA LOPOUKHOVA, ONE OF THE PIONEERS IN THE WONDERFUL ART OF DANCING AS REVIVED FROM CLASSIC MODELS AND ENRICHED WITH ORIENTAL IMAGERY BY THE IMPERIAL RUSSIAN BALLET

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York

hall of simple massiveness in which the threatening ghost of *Banquo* is made to appear in the king's seat at table by the use of a transparent back to his majesty's chair. A witches' cave, with dark-purple shadows closing in and around the three

seldom included in the English versions of the tragedy, and made gory and shuddery in its realism at the Comédie by the pursuit and brutal murder of *Macduff's* wife and children.

The version used, written by Jean



MISS ELSIE JANIS LEFT THE MONTGOMERY-STONE COMBINATION IN AMERICA TO BECOME THE STAR OF A NEW REVUE AT THE PALACE, IN LONDON, AND HER SUCCESS WAS IMMEDIATE. SHE NOW HAS AS BIG AN ENGLISH FOLLOWING AS SHE HAS AMERICAN

Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London, England



MISS SARI PETRASS IS ONE OF THE POPULAR SINGING COMEDIENNES OF LONDON, AND APPEARED LAST SEASON IN THE ENGLISH PRODUCTION OF "THE MARRIAGE MARKET" AT DALY'S

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MISS MARIE LÖHR IS POPULAR BOTH AS A BEAUTY AND AS AN ACTRESS IN LONDON. LAST SEASON SHE PLAYED WITH GERALD DU MAURIER IN "THE CLEVER ONES," AND IT IS SAID SHE WILL BE PAIRED WITH MISS MARGERY MAUDE IN CYRIL MAUDE'S PRODUCTION OF "YOUNG WISDOM"

Photograph by Foulsham & Banfield, London, England



MISS SHIRLEY KELLOGG IS AS MUCH A FAVORITE IN THE REVUE
"HULLO TANGO" AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME AS SHE
WAS IN NEW YORK AT THE WINTER GARDEN

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Richepin, sounds even and melodious in the French tongue, and the audiences, which have been large, have been most attentive as well. M. Paul-Mounet is the *Macbeth*, Mme. Bartet his somnambulist lady, Mounet-Sully the *Duncan*, and Jacques Fenoux the *Macduff*—an able, impressively sonorous, exceptionally sane, and intelligent quartet of players. I was a bit disappointed to find both Paul-Mounet and Fenoux grown so ample of girth and deliberate of movement that, to preserve the artistic unities, they were forced to finish their sword combat off stage, but it gave an opportunity to announce the victory and the ascendancy of *Malcolm* from the top of the castle wall to a numerous army that had dragged Birnam wood to the very edge of the last scene. For that reason it could be overlooked.

Mme. Bartet was content to give a straight and, if anything, rather repressed performance as *Lady Macbeth*, foregoing all temptation to labor asthmatically with the sleep-walking scene or to recite with more than reasonable emphasis her conclusion concerning the stained hands and the perfumes of Arabia. She did it all, too, without the aid of a spot-light.

WHERE THE THRILLS COME FROM

At the Grand Guignol, which, despite a rather general competition, remains the source of most of our Paris thrills, the attempt is plainly to stage the miniature dramas presented as cheaply, in the matter of setting, as possible. The stage is tiny, the equipment worn, the stage direction rather slipshod. If Holbrook Blinn, for example, were to produce at the Princess Theater in New York a quartet of playlets as carelessly and with as little thought of their scenic setting as that shown in the current bill at the Guignol, he would be laughed out of town by a chorus of comic

head-lines. Back stage this little theater suggests nothing half so much as a famous but dirty restaurant, where the food is wonderful but the surroundings impossible. In front, however, the auditorium and the service are perfect.

The particular horror of the present bill—and by its horrors the Grand Guignol lives—is called "La Cellule Blanche." It is not a pleasant story to relate, and it is enough to say that it pictures in two scenes the torture of a nihilist by the Russian police in their effort to force him to confess the name of his accomplice. The method of torture, being new and rather novel, is the horror's best excuse for production. They fasten the youth so that it is impossible for him to move, and then turn a blinding light upon him. Gradually the light wears down his nerve resistance until he is threatened with insanity. Fearing that he will weaken, or that in a moment of madness he may grow garrulous, he induces his sweetheart, when his inquisitors permit her to see him, to kill him by stabbing him with the prong of a buckle attached to one of the straps with which he is bound.

A sort of runner-up to "La Cellule Blanche," and a miniature tragedy quite likely to find its way to America, is "Le Thanatographe." In this four physicians, discussing the latest scientific inventions or the day, uncover an instrument but recently invented by one of their number which is so delicately adjusted that it readily indicates the approach of death. As, during their conversation, this machine becomes active, it is evident that some one who has come within its range is marked for an early call.

One of the four physicians is rather aged and a bit apoplectic, and so strong an impression does the story of the machine's supernatural powers make upon him



MISS EMMY WEHLEN HAS BEEN PLAYING IN GEORGE EDWARDS'S PRODUCTION OF "AFTER THE GIRL" AT THE LONDON GAIETY, A THEATER WHOSE FUTURE IS IN DOUBT

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MISS ELLALINE TERRISS HAS BEEN PLAYING THE HEROINE IN THE ENGLISH PRODUCTION OF GEORGE M. COHAN'S PLAY, "BROADWAY JONES." HER HUSBAND, SEYMOUR HICKS, PLAYS COHAN'S OLD PART, AND HAS SCORED A SUCCESS

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that he is then and there threatened with a stroke. Rushing from the room to summon aid, the inventor of the machine is himself struck by a passing motor and instantly killed. Hearing which, the apoplectic old gentleman recovers, but the reputation of the weirdly impressive thanatographe has been tragically justified.

They balance the bill of tragedy at the Grand Guignol with a collection of short comedies. These usually are quite unimportant, and, to judge from the expressionless faces of the French people in the audience, those in the present bill are also quite unfunny. But they are well acted. Which is to repeat that the dramatic food at the Guignol is excellent, though the linen on which it is served is neither very clean nor of very good quality.

WHERE THE SHOCK IS GREATER THAN THE THRILL

Another of these little theaters is the Imperial, but here the apparent desire of the management is to shock rather than to thrill its patrons. Which should increase the theater's popularity so soon as the fact becomes generally known in the vicinity of the Café de la Paix, where, from July till September, they say you can count ten Americans to every Frenchman. Thanks to the teachings of the comic weeklies and the Americanized French farce, no American tourist counts his visit to Paris worth the paper on which his passage is booked unless he is shocked at least once.

The Imperial bill at this writing, however, is rather mild. There is a pantomime during which the apartments of a dressy courtesan are invaded by a particularly ugly apache. Hearing the young woman approaching, the apache hides under her couch, and she, believing herself to be alone (save for the presence of the grinning audience, of which she is quite conscious) proceeds to slip out of the few clothes she is wearing and into something both thinner and pinker.

Follows thereafter the usual struggle for the jewels and the revolver. In a second scene the apache, filled with some remorse and a quantity of absinth, meets the lady he has robbed at a dancing place in Montmartre. Masked, she first dances with him and then turns him over to the police, proving thereby her respect for the law and affording him a pantomimist's opportunity to make faces at his enemies

and strike an attitude suggesting a trembling Ajax defying the police.

SUMMER SHOWS À LA FRANCAISE

The theatrical manager in Paris, being as wise and as adaptable as his American prototype, strives to suit the entertainment he offers to the season in which he offers it. The summer months, therefore, are given over to light comedies and frothy farce. These entertainments, as you may easily imagine, are easy to see, but a bit difficult to describe, being for the most part peppery references to a certain fractured commandment.

Explanation is usually made that we cannot do this sort of thing in America because the higher moral sense of American audiences will not permit it. The truth of the matter lies rather in the fact that we cannot do it because we do not know how. We have neither the facility nor the art for it. Those play surgeons who attempt, by way of a free adaptation, to correct the moral blemishes of the original script are usually awkward butchers hacking away at the thing with dull cleavers. While both the actors and the stage-managers into whose hands the corrected version falls, lacking anything resembling a delicate moral sense, gleefully emphasize the very coarseness that the French minimize. In doing which, be it added, they usually are vastly encouraged by a nervous and giggling American audience.

The most popular of the current Parisian comedies is called "La Belle Aventure." It was written by those busy young men of the French theater, MM. de Caillavet and Robert de Flers, the Harry B. Smiths of Paris, who make rather a specialty of turning out the Billie Burke style of comedy. When Mr. Frohman produces "La Belle Aventure" I shall be greatly interested in seeing just what the adapters do with and to it. The story is of an adventure that befalls a young woman on her wedding day. Just before the ceremony, which is to unite her to a perfectly good, but quite prosaic youth whom she does not love and is marrying merely to please her aunt, the real possessor of her heart arrives on the scene and demands that she elope with him. She, he explains convincingly, has been tricked into the agreement to marry his rival and there is no excuse for her going through with it. So, being an accommodating miss, and likewise being in

love, she takes her trousseau and bolts with her lover.

They arrive, next act, at the cottage of the girl's very dear old grandmother, who immediately jumps to the conclusion that the accompanying gentleman is the regular groom. So great is her joy at the thought of the marriage, and so difficult, not to say cruel, would it be to explain to her the real situation, that they agree to postpone telling her they are not yet married. Out of which situation grows a series of those boudoir complications of which we were speaking. Handled as they are by the French authors and French actors they provide an amusing scene touched with certain sentimental values by the babbling old lady, who frankly refuses to listen to any "new-fangled rubbish" about their occupying separate rooms in the cottage until they are better acquainted. But just what can be done with them for American presentation remains to be seen.

The little play, as it stands, is practically ended with the completion of the romance at the end of the second act, but there is a lot of at least promising comedy in the last act, when the eloping pair are followed to the cottage by the irritated principals of the original wedding party. At any rate, we are certain to be charmed by the playing of the part of the dear old grandmother, as this is to be entrusted by Mr. Frohman to Mrs. Thomas Whiffen for her farewell to the stage.

FARCES WE MAY OR MAY NOT SEE.

Another farce, called "Ma Tante d'Honfleur," written by M. Paul Gavault, is to be done over, I understand, by Sidney Blow, who was responsible for last season's "Oh, I Say." In Paris it is a laughing success, and presents, through a series of conventional but amusing episodes, the story of a youth who has some difficulty in being off with an old love before he is on with a new, even though he has the aid of the lady of the title, his wise little aunt from the country.

"Je n' Trompe pas Mon Mari," another and quite typical Parisian bit which has been running for many weeks at L'Athénée, is not very likely to be sent over to us. The lady of the title, who boasts that, in spite of the evidence, which is very, very plainly against her, she never deceives her husband, is somewhat too frank a person for our market. I am much

afraid she would shock even our regular playgoers, to say nothing of the sensitive police censors.

AMERICAN INFLUENCES IN FOREIGN THEATERS

A wise man of the theater once said that within twenty years from that date, which was some five years ago, the American stage and American playwrights would be dominating the theaters of every theatrical capital in Europe. For one reason, because we were gradually being forced to create a vast amount of original material, and, also, because the question of American royalties and the annual pilgrimages of American tourists were becoming so important as factors in the success of theatrical seasons abroad that an admitted attempt was being made by foreign producers and foreign playwrights to appeal to the American taste. The chap who does the Viennese musical comedies, in other words, now keeps one eye and one ear turned toward the land that made the authors of "The Merry Widow" rich. And the German or the Frenchman with a problem that he would expound in dramatic form is quite willing to make inquiry as to its value as a theatrical exportation before he finally shapes it.

As an indication that the prophet of five years ago deserves not to be without honor in his own country we already have the frank imitation of American musical comedy methods in the music-halls of both London and Paris. In London, too, they frequently improve upon the thing we do—frequently if not generally. Strange as it may sound, their wit is often keener and is usually of a higher grade. Their performers, as a class, are more mannerly, and their sense of both satire and travesty is superior to that exhibited in our *revues*.

THE UNFUNNY FRENCH COMEDIAN

In Paris, however, where the imitation of the American style is most flagrant, the result is often appalling. Two-thirds of the music is American ragtime to which French words are awkwardly fitted, and to watch a heavy French chorus attempt to skip playfully to the spirit of the tunes is to enjoy a sight that may be best described as painfully amusing. The French chorus girl is just as graceful and just as light on her feet as a skittish Percheron wearied by its daily occupation of hauling

furniture trucks. Yet there are a few exceptions. The girls at the Folies Marigny, including a good sprinkling of Americans and English, are rather a trim and lively crew, and at the Moulin Rouge, where the stage is set and the entertainment frankly provided for tourists, at least half the chorus ensemble is Anglo-Saxon, and therefore much more proficient than the native aggregations.

The French comedian is also a fairly awful creation. I say this not only because he is unfunny to me—I understand him but imperfectly at best—but because I have noticed that even his most willing countrymen observe him with pained expressions upon their usually bright countenances, and are quite content to let the paid *claque* do all the applauding.

SERIOUS TIMES AT THE GAITY

In London the American invasion, in which the Britisher has come to take a tolerant if not a very active interest, continued well into the summer. The experience of the company sent over to sing "Adele" at the Gaiety, and which lasted but a few weeks, was not at all typical. The Gaiety, as we have previously remarked, is a distinctive institution in the playhouse world of London. It has taken George Edwardes some years to create and educate its audiences, particularly the pit section, and they are now so well trained that they know exactly what they want and will be satisfied with nothing less. Therefore when an American manager tried to interest them with a chorus of eight girls in place of one of fifty their resentment was as immediate as it was unfair.

I hear, too, that the future of the Gaiety is not at all certain. Mr. Edwardes, as he grows older, grows weary also of the endless task of finding, staging, and producing musical comedies. He took little real interest, they say, in "After the Girl," to which fact many attribute that play's rather uncertain success. The Gaiety, too, being well up the Strand, is gradually being forced out of touch with the Shaftesbury Avenue-Leicester Square group of

theaters, where musical comedy flourishes, and for the first time in many years it was closed tighter than a drum the better part of the summer.

In the matter of music-hall entertainers the advantage, this summer at least has been largely ours. For months the London list was headed by Elsie Janis, Frank Tinney, Ethel Levy, and Shirley Kellogg, and liberally filled out with minor specialists from the American vaudeville theaters. At this writing the two most popular features of the Moulin Rouge bill are a duo of dancing darkies from America, and a quintet of English acrobats; the real mid-summer nights' attraction at the Marigny is the dancing exhibition of Evelyn Thaw and Jack Clifford, and the cabarets and modest little *café chantants* that were a distinctive feature of Parisian life before we adopted them are already beginning to blossom forth as elaborate affairs quite in the American style, and with many American entertainers included in the programs.

Miss Janis, being still young and ever so ambitious, is not at all satisfied with her conquests at home. Nothing less than an international reputation, she says, will do now. After this summer in London, where she has been doing much to brighten the review at the Palace, she plans to move on to Berlin, and from Berlin to Paris. The English playgoers seem to like her as a dancer, and to admire her as a mimic, but as a soubrette she rather mystifies them. They wonder at her laryngital soprano, and do not always catch the spirit of her fun. But they are always kind and frequently rather boisterous in their approval of the Lauder and Bernhardt imitations.

If this young lady's experience abroad does as much for her as it has for Ina Claire she will return to us a much more finished artist than she left. Miss Claire, whom you may remember as a professionally dainty but still rather crude little soubrette in "The Quaker Girl," has grown so in her art that she contributed the only suggestion of manner and distinction the Sam Bernard company had to offer at the Adelphi when "The Belle of Bond Street" was revived there.

INSUFFICIENCY

"ONE kiss!" A paltry gift to Love:
Suppose the sea should say
Unto the shore—"I've sent one wave—
That's all you'll get to-day!"

Harry Kemp

THE SCALES OF TIME

BY ANNA ALICE CHAPIN



HE other train would be very late, and Forsythe lighted a cigar and began to stroll aimlessly up and down the sunny platform. It was a small way-station in Wyoming, and he was on his way to meet his wife, who was visiting friends at the post in Cheyenne. This, his first glimpse of his native land after a long yachting trip on the Baltic Sea, did not appeal to Forsythe. He looked with distaste over the rolling, barren country baking under the June sun. The size of the prairies oppressed him, and being much out of condition, the heat of the Western sun made him limp and ill-tempered.

Not many years before he would have utilized this hour of waiting in taking a good tramp; would probably have ascertained the whereabouts of a bar from the cow-punchers who had ridden in for mail and packages—and even taken a drink with them if they were not too haughty; he might have descended so far as to make conversation with the two Indians laconically chewing plug tobacco in the meager shade afforded by a packing-case.

Now he did none of these things. He strolled up and down and cursed the Northern Pacific. At the farther end of the platform a group of people were laughing and chattering shrilly. Their superhuman cheerfulness betrayed their calling.

With a sardonic smile Forsythe muttered: "A theatrical troupe!" and nearly bit his cigar in two. He had no particular grudge against the profession, but they irritated him. That was simply the way he felt that day.

One of the girls in the company wore a green dress—the sort of green which used to be Gwenny Morse's favorite color.

Gwenny! Why, he hadn't thought of her for years. Gwenny, who had been cut out for a saint or a devil—who could pre-

sume to say which? Gwenny, ardent, sensitive, far too highly geared. She had thrown herself at him; yes, that would be the vulgar phrase to describe the headlong, almost sublime, confidence of that young and fervent passion. She had been amazed, rather than affronted, that he had not cared as much as she.

The difficult part of the whole business had been that Gwenny was not a chorus-lady or a shop-girl, but one of his own class and kind, a girl he had danced with and taken in to dinner on occasion. But—fatal tribute for a *débutante*!—she had been the possessor of a voice. The voice had carried her into unsavory purlieus and among strange gods; it had dragged her forth from the family chicken-coops and sent her to roost in the outer wilderness. She had quarreled with sundry relatives, and subsisted on tinned stuff and chafing-dish mixtures—all for the voice.

Because of the voice and the tacit emancipation which its possession gave her he had permitted himself more freedom with her than with other girls of their set. They had dined together at odd little out-of-the-way restaurants (the sort that one can never find any more when one is really grown up, and that one describes vaguely as "somewhere off Washington Square"). They had walked the streets in the mysterious and adventurous night hours when the summer moon poured down into the duller places and only the areas were in shadow.

Once—Heavens!—he had actually kissed her on a moonless street corner! Such a profanation of the august canons of propriety, and in the streets of New York! Venice, perchance, or Paris—but New York! God knows, they must have been young.

At forty he found it a bit hard to imagine, especially here at the Wyoming way-station, with the dirty Indians chew-

ing tobacco close—far, far too close—beside him.

And suddenly the girl in the green gown turned around, and it *was* Gwenny!

There was a queer moment in which he was not sure that she knew him; then she came at him with a sort of sweeping rush—one of her old, swift, birdlike movements, and gave him her two hands. There wasn't a trace of self-consciousness about her. She was just greeting an old friend.

"And are you as prosperous as you look?" demanded Gwenny. It was like her to plunge into the middle of things.

"Are you?" he asked back, smiling at her trim appearance. The loose hair looked redder than ever. He wondered if she touched it up. Copper-haired girls nearly always did.

She was laughing her old, sweet laugh—more like a merry boy's than a girl's.

"Just about!" she was answering him. "I went on the stage, you know—musical comedy."

"Yes, I heard."

"And *you*—went and married!"

He nodded silently. Gwenny surveyed him smilingly and shook her head.

"You look ever so queer out here in this rough country," she said. "You belong in the East, with your nice clothes and your nice manners and your nice shoes."

"But you belong in the East yourself," he protested, moved to a faint effort at self-defense.

"I? Oh, I belong everywhere! I love this country out here. It makes me feel as though I could go on and on—forever!"

"There's room enough, anyway," he said rather dryly. Personally, the huge spaces seemed to him an awful waste.

"You've become an expatriate—isn't that what they call it?" she went on. "Live on the other side, and all that?"

"More or less. Are you doing well yourself, Gwe—Miss Morse?"

(Such a banal thing to say! but his head could only make banalities to-day.)

"I'm not Miss Morse any longer," she told him.

"Married, too?" He felt a sort of shock, quite inexplicable.

"Only to my art!" She laughed again. "They didn't think Morse was picturesque enough for musical comedy. Never mind about all that. I'm very glad to see you."

"Thank you." (Had he always been as fatuous as this, he wondered?)

"You know," proceeded Gwenny calmly, "I've always wanted to see you again since I stopped being in love with you."

Forsythe gasped a little. But—Lord, wasn't this Gwenny all over?

"I wanted to see, you know," she went on, "if you had turned out as well as I wanted you to. It would be dreadful to find that a person you had adored for three whole years had become just—just an ordinary human being. Wouldn't it? I often think," added Gwenny dreamily, "that we ought to keep that before our eyes all the time, as a sort of incentive to improvement, and—and that. Any day we might run across somebody who used to be in love with us, and we'd hate them to have to say to themselves, 'Thank God, I didn't marry *that* awful person, anyway!'"

Still Forsythe could not find any words.

He settled his impeccable cravat and felt like an ass. And all the time there was Gwenny in her green dress, with the hot Western sun on her red hair and the old glory—or almost the old glory—in her big eyes.

Gwenny *was* pretty. After seven years he had forgotten how pretty she was. Perhaps she had filled out a little. Yes, that may have been it. The Gwenny of the old French restaurant days was thin—thin, like an etherealized Watts picture. Now she was just right, tall enough to carry the round yet sweeping curves of her lovely body, and with a sort of radiance in her face—a sober radiance, yet a glad one.

And what a young, eager face it was still! And the big, wide-set, blue-green eyes were just as full of dreams as ever, only it looked as though the dreams were made of graver stuff. She had learned how to wear her clothes, too. The green frock was simple, but it fitted exquisitely.

A Mexican woman with a little tray of flowers, rather wilted from the heat, came along the platform. She was too tired even to cry her wares. Clearly she had no hope of selling them; she trudged on her slow way with heavy feet, her dull eyes fixed in front of her. She had Indian blood; there was the patient squaw look in her grimy, dark face.

"*Sweet peas!*" exclaimed Gwenny with a little gasp.

For a moment her very soul seemed to meet Forsythe's through her wide, blue-green eyes. He welcomed the look with a

sense of loneliness. He knew suddenly that down in his heart he had been waiting for that rush of emotion to rise in the girl's eyes. Hadn't that been one of the very dearest things about Gwenny in the old days?

With a sort of clumsy effort at light-heartedness he thrust a hand into his pocket.

"Want some?" he asked airily.

"Oh, you did that in just the same way!" cried Gwenny, with a brightness like tears in her sweet eyes. "Only there didn't use to be quite so much in the pocket then!" she added whimsically as he brought up a fistful of silver.

"How many bunches?" he said, laughing awkwardly.

"Oh," she exclaimed softly, "only one bunch—like *then*. And the purple ones, of course."

Her eyes came to his again, bright and soft. And then suddenly, even as he paid for the little bunch and put it into her hands, the glow went altogether out of her face.

"Why, you don't *remember!*" she said. And there was in her voice the same wonder that there had been years before when she first realized that he had only been playing at love with her.

Shame covered him like a red-hot mantle. He struggled to bring back the memory which was so living to her. Somewhere in that dim past of theirs—the little faint-hued past that he had packed away so safely he had almost completely mislaid it—there had been sweet peas, purple sweet peas.

He felt curiously convicted. One should remember the sweet peas of life. A girl more or less, and tragedies of sorts—these might go into the attic of broken and useless things. But the sweet peas should remain pressed in the pages of the Book of Life.

A quick whiff of memory came back like a passing scent—darkness and a splash of starlight, and a girl's lips near his own—and sweet peas. If she saw the dawn of the recollection in his face she gave no sign. The little bunch hung listlessly from her hand.

"They don't smell a bit the same," she said rather forlornly.

There was a faint murmur in the distance, and people in the station began to move about. The train was coming.

Forsythe looked at the girl at his side, and this time her eyes were full of real tears.

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" she whispered impulsively.

"Sorry for what?" asked Forsythe, and then, with a queer little stab at his heart—"that you met me again?"

She nodded. "Oh, it isn't your fault," she murmured. "I'm sure it isn't your fault. But I've been living with a sort of ghost of you—a sort of dream—all these years. Not a dream lover, you know, but a dream friend. It's been such a comfort to me."

"I see," said Forsythe.

He did see. He had been weighed in the balance, he and his well-built clothes, and his sleek person, and his settled, well-fed point of view. This clear-eyed girl, this musical comedy "artist," had found him wanting, and he felt suddenly middle-aged. He had never felt that way before. Also, for the first time, he wondered if he could have kept the glory and the dream if he had married Gwenny.

The train came nearer.

"Good-by," said Gwenny gently, holding out her left hand. Her right still grasped the little bunch of wilted purple sweet peas.

"Sha'n't I see you again?" Forsythe asked rather dully. "You say you aren't playing under your own name, but—"

"I don't think we'll be apt to meet any more," she said quietly.

"Your name—" he persisted.

"Gwendolen Crittenden," she said simply. "Good-by. I must go back to the company. My car is the first, I think."

Gwendolen Crittenden! He was mad not to have suspected it, and yet he never had. How had he ever failed to hear? Gwendolen Crittenden. It was a name famous on two continents. Gwenny, then, was one of the most successful actresses in America.

He saw her and her company get into the special car after the other train pulled in; and then he slowly climbed into the smoker. He sat staring through the window at the two Indians, who, unmoved by the coming or going of trains with which they had no concern, sat still, like Fates, chewing plug tobacco in the shadow of the packing-case.

The vivid grace of her had struck him

hard between his eyes, and her red hair flamed before him still like a sunset glory. And the dear look of the wistful lips, the clear sweetness of her eyes! In his long-dulled ears rang the eager music of her voice: "I feel as though I could go on and on—"

Yes, she would go on and on; sometimes down into the dark places and sometimes up into the heights, but always on and on. She was Gwendolen Crittenden,

and—what was he? He sat there staring out of the window with a dead cigar in his fingers and tried to find out the answer.

The smoking-car was at the end of the train. Presently, as they moved out of the station, he saw a little splash of purple on the sunny platform—a bunch of sweet peas it looked like. So—she had thrown it away, that last small link with the dreamlike past.

ON CHOOSING A VOCATION

BY FRANK X. FINNEGAN



HE selection of a vocation is a serious proposition. It should be undertaken with extreme care; but if you start right you cannot miss success. The golden rule is to choose for your life-work only that which you take a keen joy in doing. Simple, isn't it?

But people don't do it. They go right on having vocations wished on them by their parents. They mark the little coupon for correspondence schools, and become civil engineers. There's no sense in that. We have enough civil engineers now. What we need is civil conductors.

Take bank presidents. They're just as bad as the rest. See how they go on day after day, slaving over stocks and bonds and cash reserve. Do they love to do that better than anything else? Not a bit of it. Just watch them when their vacation time rolls around. They rush up into the woods and go fishing! That's what they really love to do. Their success in life lies there. And yet they ruin their careers by making a false start at the outset. It's too bad.

Sad-faced attorneys for gigantic trusts could tell the same story; only they won't. They decline to tell anything without getting a retainer. But suppose they had followed their boyish inclinations. Just think of that for a moment. They might all be happy, care-free policemen, taking

things as they come and going out after them when they don't.

Life is teeming with similar sad examples. It's terrible. People simply will not take up the thing they love best to do. Sometimes the police won't let them; but often that can be arranged.

I once knew a man whose keenest delight was to sit in a rocking-chair on a shady porch and smoke a Havana perfecto. This was where he came out strong. Everybody admitted it. Even his wife spoke of it now and then—a little bitterly, I thought.

Nevertheless he turned his back upon his vocation and opened a grocery-store. He did it with his wife's money and fervent family prayers. In less than a month he discovered he had mistaken his calling. The sheriff found it out about the same time and put a notice to that effect on the door of the grocery.

Our hero then returned to the rocker on the porch, which he now follows as his life-work. The porch, rocker, and cigars are furnished by his father-in-law, but he cheerfully supplies his own motive power.

Such catastrophes should be prevented. It's very simple. Begin on the rising generation. Encourage its natural inclinations. If the young idea wants to shoot, get him a gun. This method would noticeably swell the ranks of cowboys and Indian-fighters, but it would inevitably lead to success. It's bound to.

If Willie comes home with two of his teeth in his pocket and a black eye, don't despair. Gently tell his mother to give up her dream of seeing him in a white tie and long coat, presiding at a strawberry festival. His life-work is cut out for him.

It is depositing left hooks where they will do the most good and distributing upper-cuts with a lavish hand. He might aspire to the stage in time. Lots of them do. Then he could sway great audiences nightly, touring with the Creole Belles burlesque troupe.

Naturally you expect your son and heir to inherit your pluck, aggressiveness, and skill. But suppose he doesn't. Such things happen. He should still be watched closely for the outcroppings of his normal inclinations. It means everything. His future depends upon it.

If his teacher informs you that he is improving in his drawing, and should be encouraged in that line, snap at her viciously. It's certain he doesn't like drawing. No one ever won lasting fame making blue-prints of furniture factories and bridges. It can't be done.

Watch him in his leisure hours. If he develops a fondness for squirming through narrow windows to raid the preserve-closet, it's all right. Should he revel in climbing porch pillars and walking on roof ledges, don't worry. His success in life is assured. Nature has intended Willie for a high-class burglar.

Why do school-teachers fail to bring out the marvelous talents latent in our children? It's because they don't like teaching. They would rather go to dances every night and sleep until noon the next day. Ask any of them. It's only natural. Nobody could be infatuated with teaching sixty temperamental children why A can build a wall two and one-half times faster than B and C together.

This being admitted, the profession of teaching is a mistake. It can lead only to unhappiness and neurasthenia. No young woman should enter it while the ballrooms of the world are open to her. Then it would rapidly sink into deserved oblivion among the lost arts, such as elocution, bicycling, and the manufacture of the edible doughnut.

AFTER VACATION

BELOW her now the storming city rolls
The tireless thunder of a sadder sea
Than that between the planet's frozen poles,
And she is captive who a while was free.

Far out across the dusty roofs her gaze
Beholds the turbid vapors jetting forth,
And tow'r and spire unhidden by the haze
Tell where the hungered city reaches north.

So little time ago it was she stood
Where the unhurried sea-wind offered her
The clean, wild fragrance of the cedar wood,
And made the little grasses dip and stir.

But here the sea-wind tells not of the wave,
Smearing the smoke-plumes on the tainted sky;
And lost the blossoms that the summer gave—
The nameless meadow-flowers, aloof and shy.

It is another fairness she must seek,
Here where the cold and stately dungeons soar—
Some hint of what the chiseled granites speak,
Some iron beauty at her world's deep core.

But grant her time a little longer. She
Has yet of memory a vanished day;
Her dreams are of the spaces of the sea,
And snowlike sands about a turquoise bay.

George Sterling

Her Happy Chance*

by Tom Gallon

Author of

"As He Was Born"

A full length book novel, printed complete in this issue

CHAPTER I

THE PRINCESS SLAPS A FACE

THE tiny opera-house was filled to its utmost capacity; never had been seen, even in the history of Sylvaniaburg (and you who know your history of Europe know how far that particular history of Sylvaniaburg goes back), such a glittering array of uniforms and medals and orders—such a wonderful display of brilliant dresses and jewels. As for brave men and pretty women, it seemed almost as though these had been kept for the particular occasion, so fresh and wonderful they were.

Even with the busy chatter of voices there was a certain hush of expectancy over the scene. With every fresh movement of the audience eyes would be turned in the direction of the one box that was still empty—that box which had above it the symbol of a gold crown.

The princess was late to-night—and this perhaps the most important night of her life.

A stirring of the audience at last as it got to its feet; the princess had arrived. She stepped slowly to the front of the box and laid her bouquet of white flowers on the edge of it; seemed to sweep the house with those rather disdainful eyes of hers as the orchestra broke into that rather weird national anthem that had been a sort of familiar noise to her since her earliest years. Then, as she seated herself and the audience rustled into their places with whisperings and the curtain rose, one had time to observe the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg.

She was pretty without being in the least handsome. Her proud little head was carried on a slim neck; her eyes might have been more fascinating had they been less disdainful of all things round about her. Those who knew her best (and few knew her at all) had whispered that she could

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smile divinely and had a heart that melted quickly to pity for anything small or suffering; but that smile was seldom seen. She had been hedged about by the strictness of the etiquette of courts all her life.

Half a dozen people—the women blazing with jewels and the men with their military breasts covered with stars and orders—had come into the box after the princess; and one, a young man of fresh and healthy complexion, on whom all eyes were turned. For this was, in a sense, the night of his first appearance before the people with whom he was presently to be closely associated. The royal betrothal had been already officially announced, and this gala performance at the little opera-house was, as it were, the opportunity for Prince Joycelyn to make his bow to the world as the future consort of Princess Felicia.

The opera selected was "*La Bohème*"; and some world-famous singers had been brought to the little place to sustain the various rôles. Princess Felicia had glanced languidly at the stage as the curtain went up, and then had leaned back in her gilded chair, and afterward had glanced round at the house.

That little droop at the corners of her pretty mouth was more emphasized than ever to-night; people had said that it spoiled whatever beauty she had. Once or twice it was observed that the young prince bent toward her and whispered, and once he showed his strong white teeth in a boyish smile as he spoke to her. The Princess Felicia looked at him steadily and smiled mechanically, then looked away.

And then suddenly it might have been observed that the princess was interested. The languid pose was gone; she was leaning forward and watching and listening as the beautiful, moving story was unfolded before her. Once indeed the prince spoke to her; it seemed almost that, with a quick gesture of her white-gloved hand, she swept him aside and silenced him. And when there came that whimsical hunting for the lost key in the darkness the princess laughed and sighed and drew a quick breath.

Perhaps after that she remembered that she was a princess, and pulled about her again that robe of reserve and silence and hauteur that was a part of herself.

The square outside the little opera-house was packed with people when the princess emerged and walked slowly under

the awning between the specially drawn up guard of soldiers and entered her motor to return to the palace. The young prince walked beside her and handed her into the vehicle; a lady in waiting and her uncle—General von Vogelsang, governor of Sylvania—accompanied them. A great roar of cheering went up from the crowd as the motor rolled away and lesser motors and other vehicles took up their occupants.

"A great reception, my dear Felicia," said General von Vogelsang, giving a twirl to his mustache and sitting more upright than usual in his corner of the great car.

Felicia did not answer; she was looking out of the window nearest to herself and the general only got a view of her profile. The young prince had turned a glance upon her and thought that he would venture a remark; but there was nothing particular that he wanted to say. The Princess Felicia was very nice and quite satisfactory from his point of view and in that respect he was luckier than most princes. Save for a clearing of the throat on the part of the general from time to time as the motor swept along through the lighted streets to the old palace on the hill there was no sound within the car.

Another crowd of people, with another roar of greeting, at the great gates of the palace; the Princess Felicia glanced a little carelessly at the thronging faces as she walked through that living pathway up to the gates. More soldiers and more ceremony and much glitter; the princess walked through it all with that expressionless face that seemed to suggest she was glad that this night, at all events, was coming to an end.

Supper was laid in that great vaulted hall in which had dined countless generations of former princes and princesses of Sylvania; the princess seated at the high table on a raised dais—a slim, girlish figure, with her coronet of diamonds crowning her massed-up fair hair. Her uncle—General Prince von Vogelsang—was seated on her left and the young Prince Joycelyn on her right. And her eyes traveled down the long lines of the tables and her ears heard the subdued murmur of talk from the people about her.

That had been her life as long as she could remember any life at all. Pomp and ceremony—glittering uniforms and formal words—the clang of swords upon stone

floors, the march of soldiery about the courtyards and in the streets. And she the center of it all—a small and seemingly unimportant little human thing about which it all revolved.

Pictures of herself, on this night of all others, recurred to her memory. Of that gallant prince, her father, who had laughed delightedly at seeing her first in a uniform as honorary colonel of her guards; a tiny figure, seated on a mare much too high for her and dressed in a miniature suit of regimentals. She remembered then how her father had taken her out into the courtyard before the men drawn up there to receive her, and how they had cheered again and again before finally she had led them out to a review, riding proudly at their head.

Other pictures, all framed in the same setting, and all with that great, gloomy castle for a background. And now to-night in the plaudits of the people she had heard her fate sealed and settled and shouted at her by a thousand throats. This man next to her—this boyish-looking, good-natured young prince—was to reign beside her; and forever and forever, as it seemed, the child who had grown to a girl, and then to a woman, must live out her life exactly where, eighteen years before, she had begun it.

The prince essayed a new remark, and curiously enough she did not even turn her head to listen. Instead, she looked down the long, high-vaulted hall, seeing to right and to left the jewels and the glittering uniforms, hearing always the soft murmur of voices and the slight shuffling of feet upon the floor as the servants moved about.

"It's been—awfully nice to-night," said the boyish voice.

"Awfully nice," she murmured, without looking at him.

For her thoughts were far away. All her life long (and yet how short a little life it was) she had lived in Sylvaniaburg and had never glimpsed the world beyond its walls. And yet she had dreamed her dreams; she had stood on the high battlements of the old castle that was, by modern courtesy, called the palace; she had looked out over wide landscapes stretching far below her—all her own kingdom.

Down there below her, where the lights twinkled from the windows of innumerable houses and cottages, she knew that

men and women lived and loved and laughed in their own fashion—a fashion that had never been hers. They were mated, as she was soon to be mated—but in their case without pomp or ceremony. Perhaps they kissed as she and the boyish prince could scarcely hope to kiss—again without ceremony.

And the young blood in her veins leaped at the thought of that; and her young, active brain wondered a little how they did the marvelous thing—and whether they did it, as she never could, in the silence and the beauty of the moonlit woods and near to the sound of running waters.

She rose quickly to her feet. The room was stifling, she told her uncle, General Prince von Vogelsang; she must get out into the air. There was a polite stirring among all those gathered at the table; Princess Felicia swept them to their seats, as it were, with a movement of her hand.

She passed out of the great hall with a slight but haughty obeisance to them all and left the place by a door immediately behind where she was seated. The Prince Joycelyn would have moved quickly after her, but at a whisper from Felicia's uncle he stopped and bowed and dropped back into his seat again.

"My dear child," murmured General Prince von Vogelsang, "you are overtired. You are excited."

She faced him calmly and with a little laugh on her lips as she gathered her train into one hand and prepared to move away.

"I am neither overtired nor am I particularly excited," she said. "I do not wish to be disturbed again to-night, my dear uncle; I am tired of everything and every one."

"My dear child," murmured the general, inflating his huge chest a little, so that the medals and orders upon it took on fresh lights and glittered anew—"tired of every one?"

"Until to-morrow," she said with another laugh, and passed him on the way to her own apartments.

She paused for a moment outside a heavy curtain drawn across a doorway. She had heard the rich, deep murmur of a man's voice and, following that, a little swift ripple of laughter—quite a common sort of laughter. She drew herself up as she laid a hand upon the curtain and pulled it aside; then she stepped through into a room.

There was a swift movement at the other side of the room, a curtain moved there and a door closed. Before her, as she stood drawn up and looking at the single occupant of the place, there was nothing but orderliness and decorum, and certainly no hint of laughter.

Her maid faced her for a moment and then came forward with eager hands to relieve her of her cloak. The princess cast a side glance at the woman as she asked a question.

"And who was with you, Penelope?"

The woman to whom she spoke was tall and slim and dark; she gave the suggestion of swift movement and deft hands. She took the cloak with care and spread it out across a settee; she came back humbly enough to her mistress and waited.

"Penelope—you do not answer my question?"

"Your highness—it was only some one passing through the room for a moment," said the woman.

"Some one who could stay long enough to laugh and jest with you, Penelope," said the princess. And then, with a sudden coaxing note in her voice that was altogether new and that seemed to reveal the girl rather than the aristocrat: "Who was it, Penelope? You thought me at supper and you allowed some one to come in and see you—even in my room."

The girl stood stiff and stricken to silence; she did not even dare steal a glance at the rather amused young face watching her. When, after a moment or two, she spoke, it was in a dull voice and rather a sullen one.

"If you please, your highness—the man came up to see me for a moment—though, of course, he had no right up here at all; well, it was the man they call Dempsey—the fellow that is chauffeur to your highness."

"Oh, yes—I remember," said Felicia, sinking into a chair. "The man who is English, like yourself. Isn't that so, Penelope?"

"He sometimes boasts, your highness, of being English," replied the woman; "but I have more than a suspicion that it is Irish blood he has in his veins."

"I had understood that they were one and the same," said the princess.

There was another long pause while the princess sat with her elbows on the arms of the chair and her chin just resting on

her folded fingers and stared across the room. The maid had withdrawn a little and was watching the proud young head with that weight of the coronet of diamonds upon it that seemed almost to bear it down.

A clear young voice spoke presently into the silence of the room:

"Penelope—while you wait here for me sometimes—always supposing, of course, that the man Dempsey does not come to see you—what do you think about?"

"Nothing much, your highness. Nothing, at least, that your highness would understand."

"But very much, Penelope, that I would like to understand. What, for example, do you say to Dempsey?"

"Very little indeed, your highness," answered the woman, and it almost seemed as though there was the faintest possible hint of laughter in the voice. "It's chiefly what Dempsey says to me, your highness."

"And does he make love to you, Penelope?"

"I could scarcely tell you, your highness. We—we just talk."

"Does he say to you"—the princess leaned forward a little and stared across the room over her folded hands—"does he say to you that it's been awfully nice to-night?"

"I should scarcely know what he was driving at, your highness," said Penelope.

There was another long pause, and then the princess rose abruptly and swept across the room, stopped at the farther side of it, and came back again. She walked across to a window and drew back a curtain and looked out.

The moon was shining full, and the great somber walls of the palace made deep black shadows far below her. Leaning there, she spoke softly to the other woman without looking at her.

"I wonder if you ever think, Penelope, of how wonderful the world is on a night like this," said the princess softly. "Of how it goes swinging on and on (at least so those who teach me astronomy and other terrible things have told)—on and on through all the ages, while all the little people that live their lives upon it struggle and fight and hope and fear—and are nothing after all."

"Your highness forgets that we have different lots in life," said Penelope a little stiffly. "What matters very little to us,

your highness, matters a very great deal to you."

The princess turned from the window and looked at the other musingly.

"And do you really think so?" she asked. "Can you for a moment, Penelope, put aside all the pomp and circumstance and bring yourself down to what you really are—a human woman—built in the fashion in which God has been pleased to build me; can you think with me and understand with me and be for once a little human?"

Penelope looked at her a bit puzzled, shrugged her shoulders, and raised her eyebrows. "One is born to a certain station, your highness, and one may not step beyond it," she said.

Another pause, and then, as the princess strolled across the room and sank again into the chair from which she had risen, she put another puzzling question: "I suppose, Penelope, you are very, very contented with your particular lot?"

"Your highness—I have been most fortunate. It is not many women that have the felicity"—she lingered over the word a little, as though well satisfied at having discovered it—"the felicity of being in such a position as I am at the present moment."

The princess looked at her quizzically, with her head on one side. "And I suppose you think it's not many women that have the felicity to find themselves in such a position as mine," she said with a little laugh.

"Very few indeed, your highness. Even our history will tell us that."

"Doesn't it seem to you that those who don't come into history at all are the better off?" asked the princess. "Think for a moment, Penelope, that you are a woman just like me; and you are more fortunate than I am, because you can talk to people to whom I may not utter a word. Dempsey, for instance," she went on mischievously. "Dempsey must be tremendously interesting, Penelope; he must have such queer things to say to you. I've noticed, for instance, that he has a very humorous face."

"There are times, your highness, when the humor even of Dempsey is a little out of place," said Penelope stiffly.

"Yes, but don't you see, Penelope, I never get my humor out of place at all." The princess spoke a little plaintively.

"Don't you think I should love it a little if I did?"

"It always seems to me, your highness—if I may be forgiven for saying so—that the humor that is found in the court is very different from that which obtains in the servants' hall." Thus spoke Penelope, a little doubtfully.

The princess got up quickly and stretched her arms and looked toward the cloak that lay on the settee. The maid hastened to pick it up and to adjust it about her shoulders, and in the very act of doing so caught an amused glance from the eyes of the princess.

"Penelope—like every one else in the world—you're just a bit of a humbug."

"Your highness—I endeavor not to be."

"That's the word; you endeavor not to be. Which is only another way of saying that you can't help yourself. In all my life, Penelope, there has never been a single soul that has told me the truth. I'm just like one of those grim-looking Indian idols that one reads about, in front of which men bow their heads to the ground and before which they murmur the same old lies about the beauty of the god and its power and all the rest of it. They bow down like that before me, and they tell me things about myself that are untrue. You're a great deal better off than I am, Penelope"—she ended on a little laugh—"because I expect even Dempsey tells you the truth sometimes—doesn't he?"

Penelope coughed discreetly. "The views of Dempsey, your highness, would scarcely be of sufficient value to be interesting," she answered.

"That's just where you're wrong," said the princess in her soft voice. "Dempsey is out in the world, and Dempsey sees things. Dempsey has a wicked and a roving eye which I suspect is not wholly for you, Penelope. Dempsey lives; and he uses strange language, I imagine, to that big car he drives and which he seems to understand so well. And presently Dempsey, if it please him, will offer you marriage—"

"He has already done that, your highness," answered the woman. "And I may say, your highness, that he lives in hope."

"Thrice happy Dempsey!" said the princess. "If you were more of an understanding woman, Penelope, you would have given me different answers to my questions to-night, because you would have

realized how much I needed the different answers. As it is—I'll go to bed."

Penelope hastened to draw aside a heavy curtain at the farther end of the room and to usher the princess into her bedchamber. A dainty and a beautiful room, modernized so far as was possible in such an ancient place, and delicately furnished.

It is possible that Penelope hoped now that, after the fatigues of the day, her young mistress would be prepared to retire quickly, and so leave her free to her own diversions; but in that she was mistaken. After letting the heavy cloak slip from her shoulders Felicia sat down on a low settee and, taking one knee between her locked hands, decided that she would not, after all, go to bed just yet.

"Will your highness read?" asked the woman.

"Her highness will not read," said the girl mockingly. "Her highness has got a funny train of thought in her royal mind to-night, and she doesn't want other people's trains of thought to disturb it."

Penelope stifled a sigh and stood quietly waiting until it should please the princess to prepare for bed. After a time that train of thought appeared to develop in the mind of the princess, and she put an unexpected question.

"How long have you been in my service, Penelope Tattersfield? And who gave you that absurd name?" she broke off with a laugh.

"My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism, wherein I was made—"

"Yes—yes, I know all that, Penelope; you were taught that years ago, and you haven't forgotten it. It's the only thing about you that ever makes me laugh—that remembrance of your real name. It's so funnily English."

"It is possible that I may change it, your highness," answered Penelope softly.

"More than possible, I should think," assented the princess—"especially when one remembers Dempsey. But I asked you how long you had been in my service."

"Ten years, your highness. You were eight years of age when I first came here."

"And I suppose you found me just the same as any other sort of child—eh?" asked the princess quizzically. "Ready to play pranks on you and get into mischief and all that sort of thing."

"You were a very nice child, your highness."

"Oh, yes—I know all about that," said the princess impatiently. "I suppose all children are fairly nice. But was there any other difference between myself and any child born in a different station?"

"Physically—not in the least," answered Penelope.

"That's what I want to get at," said the princess. "Mentally—just a little dull and deficient?"

"Your highness—certainly not!" exclaimed the woman, vastly shocked. "Your position would have prevented such a thing entirely."

"Oh—don't make too sure of that. There have even been kings who were idiots."

Penelope fidgeted about the room a little, wondering perhaps when the extraordinary conversation was going to end. She had never seen the princess in such a mood as this; ordinarily speaking, even from a child her young charge had been a model of all that was calm and dignified and placid; this sudden diving into matters which could not possibly concern her was disconcerting, to say the least of it. Moreover, the princess ought certainly to be in bed. After a short silence the princess went on again in the same vein as before:

"You've always been like a father confessor to me, Penelope, and there's never been any one else to whom I could talk. Perhaps you'll say that I haven't talked much to you; but when you live my life you learn to do without talking, except as concerns the things that really matter. And to-night there's something that really matters very much."

"I am listening, your highness," said the woman gravely, after a pause.

"I drove among all those people to-night—and it was all a sham and a pretense. There was a girl seated in that motor—but she wasn't the same girl that sits here to-night talking to you. She was something they had dressed up and upon whose head they had set a crown and to whom they had given certain words that must be said at the right time and on the right occasion. Why—there was a girl in the crowd there—I saw her face for a moment in the lamplight—bright and eager and full of life; she was just my age, I should think, and she was laughing. And there was a young man beside her, with his arm round her waist; I suppose she be-

longed to him—you're looking dreadfully shocked, Penelope."

"I was about to observe, your highness—supposing always that I am permitted—that your highness had also a young gentleman beside you." Penelope coughed discreetly behind her hand.

"Perhaps I had forgotten him," said Felicia with a smile. "In any case, it wasn't quite the same thing. That girl in the crowd didn't have to do what she was told; she wasn't accountable to any one. Presently she and the young man would go away together and perhaps have supper at one of those little vulgar restaurants farther down the hill under the trees, and they would laugh together and joke and look at the moon and whisper things."

"It is more than possible, your highness, that they, like many others in the crowd, would envy your highness her great prosperity and popularity," said Penelope.

"Which would just show that they didn't understand anything about it," said the princess petulantly. "You're stupid to-night, Penelope, and I did so want some one at least to understand. I won't talk to you any more; you can undress me."

The glittering coronet was taken off and the other jewels removed; even that greater wealth of luxuriant fair hair was loosed from its bonds and allowed to fall over the fair young shoulders. And then suddenly this most extraordinary young princess developed a new mood and ordered that the undressing should stop; she would not go to bed after all.

Penelope, with the privilege of an old servant, spoke rather quickly. "I think your highness is quite wrong in remaining up at this hour," she said. "There are many duties to perform to-morrow, and your highness will be worn out. Ten years ago I should have been privileged to insist upon your retiring."

"And now you're not so privileged," answered the princess haughtily.

Penelope hesitated for a moment; she was looking at that proud and defiant young face in the mirror. She ventured a little further than she might otherwise have done, but it has to be remembered that even maids have their feelings, and Penelope was tired and a little cross.

"And it seems to me, your highness, that that is rather a pity," she said.

The young face in the glass clouded over; the eyes hardened. Suddenly the

princess rose from her chair and turned and faced the woman; the princess was sunk in the petulant, outraged girl. She swung her hand round smartly and caught Penelope with the flat of it fairly on the cheek.

There seemed to be an extraordinary silence in the room. Penelope certainly had the best of the situation in that she was not the offender and had nothing for which to feel sorry, while the princess was in no such happy state. Penelope, with that reddening mark on her cheek, looked steadily at the princess, who stood before her with all the passion dying out of her face and obviously scarcely knowing what to do.

"You—you brought it on yourself," flashed the princess at last.

"Certainly, your highness," answered the woman quietly.

"And even people in my position have their feelings, Penelope."

"Certainly, your highness."

There was another long pause before the princess spoke again. "But I—I'm sorry, Penelope."

"I trust not, your highness. You have always been very kind to me, and, after all, any one in my position has a right to be"—she hesitated for a word and found a gentle one—"to be punished if people in your position deem it necessary."

"There you go again!" exclaimed the princess with an angry stamp of her little foot. "People in my position! People in your position! What has position to do with it? You're just an ordinary human being—and so am I. I belong to the world just the same as you do. But if you don't like your situation you can give it up; you're free to find another. I can't do that; I'm in my situation for life, unless a revolution takes place and they take my throne away from me. Don't you see that you're ever so much better off than I am?"

"All I see, your highness, is that I have been so unfortunate as to annoy and upset you. And that I would not have done for the world; I love your highness too much."

"Well—of course I know that," said the princess with a little, pretty gesture, almost as though she would have caressed the woman. "Only you must please forgive me; all the world is wrong to-night. And I think the poor little princess who rode among her people this evening and heard the cheering with a stony heart is

the most unhappy little princess in all the world."

"Your highness will not think so tomorrow," said Penelope. "Will your highness now be pleased to retire?"

"No—I won't," answered the princess with a little, quick laugh of defiance. "The world is too beautiful to-night for one to sleep; I shall go out and look at the moon and see all the sleeping city and think about all the people who are ever so much happier than I am or than I can ever be."

"Where is your highness going?"

"I'm going on the ramparts. I shall probably stay there for some hours. Give me my cloak, please."

With the cloak in her hand, Penelope added a word of warning. "Your highness is, of course, aware that I shall be compelled to tell the prince, your uncle; those are strictly his orders—that I shall inform him of any change made by you in the strict routine of your life as laid down by him."

"You will do just as you please. If my uncle wishes to see me he will find me on the ramparts," said the princess haughtily.

She pushed open a long window at the end of the room; she turned her head toward the maid and called out to her: "Put out that light, please, Penelope; you're killing the moonlight."

The maid plunged the room in darkness, so far as the artificial light was concerned, and the princess stood by the open window with the moonlight falling all about her. Then she stepped out into the soft, warm night.

CHAPTER II

THE SENTRY ON THE RAMPARTS

THE night was clear and warm, without the oppression that had preceded it during the day. The princess, stepping out onto the broad ramparts, filled her young lungs with deep drafts of the pure air that seemed to blow straight from the mountains she could see dimly in the distance—that faint, bluish line, now turned to gray, that had seemed to hem her in through all her short young life.

Below her the city lay huddled, quite as though some giant god, at such a height as that on which she now stood, had dropped the queer little houses here and there without troubling even to set the

roofs straight and had ended by dropping in a church here and there in mere sport. The princess, leaning on the ramparts, looked down at it all, and not for the first time wondered about it all and knew how little of the real intimate life of it she understood.

A great stillness reigned over it. Once, cutting that stillness sharply, in the distance she heard the sharp barking of a dog; once, too, she heard, at short intervals between the regularity of the strokes, the heavy bells of the various churches striking the hour. She thought of all the people sleeping in their quiet beds this summer night—people she held, in a sense, in the hollow of her small hand; for was she not the greatest thing among them? But she thought of them not with any tenderness, but with a certain degree of contempt that probably they, like Penelope, herself, regarded their princess in quite the wrong light and without understanding her in the least.

There came the heavy tramp of a man's feet upon the stone staging, and the sentry on duty came in sight. He halted for an instant on seeing that girlish figure leaning over the ramparts and looking down; then, as she turned her head and he saw her face clearly in the moonlight he halted awkwardly and presented arms. He was moving on again when she called to him.

"Soldier!"

The man came hesitatingly toward her, shouldering his rifle and finally halting within a yard of her. He was a well set up young fellow with the mere promising down of a mustache on his upper lip; his blue eyes looked at her, a little wide and startled. For one does not often come so close to royalty, and especially to royalty at such an hour and in such a place.

"Do you like walking up and down there at night and looking at the moon, soldier?" asked the princess in her soft little voice.

The sentry, not quite sure whether he should keep his rifle on his shoulder or should present arms again, attempted a stumbling compromise between the two movements and almost dropped his weapon.

"I am under orders, your highness," he said in his pleasant young voice that had something of the country burr in it. "It does not matter whether a man likes or dislikes, your highness. One does that to

which one is called according to his station."

The odious words again! According to his station! They had all got it, parrot-wise; and she had got it, too, or they were trying to teach her to get it. This blue-eyed boy, wearing a uniform that did not well fit him, had been taught what he must do in a world in which most men and all women were drilled to obedience.

The princess felt the net closing about her and looked out at the free world that was bounded for her by that range of distant gray hills and heaved a sigh.

"But you have something else in your life, soldier, except just this tramping up and down, with no one to shoot and no one to interfere with you?" she asked.

The young sentry fumbled with his rifle again; he gave a glance at the moon as who should say—"You could tell a tale about that, couldn't you?"—and answered shyly:

"Well, your highness—there's a sweet-heart down there in the valley waiting for me—as true a girl as ever let a man kiss her lips, your highness, and when my days of soldiering are over there's the little farm that belongs to my father—"

"Resume your sentry-go, soldier," the princess said abruptly. And the man, presenting arms awkwardly again, shouldered his rifle and went away, a little splash of color in the moonlight, and left her to herself.

"They're all the same," murmured the princess, looking out over the sleeping city. "They have their loves, and they live their lives; they have their little happinesses and very little sorrows. In God's name!" she exclaimed passionately, dropping her hand for a moment on the rough stone of the rampart edge, "who was it that set me up here above all other people and stripped away from me life and all that it meant? It wasn't fair! It wasn't fair!"

There was another heavy tread upon the stone walk, this time accompanied by the noisy clang of a sword. The princess smiled a little as she recognized the sound; her uncle, General Prince von Vogelsang, never went anywhere without that sword, and he loved the music of the clang of it. On the soft night air, too, she recognized the smell of his cigar; which was, after all, the best and most human thing about the man.

He had dined well—or supped, if you

will have it; he was in a mood to treat pleasantly this little escapade on the part of the princess, duly and very properly reported to him by the excellent Penelope. He would scold her gently and would send her back to her bed, with perhaps meek apologies for her refractory conduct. The little princess had always been ready with meek apologies since first he had become her guardian and the governor of the province and city of Sylvaniaburg.

"Come now, princess," he said in that heavy voice that always seemed to have a difficulty in finding its way rumblingly enough from beneath the equally heavy mustache—"what is this I hear? Are we moonstruck, or are we endeavoring 'to catch a very unromantic cold when we should be in our beds? Your maid reports to me that you absolutely declined to retire in the ordinary course and that you had come out onto the ramparts. It is not a fitting thing in any case, my child; you might, for instance, have encountered the sentry."

"I've already encountered the sentry; and I've had a little chat with him," said the princess. "I found him rather refreshing."

"You have no right to talk to sentries," spluttered her uncle.

"I am his colonel-in-chief, and I imagine I have a right to talk to him," retorted the princess. "I was just wondering, by the way, what it is he particularly comes up here to guard. The man might just as well be in his bed."

"My dear Felicia, you are talking rank nonsense," said the general, giving a touch to his sword, as if to make certain that that useful weapon was ready to his hand. "You are not, of course, expected to understand that the army over which I hold command and one section of which—the guards—greet you and knows you as its colonel-in-chief, is a very important item of our national life. We are very justly proud of our army."

The princess laughed softly; resting one arm on the stone wall, she laid her cheek in her palm and looked at the man quizzically while he puffed at his cigar. "And do you really believe that, uncle?" she asked.

"Don't you?" he demanded, removing his cigar for a moment from his lips and staring at her.

"Of course not," she answered easily.

"What's the good of our army; what does it do? It walks about and parades and all that sort of thing, and I am willing to admit that the uniform is handsome. You spend a certain number of hours a day in a room in the barracks, and you hold consultations with other officers there, and you write things, and they report things to you. But what's the good of it all. They are never likely to fight any one, and I seriously believe that if such a ridiculous thing happened as that we went to war with anybody you would make a report carefully about it to yourself and file it away in a pigeonhole and be quite satisfied with what you had done. If it comes to that, what do we want an army for?"

"My dear child, you don't understand," the general said a little testily. "Sylvania-burg has always had an army."

"Sylvaniaburg had an army in times when it needed one," she went on with a little note of pride in her voice; "Sylvaniaburg had an army, mostly of peasants without uniforms, who fought for it in the old days when it was a kingdom worth the having. Those days are past and done with. We have become merged in bigger kingdoms round about us; we are protected only because we are too small for attack and because any attack upon us would mean that bigger powers would seize the chance for a quarrel for their own ends. Surely you understand, my dear uncle, that we are just a little province that holds together because it isn't worth troubling about; surely you understand that our army, with its pretty uniforms and its guns and swords and barracks and maneuvers and all the rest of it, is only an army with which you sometimes play at soldiers. You must have something to do, you know, or you'd bore yourself to death."

The general, after staring at her stupidly for a moment or two, tossed the remnant of his cigar over the ramparts, folded his hands behind his back, and went pacing away from her, with that sword of his clanking along the stones. He came back again and faced her with a puzzled frown on his brows.

"I can't for the life of me understand you, Felicia," he said. "Where in the world did you get all these notions?"

"I think they grew in me from the beginning, I think they've always been there. To-day something woke in me and showed

me what I really was. You look fine, uncle, standing there like that in the moonlight, with all those gold and silver things glittering on your breast; but you're not real. You're not a man that has fought in the world and done a man's work, any more than I am a woman that has lived in the world and loved and suffered and laughed and cried as other women do. We're toy things that are stuck up here for people to look at and talk about. Don't you understand that?"

"Certainly not," he spluttered. "I don't know where you got these notions from, but you seem to forget that you were born to a very high position which you grace nobly; you seem to forget also that I was born to a subordinately high position, in that I am your guardian and the governor of your people. Your father, the late prince, gave you, naturally, into my charge; he would turn in his grave if he could know that his daughter's lips had uttered such seditious things as these."

"My father, as I remember him, was a dear, romantic man who wrote very bad poetry (at least so it seems to me now when I read it in the edition, a copy of which was presented to every family in the realm) and who liked to play at soldiers just as much as you do," answered the princess. "To him the principality was a tradition; he accepted it as he accepted everything else in life; he never thought about it or wondered about it."

"But can't you understand, uncle"—she moved quickly toward him and clasped her slender hands on her breast—"can't you see that with me it's different? I'm alive, and I'm young, and I want to get out of life all that it holds for every woman born into it. The world is no different for kings and queens and princesses than for other people—except perhaps that they don't have quite such a good time of it."

"But look at us!"—she flung out her hands and laughed with real bitterness—"just look at us! We're playing at life; we're pretending to be grand and great people when we're not. In other places things happen—but we don't even get any anarchists here. For all your toy soldiers, uncle, we're not even important enough to have bombs thrown at us!"

"And a very good thing, too, Felicia," exclaimed the general a little nervously. "For the matter of that, it is not a question so much of importance as of respecta-

bility. We are too deep-rooted in the soil, as it were, to be stirred by such things as revolutions; we have lived our quiet lives; we have sent our ambassadors from time to time to various courts of Europe; we have done all things on direct and proper lines. In effect, my dear"—the general put aside the matter with his large, blue-veined hand—"in effect we are too aristocratic to be moved by such things as these."

"Am I too aristocratic and am I too respectable to be moved by anything at all?" asked the princess in a tense voice. "Is there no blood flowing in my veins—is there no heart beating here in my bosom that cries aloud for my birthright? Not the birthright you would give me," she went on hurriedly, as he would have spoken, "but the birthright of flesh and blood. See what you have done to me today; see what you mean to do to me in the future. You have set me beside a man I have scarcely known for more than a matter of hours, and that man is to be to me the most intimate thing that any man can be to any woman."

The general shrugged his shoulders.

"You are losing your proper ideas of the balance of things, Felicia," he said coldly. "It is but part of a political scheme—a system. The prince, as you are well aware, is the head of a neighboring state; your alliance with him renders more solid your own position. You act not for yourself, but for your people."

"But I do not love him. Can't you understand that?" urged the princess.

"My dear, love was made for people who have nothing better to think of," answered the general. "For common people it is perhaps an amusement and a diversion—let's say something that shall make their commonplace lives a little better worth living. For us of a nobler blood, and situated as the governing powers of the world, it becomes a political move on the chess-board. Believe me, my dear, I would not have attempted to mate you with a man unworthy of you. There were, as you know, suggestions of an alliance with an English prince, which would, of course, have been all to our advantage; but"—he shrugged his shoulders and shook his head with an air of whimsical sadness—"it was not to be. It was with that idea in my mind that I have had you taught English, so that you speak the vile

language as to the manner born; it was with that idea in mind that I have surrounded you with English teachers and an English maid—and have even provided you with a personal attendant in the man Dempsey, who is your chauffeur. I am not above saying that I suspect Dempsey's accent; but of those matters I am not a good judge. For the rest, my dear, love must not concern you."

"But love should concern me," she insisted passionately. "I've got all my life before me; why should I be tied to a man I do not know, and who already, in his few scraps of conversation, threatens to bore me to death?"

"You are a little hard upon the prince," said the general kindly. "He is as other young men, with the additional advantage of being a prince, and quite a rich prince at that. Take the world as it stands, my dear, and don't complain. I will wish you good night"—he spoke the words over his shoulder as he turned away—"and I am quite sure that your ordinary strong common sense, so often displayed in matters of state, will suggest that you should retire to your apartments."

"Stop—please!" The young voice was imperious, and the general turned and faced the princess again in the moonlight.

As a matter of fact, the general would have been glad of a last glass of wine and another cigar before retiring; more than that, he heartily prayed for the day that was now so near at hand when this turbulent young spirit could be curbed by another hand.

"I have always been fair and honest with you, uncle; in a sort of fashion I have loved you and have done my best to follow your wishes and desires. But tonight I halt at a certain line, and I will not step beyond it."

He thrust his fingers into his scanty gray hair and turned upon her a perplexed face. "And what is the line over which you will not tread?" he asked with rare patience.

"I will not step across the line that bounds my own personality," she said. "I have a right to my life and to myself; I want to live that life and to be myself. When, at the end of the long years, I face my God, I should hang my head in shame if I could not tell Him that I had done something in the world and deserved a better heaven than kings and queens have

merited generally. I am starved here; my crown is a bauble and means nothing—just the market value of so many stones, if they could be sold. It is life I want and all that life means. And I'm going to find it."

He had listened patiently, with a slowly nodding head; after all, young people said these things and dreamed these dreams and came in the end to laugh at them. This was an excitable child who did not quite understand even yet what her responsibilities were; she would learn better in time. Like all children, she did not understand; she must be humored.

"My dear Felicia," he said at last with a little tolerant laugh, "you are tired and overwrought; the responsibilities you bear upon those white shoulders of yours would be heavy even for a man. Go to bed, my child, and leave those things for others who have planned and plotted for you through all your life. Go to bed, Felicia—and dream your dreams there."

"Dreams!" she cried scornfully. "You won't let me dream; you don't give me a chance. I go through your poor mummery and mockery of a life; such dreams as a woman may dream you stifle and smother in your silly uniforms and jewels and stupid set speeches. I'm sick of it all, and I'm going to get out of it all. I'm a human, living, breathing woman, and I'm going to live as God meant me to live, and I'm going to find out what life really means. And I'm going to begin to-night."

The general began to understand that the matter was perhaps of rather more seriousness than he had imagined; he set behind him that distant view of a room where a cooling drink was waiting and where that further cigar might be smoked. With his sword clanking behind him, he came toward the princess, and with his hands clasped behind his back, stared into her face.

"And pray what are you going to do?" he asked.

"I've got money," she panted hurriedly, "and I can do as I like. I'm going out into the world where men and women live and laugh at codes and conventions; if there's any hope for me at all to squeeze any real happiness out of things I'm going to do it. I'm sick to death of this place that is your world; and I won't be tied to any man I don't know, who will live forever in a series of uniforms, one after the

other, according to the day of the week or the people he has to meet. I'm going to be free."

"Would it not be better, before starting on any such drastic business, to let us consult our counselors?" suggested the general. "Of course, my dear Felicia, if you really desire a change, and you feel that it would be beneficial to your general health, an excuse could be made for you to pay a visit to some other court, or even to go to such a place as Vienna or Paris. You would come back, my dear, I assure you, more in love than before with your native city."

"I hate my native city—and I don't want anything more to do with it. I don't want to be a princess; I don't want to marry a stupid prince who shows his teeth at me and asks me if I don't think the evening has been awfully nice. I want to go out into the world and start afresh; I want to live."

A clock somewhere outside the palace boomed out the hour of two; the general moved restlessly and made an appeal to her. "My dear—it's two o'clock. Let us postpone further talk of this nature until to-morrow. If you are set upon an expedition of any kind, our council can be summoned—"

"A council of ridiculous old graybeards who have a sort of fixed idea that there's no place in the world except Sylvania-burg!" exclaimed the princess. "What will they know about the longings and desires of a young girl who hears life in the call of the wind and sees the reflection of it and of what it means in the glint of a moonbeam on a silent pool of water in the woods? I know more than they'll ever learn in their lives, and I'm going to put that fine knowledge to the test. I'm going out into the world."

"When?" asked the general sarcastically.

"Now," she retorted. "I start to-night—on that one great quest to find what life holds for me."

"My dear," he answered quietly, "there are guards at the city gates, and they will scarcely let you pass."

"The guards at the city gates are my guards," answered the princess. "I shall go when and how I please."

"You will, of course, understand that, should you do anything so absurd, you will in all probability, in these days of infernally inquisitive newspaper correspond-

ents, create an immense scandal; all Europe will ring with it."

"My dear uncle"—she dropped him an ironical curtsy there on the terrace in the moonlight—"be sure that I will save your good name. There will be no scandal, and even if there is, I can trust to you to hush it up. It will give you something more important to do than playing with your toy soldiers and putting them into their box and taking them out again. My dear uncle—good night."

"Good night, princess," he said stiffly, and turned and went slowly away with his hands clasped behind his back and with that sword that, so far as he knew, was never to know bloodshed, clanking at his heels.

General Prince von Vogelsang, inwardly cursing all young girls who troubled elderly gentlemen who had the care of them, went back to his quarters, and was so fortunate as to find there another officer who also trailed a sword which he had worn with great distinction at many reviews; and this second officer, who bore a title almost as great as his own, was inclined for a chat, and was, moreover, that agreeable type of man who deferred naturally enough to the views of a man superior to himself. They settled down to talk war tactics and the general disposition of affairs in Europe; and General Prince von Vogelsang enjoyed himself immensely, and forgot the little silly talk with which his august niece had troubled him.

And the princess stepped out of the moonlight into her room. She realized far more than her guardian had done that she had flung down the gage of battle and that there was no going back on that. She pictured that astute old man meeting her in the ordinary course in the palace in the morning and smiling quietly to think that, after all, it had been merely talk and no more than that. The princess had been excited, but the princess would settle down, in the ordinary course of events, to the life to which she belonged and which belonged most properly to her.

The princess, standing in her room in the moonlight, moved quickly across it and switched on the lights, went back to the open window and closed it, and then, with a little determined setting of her white teeth, rang her bell. A very unusual time for the princess to ring her bell at all; but it was an emergency bell, which rang

only in the bedchamber of her maid, Penelope Tattersfield. A little vindictively the princess kept her thumb pressed against the white knob of the bell, picturing to herself as she did so a scared and half-sleepy Penelope wakening hazily and tumbling out of bed and scrambling into garments—while still the bell buzzed beside her head.

After a moment or two the princess sank down into a chair and waited for the moment when the scared Penelope should dash into her apartments with the firm and full conviction in her mind that the princess was being murdered or that that particular wing of the palace was on fire.

Penelope, in a miraculously short space of time, stumbled through the heavy curtains and gazed at her mistress, who was placidly lying back in her chair with her rounded chin resting on her folded fingers. Penelope circled the room until she had come in front of her mistress; there she stopped open-mouthed.

"You were asleep, Penelope," said the princess with just the faintest possible note of reproach in her tones.

"Naturally, your highness," stammered the woman. "I did not think that you would want me any more to-night."

"You should not think, Penelope; a good servant never thinks and never really sleeps. All sorts of things might happen to me, and you would have been really responsible. You have talked a great deal about your position to-night, Penelope; it would almost seem that for once you have forgotten it."

The bewildered maid stared at the princess while in a half-blind fashion she strove to get her straying locks into some sort of order. "Was there anything your highness wanted?"

"I wonder, Penelope," said the princess lazily—"I wonder if you have ever had any real yearning to see England again? You were born in England—weren't you?"

"I—I believe so, your highness," answered the woman. "It's rather a long time ago, and I almost forget."

"Pull yourself together, Penelope, and answer my question clearly," said the princess with severity. "Were you or were you not born in England?"

"Yes, your highness," answered the startled maid, now fully awake.

"Very well, then; the fact that you were born in England argues that you must

know England well," went on the princess calmly. "It is my intention to go to England."

"Very good, your highness; I will see that everything is ready packed to-morrow, and will make arrangements with the general for special trains," said the maid.

"On the contrary, you will make arrangements to-night," said the princess, sitting up, suddenly alert. "I start within an hour."

"But—your highness—"

"When I make up my mind about a thing, Penelope, it is as if that thing were accomplished already," went on the princess. "I start for England at once; and I shall motor. That man you know so well, and who is really such a very excellent driver, despite his Irish accent, will be responsible for us and will take us to England. You will take very little luggage, and for me only the simplest things; you will not need any special instructions."

"But—your highness—it is so very late—" stammered the woman.

"Almost too late as it is," answered the princess, getting to her feet. "Because, you see, Penelope, life is so very short and there is so much to be packed into it. See that Dempsey is wakened and told to pack for himself such things as he may need; I want my big traveling car to be ready in an hour. We go to England."

She stood, an imperious-looking princess enough, with her little proud chin raised as she looked at the woman. Any doubts there may have been in the mind of Penelope were dismissed; she had met this mood once or twice before on the part of her mistress.

She bowed silently and turned to leave the room. At the door the princess recalled her sharply.

"One moment, Penelope. Where is Dempsey?"

"I should imagine, your highness, that he is in his room and asleep," said Penelope a little stiffly.

"See that one of the men servants is sent to awaken him; he is to dress and wait upon me at once."

"Very good, your highness." And then at the door Penelope paused and looked back at the princess. "And is Dempsey to travel with us, your highness?"

"Naturally—since he is to drive the car," answered the princess. "And it certainly had occurred to me that that was

an arrangement that would appeal to you, Penelope."

"I can assure your highness that it is a matter of the most complete indifference to me," said Penelope, and went softly out of the room.

Half an hour later she ushered into the presence of the princess a bullet-headed man in the costume of a chauffeur and carrying in his hand a cap with a glazed peak. That man stood perfectly still within the room, seemingly seeing nothing. The princess was dressed in a heavy sable cloak and was ready for the road.

"I think your name is Dempsey," she began.

The man bowed slowly and waited. If the princess had expected anything more she was doomed to disappointment; she was a little chagrined, perhaps, at the complete indifference he displayed.

"I start for England within an hour," said the princess—"in fact, just as soon as the car is ready and the luggage strapped upon it. You will take charge of this money I give you; you will see that it is changed in the proper quarters in the countries through which we pass. You will purchase all things necessary for us, and you will pay all bills."

"It shall be done, your highness," answered the man.

"My maid, Penelope Tattersfield, travels, of course, with me; she will sit on the front seat beside you. I do not wish you to ask any questions of me during the journey, and I certainly do not require to be worried concerning any details of it. You have one simple instruction to remember: you have to get to England."

"It seems perfectly simple, your highness," said the man. "I would only most respectfully urge your highness that a general instruction should be given to your maid that she should not enter into any prolonged conversation with the man who is driving the car, unless with his special desire."

"I have no doubt that Tattersfield will bear that in mind," said the princess gravely.

Half an hour later the great car swung out through the palace gates and made for those other gates, once so strongly fortified, leading out of the city. The guard at the outer gate presented arms when they saw who the passenger was; the great gates closed behind the car.

The Princess Felicia had gone out into the big world.

CHAPTER III

INTRODUCES HALF A HEROINE

Two months previous to the period of which we write Lucidora Eden had left behind her forever the Elizabeth Dove Foundation, which is situated on the outskirts of the quaint old town of Ridgeminster. Lucidora was eighteen, and, like many another poor, frightened bird that had lived securely under the shadow of the Elizabeth Dove Foundation, the time had come for her to spread her wings and begin the world.

She was willing and eager to begin the world, knowing nothing whatever about it; and the fact that she was at once to become a governess raised her to a pinnacle that was a dazzling one in the eyes of all the other girls in the Elizabeth Dove Foundation. What she was going to do, and what wonders she was to perform, had surely never been done before by any other girl. Romance beckoned to her, and airy fancy seemed to lead the way on pleasant, rose-strewn paths.

She found herself introduced, in the first place, to Lake View, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Mumford, at Cobblebury. The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Mumford and their twin daughters, Dahlia and Daisy. Lucidora learned that the naming of the girls had constituted the one successful battle John Mumford had ever fought with his wife about anything; he had desired "something floral," as he phrased it, and after a fierce argument, in which Mrs. Mumford expressed the opinion that she would never forgive herself for having presented him with the girls at all, the lady finally gave way. The family dwelt together in a house that, despite its imposing name, was a shabby, gloomy little place with shabby, gloomy furniture and tight-shut windows.

There had been other governesses—a long procession of them in the past, and Dahlia and Daisy had suffered accordingly and had learned but little. It had been by the merest chance that Mrs. Mumford had heard that a governess could be obtained from the Elizabeth Dove Foundation at an extremely moderate rate (eighteen pounds per annum, as a matter of fact, and every-

thing found) and had seized upon the opportunity. The immediate result was Lucidora Eden, with her bright, fresh, eager outlook on life and with a little faint idea that somewhere, lurking behind the gravity of it, there might be a little innocent fun.

And even in two months she had changed the lives of those dismal young people—Dahlia and Daisy Mumford. She dared to joke with them; she dared to treat them almost as girls of her own age, and the shocked Mrs. Selina Mumford even heard a laugh echo in her dreary house. She never quite knew who it was that had laughed, and thereafter such ebullitions of excitement were suppressed or smothered under bedclothes; but the laugh had been born there and was not easily to be forgotten.

The two plain, starved sisters worshiped the little governess whose curls would not be kept out of sight and who taught them first that rare and precious gift of laughter. They would have lain down cheerfully in the High Street of their ugly town and have allowed all the carts that ever went through it to go over their bodies if by so doing they could have served her.

Her crowning gift to them, and that which was to prove her own undoing, was when she taught them that there were things outside their own cramped lives; when she brought them back to a childhood of which they had been cheated and told them that there were fairies in the world of which they had known nothing. In the dead silence of the night she led them hand in hand into a new world, and a great throng of kings and queens and princes and princesses and elves and fairies and gnomes invaded the room in which they slept and opened out that new world for them.

Came the night when perhaps the most thrilling story of all had to be told and Lucidora had almost got to the end of it. It had been a very thrilling recital; and the twins, sitting up in bed and holding to each other for comfort and company, were watching, round-eyed, the face of Lucidora where they could see it faintly in the moonlight. And Lucidora was speaking with the happy ecstasy of one who comes to the conclusion of a great matter successfully.

"And so the prince took her by the hand and led her forth among his people.

Two pages in silver garments held her train, and maidens walked beside them scattering flowers all the way. As for the Dragon—"

The door opened very softly and that other dragon, in the form of Mrs. Mumford, came in; she had heard at least half of the last sentence. The twins made a hurried dive into bed; Lucidora scrambled to her feet and drew her dressing-gown about her. Not a word was said until, again like royalty, Mrs. Mumford said it.

"Are you going to suggest, Miss Eden, that you are continuing the lessons of the day into the hours of the night?"

"Oh, no," said Lucidora, whose heart was pounding painfully in her breast. "We were just—just telling fairy tales."

"And pray, Miss Eden, what are fairy tales?"

To explain to Mrs. Mumford, of all people, exactly what a fairy tale is was difficult; Lucidora paused, laughed softly, and remarked that a fairy tale was just a fairy tale; she thought every one knew that.

"I, for one, have been brought up in ignorance," said Mrs. Mumford; "at all events, I have only concerned myself with the stern facts of life, and I desire my daughters to do the same. I shall be glad, Miss Eden, if you will proceed to your room and to your bed; avoid, if possible, meeting any one while in that costume. To-morrow I will arrange that Mr. Mumford pays what is strictly due to you and sees to it that you leave the house. I will not have my daughters' young minds corrupted. Not a word, if you please."

So it happened that Lucidora, a little defiant, and yet, if the truth be told, a little frightened, went off to her room, and the twins cried themselves to sleep in each other's arms.

And now comes the really astounding part of the business, showing, if indeed such were necessary, that old proverbs are true, and especially that one concerning the turning of a worm. The worm, in this particular instance, happened to be Mr. Mumford.

John Mumford, during a somewhat wakeful night in which his spouse, in the sacred privacy of their bedchamber, had impressed upon him exactly what he was to do, and how he was to do it, had submitted with apparent meekness, and Mrs. Mumford had gone down to breakfast with

the certainty that the man would obey her ruling, as he had done in all matters, save only in that question of the naming of his offspring. She caught his eye from time to time down the length of the breakfast-table; she frowned upon the twins, who, with the thought of the disaster yet to come, were sniffing audibly during the meal; she almost welcomed the tone in which he spoke to the governess at the close of the meal.

"Miss Eden—I should be glad to see you in my study."

The tone was ominous; the twins with one accord set up a dismal wailing.

Mrs. Mumford had seated herself in the chair behind that big desk where Mr. Mumford was supposed to work particularly hard, and where, as a matter of fact, there being no necessity for his working at all, he dreamed the days away. Mr. Mumford stood beside the desk with two fingers resting stiffly upon it and with the other hand slowly caressing his chin.

"I am informed, Miss Eden," said John Mumford, with a glance at his wife, "that there has been a grave falling off in the matter of duty—a very grave falling off."

Here John Mumford coughed and glanced at his wife, as though appealing to her to let him off, caught the sternness of her eye, and with a start glanced again at the culprit.

"I have tried to do my best, sir," said Lucidora.

"I am very sure of it," said Mr. Mumford surprisingly. Then he checked himself and proceeded with his indictment. "It seems, my dear—it seems, Miss Eden, that your method with the girls is not quite what Mrs. Mumford would desire. It seems a pity, because I rather thought—however, that's neither here nor there. Mrs. Mumford has decided that you shall go, and perhaps, on the whole, for the peace and comfort of all parties, it may be well that you should go."

"I quite understand that," said Lucidora faintly. "I understand that I am to go at once."

"At once!" exclaimed Mrs. Mumford, bringing a heavy hand down upon the desk. "You arrived on a certain day at about twelve o'clock noon; you will leave on this particular day at noon also, and your—your wages will be reckoned accordingly."

John Mumford, glancing up at the

young girlish face before him, felt a twinge, and wondered if he dared speak, for the young girlish face had paled a little.

"I don't think you quite understand," said Lucidora faintly, "that I have nowhere to go."

"That is no concern of mine," said Mrs. Mumford firmly.

"You see—when they send you away from the Foundation, under the new rules they only give you one chance," pleaded Lucidora. "They start you in the world like that and you've got to make your way afterward. You may not go back again and make a fresh start."

There was the slightest hint of tears in the soft little voice.

"That does not concern me," said Mrs. Mumford again.

"I think it does, my love," said John Mumford surprisingly. "I wouldn't turn a dog out under those conditions—much less a woman. How many days is it to the expiration of Miss Eden's second month?"

"The question of days does not matter," said Mrs. Mumford angrily. "She goes to-day."

That would really have seemed to settle the matter; and Lucidora's heart sank. But again the worm that had turned so unexpectedly gave another twist to himself, as it were, and had something else to say.

"I am very firm on this matter, my dear Selina—and Miss Eden does not go to-day. If it should happen that you insist that Miss Eden leaves to-day—I—I"—the unhappy little man looked about the room as though seeking for some possible way of escape in an emergency—"I shall leave, too. And, in spite of the twins, I am not at all certain that I shall ever come back again."

With which extraordinary declaration he fumbled for a moment at his chin with that weak hand of his, stumbled past Lucidora—and literally bolted from the room.

It appeared, on going into figures, that only five days remained to complete the two months; Mrs. Mumford capitulated. Rather than upset Mr. Mumford, who was of a particularly sensitive nature, Mrs. Mumford declared she would put up with the living insult that was comprised in the mere presence of Lucidora and would allow her to remain during those five days.

So it happens that we find Lucidora Eden, on the last day of all, when she really was to leave at twelve o'clock, walking down the High Street and, in defiance of all regulations, taking the adoring but tearful twins by the arms and bidding them farewell.

In one sense she was quite brave about it, and in another sense she was very, very fearful. For she had absolutely nothing on which to rely and no friends to whom she could turn. She knew that the Foundation would not and could not receive her again; she knew that she must in some fashion make a new beginning. More than that, it was necessary that she should make that new beginning with far less money than one might have supposed.

With the immense prospect before her of a princely income of eighteen pounds a year she had already mortgaged that amount largely. Not with Mrs. Mumford, because that would have been clearly impossible. It was Mr. Mumford who, in a surreptitious fashion, had suggested to the girl that it was possible she might not have any money in her possession, and Lucidora had answered frankly and smilingly that that was an actual fact. Her fare had been advanced to her by the Foundation, and she had arrived at the house of the Mumfords in Cobblebury penniless.

And there had been her growing love for the unlovely twins. She had slipped with them into the places where pastry cooks spread out their wares seductively and had "treated" those who never had any money of their own. She did not quite know even now how the money had gone; certain it was that there was very little left for Mr. Mumford to pay her.

Perhaps the recording angel set it down to the credit of that weak man, John Mumford, that he contrived, as the girl left the house with her one small bag in her hand (the rest was to be sent on to any address she might forward to Mrs. Mumford) to run after her on an excuse and to slip a sovereign into her hand. And he was gone again—trotting hard on his weak legs back to the house—before she could remonstrate with him.

She was driven to the railway station that was, as it were, the hub of the universe to Cobblebury. She had arrived there two months before with the glorious prospect of being a governess before her; now, defeated, she faced the world again.

She had nowhere to go; there was not a friend in the world to whom she could turn. And she suddenly remembered that that turning of her out of the house on the stroke of noon had meant that she had had no lunch.

She went to the dreary little station refreshment-room and had some buns and some milk. That was food, in a sense; and it was, too, a beating off of that problem that had yet to be solved. While she ate her buns and drank the milk, aware of the fact that a stony-eyed and elderly barmaid watched her carelessly the while she did some extraordinary sort of crochet work behind the bar, Lucidora wondered more than ever what was going to become of her.

There had been one wild thought that she would go to London. The girls at the Foundation had always breathlessly dangled London before each other's eyes and before their own as a wonderful place to which people went and made fortunes and lived happily ever afterward. It was a place, according to pictures she had seen, in which people lived forever in a glare of electric light and seemed under no circumstances ever to go to bed. But a glance at the table of fares hanging in the railway station told her that, with the little stock of money she had, she would arrive in London with more than half her funds gone; and that would never do at all.

The second wild thought concerned the Foundation. Lucidora had been happy at the Foundation; it had been all her world. If only by some chance she could cancel these past two months and get back again to that sure haven and recover her breath, as it were, and look into friendly eyes and touch the hands of comrades. Was it possible that they would receive her?

And then she remembered that meeting of the board of management before which she had been summoned. Her fate had been set clearly before her there, as though it had been written in the skies. The Foundation had done all that it could do, and all that it ever would do. They had finished with her, and the cold hand-shake given her by the head of the board of management was her calm dismissal. She could not go back.

With her total lack of experience she was more utterly stranded than if she had been cast upon a desert island. There was an idea once that she would appeal to

the elderly barmaid for some sort of advice, for to outward appearance at least the elderly barmaid was a woman like herself. But already the elderly barmaid was growing suspicious of one who had spent a matter of a few pence and had lingered for half an hour; Lucidora picked up her bag and wandered out onto the platform.

"What train might you be wanting, miss?" asked an elderly porter with a line of gray whiskers running around beneath his chin. There was not much doing at Cobblebury that afternoon; there never is anything much doing at Cobblebury, save at excursion times.

"I—I don't quite know," said Lucidora, turning her gray eyes upon the man. "Where do the trains go to?"

The man pushed his cap off his forehead by the simple process of scratching beneath it and stared at her. "Well, miss—they goes all sorts of ways. There's one just gone to London—an' the next is a down that stops first at Ridgeminster."

Ridgeminster! Most magic word in all the directory of names in all the world! Her heart hungered for Ridgeminster, with its quaint old streets and its cathedral; hungered most of all, perhaps, for the old cloistered garden of the Elizabeth Dove Foundation. To be back again, if only for an hour—to catch a glimpse of the place she knew so well and loved so dearly.

"I think I'll go to Ridgeminster," she said. "Where do I get a ticket, please?"

The elderly porter showed her where to take a ticket; showed her how to cross the line; even put her into a carriage. It was only when the train had actually started that she sank back in a corner and wondered why she had done this thing.

"I'll just see them—peep at them through the gate—and come away again," said Lucidora. "No one will ever know that I've come back or that I am a disgrace and a failure. And it will be such a comfort to see it again before I make my real beginning in the world."

Carrying only that small bag, and furtively avoiding the eyes of any that might have known her, she came out into the ancient streets of Ridgeminster. And for a time was quite afraid to go near that school, the towers of which stretched up toward the evening sky outside the city. She made one excuse and another to keep away from it, and half decided that she would leave the town at once.

The evening shadows were falling as she went at last outside the old city and approached Elizabeth Dove's Foundation. She walked with parted lips and with eager steps, as a child might walk that approaches its home; she listened for any familiar sound that might float to her ears. And at last there came one in the slow, soft notes of a bell booming out across the stillness.

That was the evening bell that called the girls to their frugal supper and to their prayers afterward in the old chapel. As Lucidora moved toward the old gate set in the high wall her lips framed the old prayer that she had spoken so often in that hour and a little sob caught her breath. She went forward to the gate, caught hold of it, and laid her face against her hands so that the face was hidden.

CHAPTER IV

LUCIDORA DREAMS IN THE MOONLIGHT

FIFTEEN years before, on a day that had been wintry, Lucidora, holding to a stout, gloved forefinger far above her, had toddled through that gate and had made her first bow, as it were, to the place that was to be her home. The stout, gloved forefinger belonged to Mr. Fanshawe Eden, her father, and he had left outside a carriage in which he had driven from the station.

Fanshawe Eden walked up the long, paved path, throwing a glance as he went at the statue of Dame Elizabeth Dove, who had been the founder of the school. He also cast an approving eye upon the well-kept place and upon the neatly clad girls he saw passing to and fro. And so, with the child hanging to his finger, he had waited in the lofty old library for the coming of the matron.

He had been apologetic, had Fanshawe Eden. What was a man to do? The death of his wife (he spoke of that matter with tears and a sudden blowing of his nose upon a voluminous handkerchief) had left the dear mite now standing beside him helpless in a great world—and she a female child! This very night he should be in Paris on urgent business; and what would a child be doing in that God-forsaken city? The idea had suddenly crossed his mind that perhaps the matron of this establishment would look after the

child for the matter of a few hours, until such time as he should return to claim her.

The very natural question arose, on the part of the elderly matron, as to what claim Mr. Fanshawe Eden or his little daughter had upon the Foundation. Perhaps Mr. Fanshawe Eden did not understand that this was an institution for orphan girls specially nominated by trustees; that it had existed for very many years, and that it was extremely difficult for any child to be placed upon its books.

Mr. Fanshawe Eden smilingly waved all that matter aside. He was perfectly well aware of all the regulations concerning the place; he knew of the excellence of the scheme of education, and even the substantial fashion in which the girls were fed and cared for and afterward placed out in the world. But he would remind the matron that he was not for a moment contemplating placing his young daughter under her excellent care—oh dear, no! It was merely a matter of housing the child temporarily, until he could return and claim her—probably the day after tomorrow. It was, he knew, an unprecedented request, but then the circumstances themselves were unprecedented.

Still the elderly matron hesitated; she did not quite know what to do. Mr. Fanshawe Eden, whose card she held delicately between finger and thumb, was quite unknown to her—a very stranger, in fact.

Into that breach Mr. Fanshawe Eden smilingly plunged. "Was she by any chance acquainted with the name of George Fletcher? *The* George Fletcher, banker, of the City of London?"

"Of course," said the matron. He was one of the trustees of the Foundation.

It was smilingly explained that *the* George Fletcher was the old and tried friend of Mr. Fanshawe Eden; it had been the glowing accounts given by Mr. George Fletcher to Mr. Fanshawe Eden of the management of the Foundation (especially as concerned the able work performed by the matron) that had induced Mr. Eden to think of the wild plan of bringing his child there in his great extremity. His last doubt in the matter was now cleared away, he added charmingly, after his interview with the matron.

That good woman hesitated, and, like those who hesitate, was lost. The matter was settled; the child would be left in

safe hands for that matter of hours until her father should return in another carriage to take her away.

Tiny little creature though she was, she remembered always her parting from him. How, with a well-booted foot set upon one of the very shiny library chairs, he had lifted her to the high pinnacle of his knee and had impressed upon her certain instructions that were to last her, had she known it, for quite a long time. She looked into his very blue eyes and smelled the breath of him, which was always as the breath of tobacco, and listened to his words.

"Lucidora, my angel—live always in remembrance of your sainted mother. Obey those who are set over you—especially this good lady here—and live always so that your father may be proud of you. I mention these things because I want you to be worthy of me and of your mother in heaven even during the short time that I shall be away from you. Good-by, Lucidora; I shall be thinking of you."

He left her there in the great library and walked away with the elderly matron beside him. Noticing, as he went out under the great broad archway, a box clamped to the wall, with an ancient inscription above it suggesting that the institution was to some extent supported, apart from its Foundation, by charitable bequests, he paused and dipped a finger and thumb into his waistcoat pocket.

"Is one permitted?"

"It is very rarely done, sir," said the matron. "Occasionally friends interested in the Foundation insist a little, but it is not really necessary."

"I should like to do it, nevertheless," said Mr. Fanshawe Eden smilingly. And, glancing at the sovereign held between his finger and thumb, he glanced again smilingly at the matron and popped the sovereign into the box.

With a smiling flourish of his hat he went out to the carriage and stepped into it and was driven away.

And from that moment was never heard of again. Whether he ever went to Paris and something dreadful happened to him there, or whether he went somewhere else cannot be ascertained; suffice it that the Elizabeth Dove Foundation saw him no more. When a week had gone by and nothing had happened the quaking matron wrote to the trustees in London, and the

great George Fletcher, banker, of the City of London, himself came down to inquire into the matter.

He had never heard the name of Fanshawe Eden in his life; he knew nothing about the man. Unless something extraordinary happened, it was obvious that the thing was a fraud and that the child had been placed in the care of the matron under false pretenses. Mr. George Fletcher was very properly indignant, and demanded to see this small impostor who had been foisted upon the Foundation in such a fashion.

And the small impostor (and such a very, very little impostor she was then) was brought in and placed before the great man. She looked him all over, and evidently admired the massive watch-chain that went right across him and the seals that dangled from it and the rings upon his fingers. She looked at him shyly out of great gray eyes, and presently, as he stared at her, the little delicate lips began to quiver and the eyes to wander in search of the matron. And at that the great man, still frowning, lifted her upon his knee.

She knew nothing whatever of her father it seemed. She had wandered about from one place to another, mostly riding in carriages; and sometimes her father had been kind to her, and more often he had been rough to her. She could tell the great man nothing more than that.

The matron stood with her hands folded, looking with a puzzled face at the child and at Mr. George Fletcher; she wondered what was going to happen. And after a time the great man, who had had a curl of the child's twisting about and about a great forefinger, looked up at the matron and frowned and asked a question.

"And, in any case, at the worst, we have no vacancy?"

The matron coughed softly and her eyes brightened. "Well, yes, sir—according to the Foundation, we are really one short. I understood that the trustees were going to fill the vacancy, sir, but nothing has yet been done."

"Then, pray, what are we talking about?" demanded Mr. George Fletcher. "It seems unlikely that this man will return and claim the child; let it be arranged that this little thing fills the vacant place. It has never been the way of the Foundation to be hard on any child; God forbid that it should begin now."

And that was how it was that little Lucidora Eden—surely the smallest that had ever come to join that long roll of girls whose names stretched back into a past century—came to live in the Elizabeth Dove Foundation and to know no other home.

And the placid years had flowed on while Lucidora grew to girlhood. At first it had been left to the matron to decide how the child should be dressed, for Lucidora was so much smaller than any of the other girls that special regulations seemed to fall naturally in place in dealing with her. The Foundation being but a small affair, after all, with an easy spaciousness about it that belonged to a former time, each girl had a little nunlike cell for herself, and there was one of those little nunlike cells vacant that could have been occupied by Lucidora. But the child was so small and so helpless and she had such a delicious way of presenting her small person to some other girl when, at bedtime, it became necessary that she should be "undone," that, usually speaking, that other girl took charge of her for the night also; there was even some friendly scuffling for the obtaining of the privilege. So that, in the first year or two, Lucidora grew up scramblingly, and yet, happily enough, seeing through her gray eyes that all things were beautiful and that life was very, very good.

A little later on a dress was procured for her of the same type as that worn by the other girls, and a cap also such as the other girls had upon their heads. And once at least on a Sunday she walked at the end of the double line of girls along the High Street toward the cathedral; and she walked beside the matron.

High in a gallery of the old cathedral the Elizabeth Dove Foundationers sat—a little patch of gray and white, pleasantly relieving more somber surroundings; on a Sunday morning you could hear their fresh young voices joining in with those of the choir and sounding under the high roof like young, clear-voiced birds singing not at all unhappily in a cage. And it was, too, a pleasant sight to see them gathered together under the wing of the matron in the porch of the cathedral before they started off on the return walk to the Foundation.

Of all the events that marked the slow passage of the years (and be it known that

the years seemed to be for the most part all sunshine and the flowers to grow in the most luxuriant fashion in the flower-beds of the Foundation much earlier and much later than they could possibly have done in a mundane outside world) perhaps the chief was what one may call the advent of the curly haired boy. It being quite a little idyl in itself, it may be given a separate place in this chronicle.

The curly haired boy sang in the choir at about the time that Lucidora was fourteen. Of course he was very, very much older than that—patriarchal, in fact—probably by two years. And he had curly hair which worried him very much and which he vainly strove to flatten down; and, above all, he had a voice (perilously near to breaking at that time) which was as the voice of a young angel. And the voice floated up to Lucidora.

She learned from the voice a new religion. She learned what beauty meant; she dreamed of how the angels must sing before their God. Lying in her little cell at night, she dreamed that the curly haired boy in white vestments would sing like that forever—never, of course, growing any older—down there in the choir of the old cathedral, occasionally raising his eyes toward the gallery where she sat and sending his liquid notes straight up to her.

And then, in a year or two—or it may have been a month or two, so unimportant is time at that stage of one's existence—his voice broke and he left the choir and some one else took his place. Some one else who was quite commonplace and seemed to have no inspiration in singing and whose hair wasn't curly in the least. And Lucidora, on a walk one day with the rest of the Foundation, met the curly haired boy in the High Street—a boy no longer, and smoking a cigarette, and with his hair cut very short—and certain dreams fell to pieces suddenly on the pavement, never again to be revived.

And the second great event was the coming of the new matron. The old matron had grown a little past her work; sometimes she nodded to slumber even while the girls were chattering about her at the long tables in the big dining-hall. Faults were overlooked or neglected; in effect, the old matron had seen many years within those walls, even before the coming of Lucidora, and would be glad to rest and dream out the remainder of them. Once

again there was a meeting of that mysterious body known as the trustees, and the old matron passed into the limbo of forgotten things and a new one reigned in her stead.

The new matron brought into the place an air of cheery alertness that was like the keen breath of a spring day. Heaven only knows how she had come to be a matron at all, unless by some extraordinary freak of nature she had been born to that condition. She was small and very quick; she had a soft, caressing little voice and a pair of very bright eyes; also, although it was obvious that she was young, her hair was streaked with gray. And, such is the attraction of sheer personality, every white-capped girl in the Foundation metaphorically fell at her feet and worshiped her.

She loved the orphan girls as though they had been her own; she sorrowed inconsolably over those that went out in due course into the great world; she sewed her love of the little ones into their very garments. And most of all, she loved Lucidora.

There was romance about Lucidora; there was the very breath of that far-off story of the handsome father who had brought the child into the place and had left her there. There might be all sorts of happenings in any possible sort of future for any one like Lucidora; the little matron watched her hungrily and sighed occasionally at the thought of her possible future.

Her name was Charity Smith. And it was a sight to see her coming along one of the broad corridors with a bevy of girls about her, all laughing and chattering and making the old place ring again with their mirth. They did not know how soon it was all to change.

Vague rumors swept down upon them concerning the passing of the trustees. The great George Fletcher had died; there had been a meeting of the other trustees, and this one had declared that the funds wanted looking into, and this other that newer blood should be infused into the actual working of the Foundation. Other institutions were doing the same thing and bringing to the management of these ancient affairs newer methods. It was time that the Elizabeth Dove Foundation woke up and set its house in order.

That was the beginning of the great board of management. In some fashion or

other, in certain great buildings in London, where great men argued and decided how these things should best be done, and where musty documents were pored over and talked about—in some such atmosphere as that the board of management had its birth. And let it be said, concerning that birth, that it sprang alive and mightily energetic in practically no time at all. Also, in practically no time at all, it swooped down upon the Elizabeth Dove Foundation and shook it up and made a new thing of it.

Chief of the new board of management, by a sort of agreed consent, was a Miss Alberta Gills. Miss Alberta Gills concerned herself very much always in the affairs of the world in general and of her immediate neighbors in particular, and this was a work for which she hungered. She described old methods as "cobwebby," and she was for sweeping them away with a very, very new and modern broom indeed. Above all things she smilingly wrung her hands over the condition of affairs at the Elizabeth Dove Foundation.

Miss Alberta Gills had money and boundless enthusiasm. As some one once described her, she wore her teeth outside, which will perhaps sufficiently explain her thin, hatchet face and her continuous smile. It was a cold smile, bred, in a sense, solely from a certain eager, panting fashion of going through reports and into figures and discussing matters concerned with the welfare of other people. She was on more committees than she could really count and had acted as secretary to all sorts of affairs scarcely heard of by the ordinary easy-going public. And when, very literally, she forced herself to the front of the new board of management that was to arrange for the future welfare of the Elizabeth Dove Foundation she found her hands very pleasantly full.

In the first place, the girls were far too well fed; it was not healthy, and in that respect one meal at least could be knocked straight out of the list for the day. A particularly well-fed member of the board would have protested concerning growing girls and their requirements, but he was promptly overruled by Miss Alberta Gills. This matter of overfeeding was a plague spot and must be rooted out; people ate far too much. Better to go to bed without the pangs of hunger being absolutely allayed than to fall into a sleep engendered

by repletion. The well-fed member was overwhelmed by the argument and said no more.

There was waste in the kitchen, and one servant at least could be dispensed with; Miss Alberta Gills, showing all her teeth, cast the woman on the world at a moment's notice, assuring her that she would have no difficulty in finding another situation.

And, last of all, there was the question of Lucidora Eden. Miss Alberta Gills, thrusting her long nose and her short-sighted eyes into documents and records of one sort and another, discovered the amazing fact that, whereas all the other Foundationers had clear records behind them, showing whence they sprang and by whom they had been recommended, Lucidora had none. Would it be believed (Miss Alberta Gills turned an astonished but smiling face upon her colleagues) that this child had actually been dumped down in the place and had been kept at the expense of the Elizabeth Dove Foundation for more than fourteen years with no adequate reason at all? Would it be believed? reiterated Miss Alberta Gills, thumping the table.

"There would seem to have been no real attempt to discover the father," pursued Miss Alberta Gills, looking with raised eyebrows round upon the others. "No, like so many other matters connected with these institutions, the thing has been allowed to slide. This girl, who has no right here at all, has been allowed to grow up until she has reached an age when she should most properly have begun to have serious thoughts concerning her future. I should really be interested to know exactly what her ideas of life are."

Miss Alberta Gills sat back in her chair and folded her arms and smiled round upon the board in general.

"Perhaps it might be well to see her," a member suggested.

So Lucidora was brought in. A rather trembling, wide-eyed Lucidora, wondering a little what these strange men and women might have to say to her; a frightened Lucidora who would have been glad just then of a little reassuring grip of the matron's hand on her own; only it happened that the matron was not there. Instead, Miss Alberta Gills, grudgingly aware of the fact that the girl was extraordinarily pretty and held herself amazingly well,

rapped with a pencil on the table and called her startled attention.

"Now, Lucidora Eden—attend to me, if you please. How old are you?"

"I am nearly eighteen," said Lucidora in her grave, slow voice.

"Have you ever thought, Eden, how much longer you are likely to be allowed to remain in this place?"

"I have not thought about it at all," said Lucidora.

"Well—the time has come when you've got to think about it. In this establishment we don't keep great, idle girls filling the places that younger girls should take. We have discovered something of your history, Eden, and you appear to have had no claim whatever on the Foundation. The board"—Miss Alberta Gills flashed her eyes from one member to another, as though including them in her remarks—"the board has decided that some preparation must be made for your future. You have received the usual education; you are passably well-looking—"

(A little murmur arose here from the well-fed member and from another concerning the looks of the girl, and Miss Alberta Gills flushed and showed her teeth and went on quickly.)

"—and it seems to us that some position, such as, for instance, a domestic servant, could be obtained for you and give you a start in the world."

The well-fed member came down on this proposition with startling suddenness. The well-fed member, it appeared, had a family of girls, and had done his best for them and intended to go on doing his best. He even hinted that Miss Alberta Gills, with all her large experience, did not know everything about the placing of young girls out in the world. He, for his part, thought that it was probable that Lucidora Eden was fitted for something better.

Miss Alberta Gills, smiling more than ever, said that, of course, she made it an invariable rule to give way to any masculine opinion; probably the well-fed member knew a great deal more about the matter than she could hope to do. But she stuck to her guns over the one matter: that Lucidora Eden must, before she reached her eighteenth birthday, leave the Foundation and make a start for herself in the world.

Lucidora heard her sentence without flinching. As a matter of fact, she did

not understand the full purport of it. She had known the Foundation all her life; it had been her world, and she knew no other. She knew every stick and stone of it; her baby feet had worn the stones of the echoing corridors for all those years; she had watched a long succession of girls come to it, and pass out, and go away. In effect, she had been some sort of permanent institution in the place; newcomers had been introduced to her as the baby who had been left so strangely one wintry day and had never been called for; they made a little pretty joke of it. And now, suddenly, this woman with the prominent teeth and the unsmiling eyes had pronounced her sentence and she was to be turned out.

The little matron came to Lucidora's cell that night and dropped upon her knees beside the girl's narrow bed and held her to her breast; this, the most adored of all her many children. She tried to comfort Lucidora and to point out to her what a wonderful and splendid place the world was and how much more greatly to be desired than the calm retreat in which Lucidora had always lived.

"They'll love you out in the great world, Lucidora," said the little matron, stifling her sobbing. "All sorts of wonderful things will happen to you, and we shall all learn to be very proud of you. We shall miss you dreadfully, of course; but some day you'll come back and astonish us all and show us what we knew before—that you were really the greatest and most wonderful of all the orphans."

There had come that day when Lucidora had departed; when she had taken, tearfully enough, the last little gift from those who knew her and loved her and had gone out to meet her fate at the house of the Mumfords.

And now, ignominiously enough—a failure and a disgrace—Lucidora had crept back to the place to which, properly speaking, she was only to return in clouds of glory, and here she was at the gate weeping like an outcast Peri from paradise and wondering what she should do.

There was an old-fashioned stone seat in the angle of the wall outside the gate, and there Lucidora had seated herself, with her bag beside her; and, worn out with her journey and with the despair that had fallen upon her, had dropped asleep. Some of the things written here she had remem-

bered dimly enough—the slow record of the years; some she had dreamed vaguely enough also. And in the dead hours of the night, when all the world was very, very still, she awoke, startled, to see the big building looming above her and to know that the gate was closed and locked; she turned her eyes to the moon sailing above the tree-tops. And for quite a long time she sat with her face buried in her hands, striving to think.

She was at war with life; fiercely she was striving, in her young mind and heart, against the unfairness of it all. She was wrecked in the beginning; she had had no chance. Her one sin had been that she was light-hearted, no more than that.

She thought of that mysterious, very gentlemanly father about whom they had talked to her, of his mysterious coming and his going; surely a very king among men! There had always been a feeling in her mind that some day he would come back and would demand her of the Foundation and would take her away with him out into the great world; surely he had never meant that she should struggle for herself. Sitting upright there in the moonlight on the old stone seat, she prayed in a curious, indefinite fashion, and yet passionately enough, with all her heart in the prayer.

"Dear Lord—give me my chance; give me but a little hour or two of life and love and the fine things that belonged to my father and should belong to me. Give me but a little hour of it in this beautiful world of Yours; I am too young to be afraid or to be hurt or sorry. There are others, I know, who live their lives in the sunlight and are never afraid; and people love them and give them their chance to be happy. Give me my chance to-night—now—here in this place where I was a little child. Give me my hour of life."

She scarcely knew for what she prayed; it was merely the indefinite instinct of every human soul that she voiced there under the moon. She sank back on the seat again and covered her face with her hands, whispering inarticulate things.

Quite indefinitely, as in a dream, she heard a movement on the road near to her; she heard the soft driving of wheels upon the gravel. Some one moved toward her with the trailing of skirts; she looked up, half frightened, and perhaps with the childish thought that some of her dreams had come true and that perhaps this

prayer had been answered. A woman stood before her, looking down at her; a slim, gloved hand was laid on her shoulder.

"Why, my dear—what are you doing here at this hour?" asked a clear young voice with a little note of wonder in it.

Looking round quickly as she got to her feet, Lucidora saw that the woman was no more than a girl—of about her own age, in fact. And quite near on the road stood a great motor-car with the muffled-up figure of a woman on the front seat and a man standing beside it. The great lamps in the front of it seemed to light up the world and put out the moon.

CHAPTER V

THE PRINCESS WALKS INTO THE DREAM

FOR a moment or two Lucidora sat there staring at the stranger and wondering exactly who she could possibly be and where she had come from. She had a dim feeling that the girl was magnificently dressed and that she was hidden away, as it were, in a tremendous coat of magnificent furs that reached to her heels. For the rest, she was all mystery; mysterious in her coming—in her sudden appearance at such an hour in the dead silence of the night—in the great motor-car standing purring on the road—and in the silent figure of the servant pacing slowly up and down beside it.

"But who are you?" asked the visitor in her gentle voice.

"I'm just nobody at all," answered Lucidora in a whisper. "I'm just a school-girl—or rather I was a schoolgirl a little time ago."

Unconsciously she turned her eyes in the direction of the great pile of buildings outside the gates of which she sat.

"In this place?" asked the other, following the direction of her glance.

Lucidora forgot all about the strangeness of this happening; she had suddenly come back to earth again and to her own loneliness and to the injustice of the world generally. More than that, this girl was of apparently her own age, and her voice was gentle and sympathetic.

"Yes—in this place," answered Lucidora. "They call it the Elizabeth Dove Foundation, and I—I was almost born here. I was very happy here."

The other girl suddenly slid down beside her on the old stone seat. "And now they have turned you out?" she asked.

"Not quite that," answered Lucidora. "You see, they turned me out only when they thought I was old enough and strong enough to earn my living. They made me a governess, and I was a failure. The people where I was governess also turned me out, and I crept back here again, wondering what I should do. I've been sitting here quite a long time—hours, I think—dreaming about all the time when I was a happy child—the other side of these gates. That's about all there is about me, I think," she added with a little smile.

"It sounds rather sad," answered the other. "What are you going to do when daylight comes and the world begins all over again?"

"I don't know," replied Lucidora. "It's all so strange that I seem as if I was in another world altogether—just a world of moonlight and stars and beauty. I want to put off the other part of it as long as I can."

In the heavy warmth of the night the other girl had loosened the great sable coat she wore and thrown it back from her neck with a little impulsive gesture. Lucidora, watching her, saw three magnificent rows of diamonds gleaming on her neck—gleaming like tiny stars in the moonlight. Lucidora watched her, wondering more and more.

"Why—who are you?" she asked.

The other laughed a little soft ripple of laughter that was like music. "Oh—I'm just no one in particular," she answered.

"But I can't believe that," said Lucidora. "You travel about in a great car—with servants; you wear wonderful jewels. Why—coming as you have, suddenly upon me, while I was dreaming of all sorts of strange things, you might be a fairy princess out of some old tale I have read. You don't seem real at all."

"Oh, yes—I'm real enough," answered the girl, laying a hand quickly on that of Lucidora. "I'm real flesh and blood, and there's nothing at all fairylike about me."

"You say there's nothing fairylike," said Lucidora, looking at her wonderingly. "It isn't possible that you really are a princess?" Her voice had sunk to an awed whisper.

The other nodded her head very slowly, looking with bright eyes at Lucidora.

"That's just what I am—most unfortunately. But you won't believe that—will you?"

"On such a night as this, when all the world and all my life seems so strange, I can believe anything and everything," answered Lucidora quickly. "Here where I sit has been my world; those who sleep there in that quiet house on the other side of the gates have been the only friends I've ever known. And now God has been good to me and has sent some one wonderful to me just when most I needed a friend."

The words were so simply and earnestly spoken that the princess leaned quickly toward Lucidora with a little quiet laugh of sympathy on her lips.

"I'm but a poor friend, I'm afraid," she said. "What would you say if I told you that I am most unhappy and that I am running away?"

"But there have been lots and lots of princesses in the old tales who ran away out into the world and had adventures," said Lucidora lightly. "The old ones ran away on horseback—and always in the moonlight; it's only because you're a modern princess that you run away in a motor-car. Did you come from a castle?"

The princess nodded. "From the gloomiest castle in the world, where I was born, and where I was most unhappy."

"But it must be wonderful to be a real princess and to do exactly what you like," said Lucidora.

"It might be wonderful to be a real princess if you were allowed to do what you liked," answered the other bitterly. "All the world thinks it a marvelous and wonderful thing to be a princess; I, who know all about it, could tell them something different. That's why I've run away; that's why I've made up my mind to live my own life—and be poor, if necessary. And it's just because I am a real princess, as you put it so quaintly, that all sorts of dreadful things are happening and that they have begun to search for me far and wide. And I'm desperately afraid they'll find me and take me back again. That's why I'm traveling secretly like this at night."

"But what will they do to you if they find you and take you back?" asked Lucidora.

"They'll marry me," answered the princess, staring straight in front of her with

a tragic face. "They'll marry me to a fool whom I hate and they'll shut me up for life again in that dreary castle from which I have escaped. Don't stare at me like that," she added a little petulantly; "it's all true—every word of it."

"It all sounds dreadfully exciting," said Lucidora, watching her eagerly. "I mean the running away and the traveling by night and the fear that you may be taken. How do you know that they're searching for you?"

"I guessed it when we were rushing across the Continent," replied the princess slowly. "That man over there—my chauffeur, Dempsey—is very clever; he managed to cut across country a bit and to put them off the track. But at Dover, after we had brought the car over the Channel, he told me that the newspapers had got hold of it and that there were men there waiting to see and try to interview me. One brute actually did put himself in my way, but Dempsey settled with him. After that we heard of them on the road, and Dempsey seems to think that it's only a matter of time before they really do get hold of me."

"And if they do catch you and take you back—will they hang Dempsey—or shoot him?" asked Lucidora.

"Gracious me—certainly not," said the princess, laughing quickly. "I expect he'll have to look for another place, for I can assure you we're quite civilized in Sylvaniaburg. The only thing that troubles me is that I have made up my mind that I won't go back. I won't be bound hand and foot and made to do this, that, or the other, just as people tell me I must. Why, you, my dear"—the princess sighed softly and turned to Lucidora with a whimsical smile—"you're ever so much happier and luckier than I am. You're free; no one will come running after you."

"Oh, yes, princess, I'm free enough," said poor Lucidora with a sigh. "I'm so particularly free that I expect in a day or two I shall be starving for the want of something to eat. You, who are very, very rich and have all you want in the world—you don't seem to understand that I have nothing in the world and want everything."

"Yes—but you can make your own life," urged the princess.

"I can't," answered Lucidora. "I've had all sorts of dreams of what I should like to do. I believe that my father was a

very great and very fine gentleman, although I have seen nothing of him since I was a tiny child. If he had lived he might have made me a great lady. Instead of that—I'm just a beggar."

"It has always seemed to me that beggars were very happy people," said the princess with a puzzled look. "I've seen them in Sylvaniaburg with their little brown babies tumbling about in the dust, and they always seemed happy and contented."

"Well, you see, princess, that's rather another matter. I'm not contented, and I haven't got any little brown babies tumbling about in the dust. I'm supposed to be a highly respectable English girl with my living to make—and even if I could make a living at all I should hate the prospect."

"I think you said you were a governess," suggested the princess.

"Yes—and except for the two poor girls I taught, and who were really the most unhappy things in the world, I hated it. I wanted to be something great and grand—something a little like you. I knew that if I was lucky enough to get another situation it would only be the same stupid business of living with people I didn't like and who wouldn't even try to understand me. I'm afraid I'm ever so much younger inside, princess, than I ought to be, considering that I'm eighteen," she added plaintively.

"Well, if it comes to that," answered the princess with a laugh, "I'm afraid that I'm very much younger inside than I ought to be. And I'm eighteen. I wouldn't mind being poor and having to make a living; it would be tremendous fun. Think of all the people I should meet and all the funny experiences I should have if I were only quite an ordinary girl and not the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg."

"That sounds a lovely title," said Lucidora in an awed tone. "Do people talk to you like that?"

"Oh—yes—most of them. I never meet a single living soul that doesn't call me 'your highness'; they mustn't call me anything else. Even now, when I've pretended to run away (for I know it is only pretense and can only last till I am taken politely back again) I can't get away from my title and from what I really am. I'm an orphan just as you are (for I suppose you must have been an orphan to have

lived in this lovely old place) and yet it doesn't help me much. I'm surrounded by all sorts of people who remind me of what I am. Even my maid over there in the car, who is half asleep and worn out with traveling, must address me by my title; and the chauffeur, Dempsey, just the same. It was my maid that started all the difficulty—I mean about our being chased—by insisting on calling me 'your highness.' That set a hotel keeper talking, and I more than suspect he heard something and communicated with Sylvaniaburg in the hope of a reward. It's all horrible."

"It all sounds beautiful to me," said Lucidora with a sigh. "But if you want to live your real life and escape from all this, why do you travel about in such state?"

"It's the only way I know how to travel," said the poor princess. "I'm just a butterfly that wants to change into something else and doesn't know how to do it. You see, I'm so overweighted."

"Overweighted?" Lucidora looked at her in perplexity.

"Yes—I ought to have gone about the thing differently. I ought to have disguised myself and slipped away quietly. I ought to have traveled by an ordinary train and have got away to England before any one knew I was gone. Instead of which I did it all with a flourish of trumpets; traveled in the most expensive car, with a chauffeur and a maid; brought a lot of my diamonds with me and a sable coat that cost, I believe, something like six hundred pounds of your English money. And so labeled myself for any one that wanted to find me. Don't you understand, my dear, what a very silly princess I really am?"

"Is it too late to escape now?" asked Lucidora. "It all sounds so nice and so exciting that I would be glad to help you if I could. At school here we used sometimes to act out stories at night, and I would be selected for the princess, with a long train gown that was made out of a bed quilt, and the others used to bow down before me and call me—even humble little me—'your highness'! It was perfectly lovely—only just playing it."

"And did you really like it?" asked the princess with a slight curl of her pretty lip.

"I should rather think I did!" ex-

claimed Lucidora. "It made your bare feet dreadfully cold walking up and down the room; but it was lovely all the same. They always used to choose me for the princess, because they said I looked the part so well and was so dignified and held my head up. I more than suspect I must have got that from my father."

"And would you like to be a princess?" asked the other slowly, watching her. "Would you like to take up all the deadly grind of it—the long days when you never had a friend to whom you could talk and never a soul that you could take into your arms and whisper your secret heart to?"

"I should make my friends as I went along," said Lucidora dreamily.

"To travel always in state and never to be able, as it were, to creep out of your fine clothes and meet other people on the level of good friendship?"

"I could creep out of my fine clothes in my dreams," said Lucidora softly. "I have played at being a princess all my life. When, through the long days, people have been perhaps a little unkind to me and a little exacting, I have comforted myself by pretending that I was something greater than they were. Oh—not in cruelty—not in anger," she added, "but just because the power was very sweet and it was nice to think that I could exercise it for the best. That is what my dream has been always."

There came from the princess a little ripple of laughter; as Lucidora turned in surprise toward her the princess leaned to the girl and spoke in an eager whisper, although the voice was a mocking one: "Why not do it?"

"Do what?" asked Lucidora.

"Be a princess," whispered the urgent voice. "You want to go into the world where the trumpets are sounding and where people are ready to bow down before you; I want to go into that world where men and women live and fight and strive and laugh and cry. I want to live! I want to know what it feels like to be sorrowful and what it feels like to be very, very glad. I have known nothing of all that yet; you have known a little. Perhaps we're both wrong; perhaps you have been happier than I have; perhaps I should be safer in the dull security of that realm where I am bored to death. Would you like to try what my life means while I try yours?"

"But I don't understand," breathed Lucidora. "How can that be?"

"The car over there," went on the princess with a sudden passionate sweep of her arm. "The maid—the chauffeur—the diamonds here at my throat—all the other baubles. Take them now—and let me escape."

"Oh—you don't mean that; you wouldn't do that?" said Lucidora softly.

"Gladly—gladly!" exclaimed the princess. "Think for a moment: if they catch me they will most politely take me back again and marry me to that man I do not love. I want to find love for myself in the world; I don't want any one to tell me where it is lying in wait for me."

"I, too, should like to find love for myself," said Lucidora softly, looking at the moon.

"My dear"—the princess was softly gripping Lucidora's arm now and speaking into her ear—"each of us seems to want what the other can give. Stupid men are on my track to-night; they want to find me and take me back to the life I hate. And all the life for which I long so passionately lies ready to my hand, if I can only grasp it. Take my place; the thing is simple. No one has really recognized me in England; it will take them a long time to find me by myself. If I travel in that thing over there, and with these servants, I am marked and stamped; I cannot get away. Take these things that belong to me; step into the life that is mine; give me my chance of escape. At the worst, they can only take you back, in some poor sort of triumph, to Sylvaniaaburg, there to discover their mistake. And before they start on the hunt again I shall have had my little hour—my little bit of the real glory of life."

Lucidora lifted her eyes to the moon again. "I shall have had my little hour—my little bit of the real glory of life," she echoed.

"You'll do it?" asked the princess eagerly, getting to her feet.

"Oh—if only I may!" exclaimed Lucidora softly.

"These jewels about my throat—they are yours," said the princess, taking them off quickly and fastening them round Lucidora's neck. "This heavy sable coat; see, I put it upon you as the mantle of majesty."

She laughed a little mockingly as she

slipped the coat off and held it for Lucidora to put it on.

"I have another in the car—a humbler one, and better suited to my other state. There are all my expensive clothes there, too—or some of them at least, and I can give you more money than you've ever had or ever dreamed of in all your life. You won't falter; you won't turn back?"

"No—Fairy Princess," said Lucidora with a little laugh.

As in a dream, Lucidora turned with the princess toward the car; the man who had been pacing slowly up and down beside it came toward them. He took off his cap and stood bareheaded in the moonlight.

"Get my other coat out of the car, Dempsey," said the princess. "And wake up Tattersfield."

"Yes, your highness," answered the man.

Lucidora started. That was the first tangible piece of evidence she had had of the reality of what had before seemed, after all, but a dream. And it did not seem then that she trod solid earth; she began for the first time to understand, dimly and vaguely (as indeed she was afterward to understand it through all that strange experience), the great adventure upon which she had embarked.

The bundled-up figure in the front of the car, being awakened none too gently by Dempsey, stumbled to the ground and came round toward the princess. Blinkingly she looked at Lucidora in the great sable coat; blinkingly also she looked at Dempsey, assisting the princess into another coat. For Penelope, worn out with the long journey, had been dreaming dreams on her own account.

"Please get awake as soon as you can, Penelope," said the princess severely. "I've got something to say to you."

"Yes, your highness," said Penelope, and once again Lucidora, under the shock of that title, started and glanced nervously at the princess.

"It becomes necessary that I should leave you," continued the princess. "My flight has been discovered, and I want to throw those who are pursuing me off the track. I have been so fortunate as to discover a lady who will take my place." She indicated Lucidora standing beside her.

"But, your highness—the thing is impossible," broke in Penelope.

"You should have learned by this time, Penelope Tattersfield, that with me most things are possible," answered the princess haughtily. "It is not for you to ask questions or to raise objections; the thing is done. I drift out of your lives for a time at least, and this lady takes my place. For my part, I am going quietly and unostentatiously to London; but, so far as you know, your princess travels with you. This lady takes my place and my name; from this time she is the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg. You will do all she tells you and will obey her as you would obey me. Is that clearly understood?"

"Perfectly, your highness." It was the voice of Dempsey, for Dempsey had crept a little nearer and had heard what was being said. Moreover, Dempsey had a clearer, quicker wit than Penelope.

"I was quite sure you'd understand, Dempsey," said the princess calmly. "Let me have the money you have in your possession. I do not want an account of what you have spent; I trust you implicitly."

"Thank you, your highness." Dempsey unbuttoned his motor coat and dived into inner pockets. "It's all here, your highness, in this wallet."

The princess took the wallet and drew from it many coins and a bundle of notes. Still in that dream, Lucidora watched her as she separated certain notes from the others and thrust them with the coins into an inside pocket of the coat she wore. Then the princess turned to Lucidora.

"I have taken a little over three hundred pounds," she said with a smile. "And I have left you a very great deal more than that, because you have a state to keep up and I shall have none. And I thank you from the bottom of my heart for your great goodness to me."

"Oh—your highness!" faltered Lucidora.

"No—not that any more," answered the princess softly. "You have forgotten that from to-night we change places. You have not yet told me your name."

"I am Lucidora Eden," was the answer.

"And a very pretty name," answered the princess with a smile. "I think I'll take it. I will be Miss Eden for the future—Miss Lucidora Eden."

"And the lady, your highness?" asked Dempsey, still standing, cap in hand, and now addressing the princess.

"Really, Dempsey, you are more of a blockhead than I had given you credit for. It is like teaching a stupid child his lessons. This lady and I have changed places; consequently, perhaps you will be good enough to address her in a proper fashion."

There may or may not have been a sudden twitching of one of Dempsey's eyelids which might have been construed as a wink, but the moonlight was deceptive. "Very good, Miss Eden," he said, addressing the princess. And then, opening the car door, he said, with a bow of his bullet head in Lucidora's direction: "Will you be pleased to step in, your highness?"

"Oh—but there are quite a lot of things to be settled first of all," said Lucidora nervously. "I can't go off suddenly into the world in this fashion without knowing what is to become of me."

The princess walked straight up to her, and never before had there been seen so perfectly that divine little lift of her chin. "You're not going to tell me that you're a coward?" she demanded.

"Well—not quite a coward—because, after all, I seem to be getting the best of it," said Lucidora.

"Very well, then; rest content with that," answered the princess. "The world is very wide, they tell me, and you have all that world to choose from. I am very rich, and I can give you what you ask, and can give it the more cheerfully because I do not want it for myself. There is your maid, there is your chauffeur, and there is your car. I do but put upon your shoulders a little of the splendors that have weighed too heavily upon mine."

"And what will become of me?" asked Lucidora.

"I might as well ask—what will become of *me*?" replied the princess. "I am going out into the world gladly enough to find just what place there may be for me in it; your place is made ready for you."

"But you give me everything, princess—"

"You forget the name," broke in the other quickly.

Lucidora laughed. "You give me everything—Miss Eden; what will you take for yourself?"

"I think the poor orphan had a little bag; it is there on the seat against the wall. Penelope—bring it to me."

The maid hurried across and brought back the little shabby bag; with a light

laugh the princess took it in her hand and held it up in the light of the moon and looked at it. Handing it to Penelope to hold, she opened it, glanced at the few little things inside, laughed, and nodded; then she held out in the other hand that wallet which contained the large bundle of bank-notes.

"See—it is all complete," she said. "In the car you will find my luggage—your luggage now, of course; and here I hand to Dempsey, who will be your treasurer-in-chief until you demand your money from him—quite a large sum for you to play with. Is it not eminently satisfactory?"

She balanced in one hand the light bag which she had taken from the maid; with the other hand she held out to Dempsey the wallet from which she had abstracted the coins and the notes. Dempsey restored the wallet to his inner pocket with an unmoved countenance; he buttoned up his coat again. The princess advanced to him and touched him lightly on the breast.

"My good Dempsey—I may come back; it is all on the lap of the gods, and I cannot tell now what I shall do. But this lady for the present is your princess. Are you learning your lesson?"

The man raised his eyes and looked her full in the face. "I think so, Miss Eden," he said.

"And you, Penelope?"

"Well—your high—I beg your pardon, I'm sure—Miss Eden—I've long ago learned something of the pranks played by royalty from time to time, perhaps to relieve the tedium of the business. I can't say I shall care to go rushing about the country with anybody else but Dempsey—and I don't altogether trust him. But your word is, of course, law. The only question in my mind is what we are to do with the lady."

"You will do just nothing at all; the lady will arrange things," said the princess a little coldly. "She will map out her life for herself as others have mapped it out for me; you have but to follow where she leads. And under pain of my displeasure"—the little haughty chin went up again and the eyes of the princess flashed—"you will obey her in all things as you would have obeyed me."

The two servants glanced at each other for a moment, standing there in the moonlight; perhaps most of all they watched

this new princess so suddenly thrust upon them. They were caught in the whirl of things, as it were; they could go on only at the bidding of a stronger will than their own.

Meanwhile the princess had moved a yard or two away, side by side with Lucidora, and now she was not smiling any more. She took the fur-clad arm of the girl and looked into her eyes, and her own were very solemn.

"Oh, my dear," she said, "if this should cause you pain or trouble or sorrow you won't blame me—will you?"

"The pain and sorrow will be for you," said Lucidora.

"That's where you're quite wrong," answered the princess. "Do you know a day or two ago, when I was in Sylvaniaburg, I saw at the opera-house there an opera with great singers in it; they called it 'La Bohème.' It seemed to unfold to me some life I had not understood; where men lived—and women, too; where they rejoiced and were sad—and where they loved—and all that, too, from their very hearts. And that's what I'm going to find; that's what I'm going to look for. It is all in my mind here, and I shall find it first of all in that great city of your country—London."

"And what shall I find?" asked Lucidora. "Shall I find all the brightness and the love and the luxury you are leaving behind?"

"Yes—I think you will," answered the princess. "Because you will go to it with an eager heart—hoping, perhaps, for things I have never found."

As Lucidora stood for a moment in the moonlight looking about her—looking at the great car and at the man who stood by the door of it, cap in hand, and at that discreet lady's-maid waiting to attend her, the little figure of the princess seemed suddenly most pathetic—something she was leaving to a fate the little princess could not understand. On an impulse she moved swiftly to her and caught her in her arms.

"My dear—you're not afraid?" asked Lucidora.

"Sweetheart—I am happier than I have been through all my life," answered the other. "I am going to ride with you a little way, until presently Dempsey shall set me down at a railway station, whence I can go to London. For the rest—I leave it all to you."

With a charming gesture the princess

leaned toward the girl in the great sable coat and kissed her lightly on the lips. "I have so much to thank you for," she said whimsically. "But half an hour ago I was in despair."

They got into the car together, and suddenly it seemed as though the young, despairing girl who had clung to the gate of the Elizabeth Dove Foundation and had wondered what was to become of her had never been at all. Nor did it seem possible that any princess could have descended out of nowhere and could have changed lives suddenly, as this princess had done. It was a dream, but Lucidora was content to go on dreaming.

They spoke but little as the great car rolled along; it was yet quite early when Dempsey steered them into a railway station and stepped down to hand the princess out. It appeared that he had consulted time-tables in some mysterious fashion; there was yet a matter of five minutes before the express touched at that station on its way to London.

As the two girls stood together on the platform the princess suddenly clapped her hands with a gesture of despair and swung round upon Lucidora.

"My crown," she said in an agitated whisper. "It's been left behind. You'll have to get one—and it must be a cheap one at that; crowns cost money."

"If you will pardon me," said the voice of Penelope behind them—"I took the precaution to pack it, your highness, in case of emergencies." She had been speaking to the princess; with a remembrance of the sudden lapse on her part, she swung round upon Lucidora. "I have it quite safely, your highness," she said.

It was the turn of Dempsey. "And if you should wish—Miss Eden—to hear from her highness the princess"—he spoke with an unmoved countenance to Felicia—"may I suggest that letters from her highness shall be addressed care of the G. P. O., London?"

"And what is G. P. O.?" asked Felicia with a puzzled frown.

"General Post Office—to be left till called for," answered Dempsey shortly. "Here's the train."

The Princess Felicia dropped a curtsy to the new princess, before she stepped into the train, the door of which was held open by the guard.

"I am grateful to your highness," she

said to Lucidora, "for your kindness in bringing me to the station. Good-by, your highness—and all good fortune go with you."

The train steamed out of the station; Lucidora turned and went in a dazed fashion down the steps and out into the road where Dempsey stood at the door of the car. "Where to, your highness?" Dempsey asked in a tone sufficiently loud to be heard by any porters or loungers.

"Why—I don't quite know, Dempsey," said Lucidora. "Perhaps I'd better leave it to you."

CHAPTER VI

LUCIDORA TRIES ON A CROWN

LONDON lay baking under a merciless sun, and Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle, while he shaved before the little mirror in his tiny room at the top of a very tall house, wondered if it really happened that certain lucky people were able to get away from town and to spend their time up the river or by the sea or anywhere where streets were not and pavements did not seem to blister the soles of their feet.

Harvey Crockford Royle, in the intervals of shaving and of looking out into a street the glare of which already winked at him with the diabolical promise of yet another sweltering day, wondered just a little what he was going to do about matters. To tell the truth, he had always had that wonder at the back of his mind—not pressing, but as something to be dismissed and set aside. For Mr. Royle had endeavored to live always by that easy and yet most uneasy fashion of life known as living by one's wits.

And he was more than a little tired of the game. Now, as he looked into the shaving mirror, he saw himself just a little older than he ought to be—with lines and creases showing in a face that was really young and decidedly humorous. He was annoyed with the face because properly it should have returned to him, in reflection, the image of a man who had taken life lightly and had got out of it quite a lot. It showed instead the face still young and with the suggestion of a laugh in the eyes and at the corners of the lips; and yet a face strangely tired.

Harvey Crockford Royle had done a little of everything, and had done it in an

extremely gentlemanly fashion. Let it be said at once that his instincts were nice and he played the straight game—just so long as the game was a paying one; at least that was what he told himself. He had not enough of the rogue in him to play the game other than straightly, which accounts perhaps for the top room in a very tall building and not much money in his pockets and little gnawing anxieties that would not be dismissed.

In effect, Royle always made up his mind, in a desperate fashion, that he would take the world by the throat and shake it and get something out of it; he generally came to that decision late at night, when there was time for a man to make up his mind how to face the next day; usually speaking also, when the morning dawned he had decided to let the poor old world alone; it had not done anything to him.

He had been well educated; he had drifted through a public school and the varsity, and then had spread white hands to life generally and had smilingly asked that it would give him something to do. And in a desultory fashion life had decided to give him his chance, and had given it on more than one occasion.

He had tried politics, and had told the truth so openly to those constituents whose suffrages he sought that they had loved him for his honesty—and had promptly returned his opponent. He had tried art, and had liked the life because of its picturesqueness and of the jolly people he met; but the world didn't want his pictures. And finally, being blessed with a facile pen, although a wayward one, he had drifted into journalism.

Not for him the specialized article; not for him the pure literary style that should commend itself to a section of the public popularly supposed to exist in large numbers. He would do something bright and chatty; he would write of life just as he saw it; in a sense, he would view it from a realistic point of view and quite unshrinkingly.

The result, of course, was frank disaster. If, in his journalistic career, he encountered a story that had its pathetic side—a side to be hidden from the world—he carefully smoothed it over and made the best of it or said nothing about it at all, and a smarter man dived into it with ruthless fingers and tore the heart out of

it and made good copy. Over and over again, in that fashion, Royle missed his chances; over and over again he had to confess that the smarter man got the better of him and left him stranded.

Properly speaking, he should have had everything in his favor. He was still young; he had good looks and charming manners; he was possessed of a delicate fancy which, given proper scope, could have been expressed easily enough by that facile pen of his. But, if the truth be told, the world was moving just a little too fast for him; Romance had disappeared round the corner and Realism seemed to have for him an ugly face which he avoided as much as he could. In eighteenth-century dress, treading waxed floors and flourishing, if necessary, a rapier, he would have been perfection; flourishing a neatly rolled umbrella in Hyde Park, he was decorative, but just a little useless.

Harvey Crockford Royle was a bit careful, in emerging from that building wherein he had a top room, that he should not be discovered; he glanced quickly to right and to left before stepping out boldly into the street and making his way to another and a broader street where he might, if necessity arose, boldly meet a friend. It was late in the morning, but then Royle always rose late; despite the heat he welcomed the sunshine.

What should he do? There was no particular business that called him this day; there was only the club and perhaps a chance acquaintance; he might be lucky enough to meet some one who would ask him to dinner. But even then a long time stretched between this hour and that of dinner. He wandered into the park and sat down, and, holding his stick between his well-gloved hands, beat a tattoo softly on the gravel and began seriously, and not for the first time, to think about himself.

He had come perilously near to the end of his tether—that rope which lets a man run on for a time, then suddenly and violently checks him and pulls him up and bids him stand still. He had a couple of good suits; his linen was passable; he had a scarf-pin that, without undue scrutiny, might pass for a valuable one. Most of all, he had his dress clothes; they were immaculate. In his pockets actually, as a mere matter of cash, he had very little.

"I don't think I've ever been quite so

close as this," murmured Royle with a little soft chuckle. "I've been expecting that something would come along and start me afresh, and the something hasn't come along at all. Look at that last job; I simply couldn't write up that beastly murder and the sensations of the young wife and what she had suffered; I simply had to chuck it. And that other fellow got the job. He wrote it up strongly enough—beast! He wasn't out for sparing feelings. I'm no good as a journalist; I really can't let myself go."

He drifted in due course (by the longest way round, that he might see such pretty women as were left in the park) and came at last to his club. Please do not imagine that it was one of those highly aristocratic affairs where two porters in livery stand on guard, ready to swing open the double doors and admit the fortunate members; where soft chairs woo to rest, and where other servants in uniform flit about respectfully with such drinks as may be demanded by thirsty members at a moment's notice. It was not that at all; it was that little Bohemian place known as the Wigwam.

There were only some half-dozen members sitting by the open window at that hour; most of them nodded cordially to Royle. "Gentleman Royle," as he was known, and not altogether in derision. Men who worked hard knew him perhaps for a drone and something of a failure, and yet liked him and admired his very perfect manners; others who did not trouble to understand him despised him a little. The remembrance of various failures on his part were kept alive in the club by the anecdotes to which they properly belonged.

"It's really very warm—isn't it?" said Royle in his slow, rather drawling voice as he advanced toward a couple of men who were lounging in the window.

"Well—that's the polite way to put it," said one man. "I should have given it rather a stronger term. Will you fellows have a drink?"

Royle smilingly thought that he would have a drink, and the other man joined in also. A white-jacketed waiter being summoned, the refreshments were brought, and the three settled down for a desultory talk.

"I suppose you're not busy, Royle?" said one man with a wink at his friend.

"Not particularly," was the answer. "It isn't quite the sort of weather to rush about in, and personally I can't think of anything to write about. There's nothing doing in town and, frankly, I can't afford to go off into the country and hunt up subjects. I'm not like you fellows; I don't think I was born to it."

"It isn't a question of being born to it, my dear chap; it's just a matter of hunting down your subject and making the most of it. There's a subject going just now, if anybody could get hold of it, that ought to fill in for this hot weather splendidly."

Royle bit off the end of a cigar he had taken from a case, the two remaining ones in the case had been promptly appropriated by his friends. "And what's the particular subject?" he asked languidly, as he lighted the cigar.

"My dear fellow—do you never read the little bits in the corners of the newspapers?" asked one man plaintively. "Do you never permit yourself to search out the line or two that may mean something that will presently convulse Europe, or which, on the other hand, may mean nothing at all. In effect, are you a journalist hunting for copy, or are you allowing everything to pass you by on the other side as unworthy of notice?"

"My dear fellow," said Royle with a cheerful grin, "I'm very much afraid that I don't really notice the important things. They ought to have made me a cricket reporter or something in that line; I could have spread myself over a column or two any day. Only somehow or other it seems that even there I am not technical enough. Won't you please tell me what this particular subject is? I promise solemnly not to interfere with any other man's job."

The first man laughed. "There's not much chance of interfering; there doesn't seem to be anything for any one to do. And yet"—he rubbed his fat hands together and rolled his head and pursed up his lips—"there's a very pretty little scandal waiting there for any one that can get hold of it—a very neat little scandal indeed. All very well to say that the place and the person are not important enough; I'm not so sure about that."

"I wish somebody would really tell me what it's all about," said Royle, leaning back in his chair, closing his eyes, and puffing lazily at his cigar. "Always sup-

posing, as a matter of course, that it's not too exciting."

"What do you say to an eloping princess?" asked the stout man.

"My dear chap, it's been done too often; it's been done to death," said Royle. "They always do it when they've nothing else to do or when it fits in with some political move. And they are mighty careful to get their photographs in the newspapers well beforehand. Unhappy love-affair presupposed. Silly business altogether."

"My dear Royle, it's very evident that you do not read the papers," put in the other man. "This isn't that sort of thing at all. Imagine, if you will, a princess who has not been photographed; who has lived cloistered like a nun in the semi-barbarous state of Sylvaniaburg, and who was destined to marry a prince from the neighboring realm probably as dull and prosaic as herself. And then imagine that at the last moment she chucks the whole thing and bolts."

"Plucky little devil, anyway," commented Royle with a laugh. "What's happened to her?"

"Just nothing at all. She made a bee-line across Europe before anybody seemed to know anything about it; traveled in her own car and carried her servants and in all probability the somewhat barbaric regalia of Sylvaniaburg. Got to Dover before she was recognized—and then one of the fellows only dropped on her by chance—with a camera, of course, and her beastly chauffeur knocked the camera out of his hand and smashed his plates. And the princess got clear away. How's that for a pretty story to fill the newspapers that you don't read, Royle?"

"Sounds pretty lively," said Royle without opening his eyes. "I like to hear of a girl getting off like that and having a fling. That is, of course, always supposing she is a girl; generally speaking, they pan out at about five and thirty."

"Wrong again, old son; the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg is eighteen."

"And what are they doing about it?" asked Royle. "Isn't there a frightful kick-up, and aren't they sending all sorts of emissaries after her?"

"I rather think, my dear chap, that they're trying as much as possible to hush the thing up. Scandals of that kind are awkward, and in these days of newspaper

activity there isn't much chance of the true story not leaking out. There are one or two contradictory paragraphs which may interest you; these are the latest."

The man handed a couple of newspapers across to Royle, who sat up lazily and looked at them at the places to which the man's finger pointed.

We are officially informed that a sudden indisposition on the part of the Princess Felicia of Sylvania has compelled the cancelation of all her state duties; she is confined strictly to her apartments in the palace, and bulletins will be issued from time to time. The public are assured, however, that she is in no danger, and that only complete rest is necessary.

"Well, I don't see much in that," remarked Royle, tossing the paper aside. "Any royalty, however small, that gets a little ache or a pain is certain of a decent paragraph."

"Well—look at the other one," said his friend a little impatiently.

Royle lazily turned over the other paper and found the paragraph.

We learn from an official source that the Princess Felicia of Sylvania is paying a private visit to her aunt in the neighborhood of Copenhagen. She is understood to be in perfect health and will return within a very short time to the capital of her principality.

"That's a trifle contradictory certainly," said Royle with a short laugh.

"And now, if you please," went on his friend, producing another paper with a brilliant cover, "perhaps you will kindly look at *What We Know*. It's a rag, I admit, but it does sometimes pick up information."

Royle took the paper and glanced at the paragraph indicated. "Don't believe a word of it," he said shortly. "These fellows have got to make up something."

"Read it—read it!" exclaimed the other. And Royle slowly read aloud:

"There seems to be no doubt that a certain very youthful princess from a very ancient though small state in Europe may actually be put down as being 'among the missing.' She certainly did leave her capital at night; she is certainly traveling, accompanied only by a maid and a chauffeur, and she most decidedly has arrived in England. What the explanation of the mystery may be is yet to be shown; but we are sure of our facts."

"What do you say to that?" asked the stout man.

"Well—I say that it seems rather a shame to be hunting the child like that," said Royle. "There's nothing to be got out of it, and if she has bolted I should say she'd got a precious good reason for it."

The stout man wagged a finger at him. "Now there, my friend, is where you prove yourself to be absolutely rotten at your particular game—that is, always supposing that proof were necessary. A man with your appearance and your manners—"

"Oh, do have another drink, old fellow," murmured Royle with a laugh.

"I say that a man of your appearance and with your manners ought to make it his job to track down the princess; find out all about her, and make a thoroughly fine scoop of the story. There's a fortune in it."

"I'll think about it," said Royle.

"That's right, my boy; you go on thinking about it while another man gets the story," retorted the other. "If I wasn't tied to my job in London here I'd be off after the damsel myself, although I am a respectable citizen and have a wife and family."

"Does any one know where this princess was last heard of?" asked another man. And the stout one plunged eagerly into the business at once.

"She seems to be making her way steadily west—halting where she likes and putting up quite unostentatiously at country hotels. Magnificent sixty-horse-power car that must have cost a fortune; she has been heard of in the neighborhood of Ridgeminster, which, as you know, is not a hundred miles from Southampton. Whether she's trying to get back to the Continent or not I can't say. But it should be pretty easy for any one to track her down in these days of telephones and telegraphs—that is, always supposing a man is to be found with some degree of energy," he added with a glance at Royle.

"And no possible suspicion of delicacy," said Royle quietly.

He got up and sauntered out of the club into the hot streets again. Somehow the thought of that little princess of eighteen hiding herself away in England from some unknown fate seemed a bit cruel.

And as he walked in the sunshine the idea began to take possession of him more and more. At first the sheer pity of it; because, of course, his romantic mind suggested, in the first place, that this child of

eighteen must be extremely beautiful and certainly most unhappy. And after that the glamour of it—the idea of this person of royal blood flinging defiance at all the regulations that had bound her from her birth.

Then the mere recollection that she was traveling in a sort of semistate; the mental vision of that sixty-horse-power car and her attendants; all these changed his views a little. After all, thought Royle, she is able to take care of herself; there's many and many a girl, flung upon the world penniless, who is in far worse plight than this princess. More than that, there will be plenty of people to look after her; why should I trouble my head about her?

Lastly, as was perhaps natural in the case of Harvey Royle, came the point of view of work. Properly speaking, of course, had he been a well-constituted journalist, that point of view should have been the first; with him it was most reluctantly the last. But once the idea had got hold of him it became fascinating.

To be able to find this fair unknown—even meanly enough to exploit her! To take advantage of the fact that no other newspaperman had been able to discover anything about her and so to work up perhaps the biggest series of articles that had ever been attempted! Why, he could name his own price to any newspaper in the kingdom!

More than all that, the thought of the country called him, and surely here was an excuse legitimate enough to fit his conscience. It was work—and, after all, work was what he was always being urged to undertake. More than that, he flattered himself that, after all, what the man in the club had said possessed some modicum of truth; Harvey Crockford Royle certainly had the appearance and the manner that might appeal even to a princess.

He went back to his small room and dressed carefully before setting out again for the club or elsewhere. It was just possible, he thought, in his happy-go-lucky fashion, that he might be fortunate enough to meet some one who would give him a dinner, in return for which he would promise to be the best and pleasantest company in the world. As he tied his white tie before the little mirror in his room he addressed the face that was reflected there:

"After all, my dear chap, there's no

reason why you shouldn't impress the girl and get her romantic story out of her, with full permission to publish. She's very young—but, hang it, man, you're not old yet. A few lines and creases—rather more than should be necessary at the age of thirty-two; but hang it again—what's thirty-two? You're still quite young, and the age of romance is not yet ended. Why, you might get hold of the little runaway princess, persuade her for her good, and restore her to her loving and devoted subjects. You've only got to wake up, Harvey, and you don't know what might happen."

He was fortunate that evening in meeting, by the merest chance, a little party of friends—two women and a man; he was pressed to join them at once for dinner at a fashionable restaurant. And after dinner there was a music-hall, with the very latest thing in the way of a *revue*. The unattached woman of the party of three was decidedly pretty and very charming, and by the time Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle had got to his bed very late that night he had decided that of all sheer nonsense that could ever be invented the worst that could possibly happen to him would be the hunting of some princess of a foreign and little known state who was probably not even pretty.

But in his dreams the thing, strangely enough, haunted him. Now, for instance, he had taken the taxicab in which it had been necessary for him to ride to the music-hall with the unattached and extremely pretty girl that evening, and he was perfectly certain that he had an appointment to keep in the west of England, and that the taxi driver would never do it; already, in a sort of nightmare, the vehicle was falling to pieces and he had to keep his knees drawn up because the floor of the thing was giving way and he could see the road underneath.

And then suddenly it all changed, and he was whirling through space, as it seemed, in a most magnificent vehicle that was all gold and diamonds—the sort of thing with a crown on the top that the king rides in on state occasions. And beside him was the very desirable unattached young lady of that evening, and she had changed in some extraordinary fashion and wore a crown and magnificent jewels, while he, for his part, had shed his dress clothes and was in a shabby old tweed

suit. And in his dream he asked the wondrous being beside him where they were going to.

And she shook her head and smiled enigmatically, with a finger on her pretty lips. And Royle woke up.

"It seems almost like an omen," he said as he sat up in bed and rubbed his eyes. "Funny dream, anyway."

With the morning his purpose, if indeed it could be said to be a purpose at all, had strengthened. He counted over the coins on his dressing-table—the very little gold and the small heap of silver. It certainly would not last very long in London; at the worst, it might last a little longer in the country. And, as has been said, the country called to him.

"It's a beastly suggestion, and if I wasn't down as low as this I probably shouldn't even think of it," he murmured to himself. "But if it should happen that I should light on the princess—"

He dressed himself in the best tweed suit he had, and, after contemplating his various other possessions for a time, hastily but carefully packed them in his one suit-case; had he been starting for the Cannibal Islands he would certainly not have left his evening clothes behind. And at last he walked out into the streets carrying all his worldly possessions in that one suit-case and hailed a taxi and was driven to Paddington.

Quite a number of people seemed to be leaving from Paddington; he regretted the sheer necessity of having to travel third class. He had booked for Exeter with a vague idea that that was about as far west as he need go in the beginning; for the rest he trusted to luck. Something or some one would put him on the track if the track were to be found; if the journey took him very much farther than he had originally designed, he thought ruefully that he would in all probability have to walk back to London.

He left the train at Exeter and walked out of the station. Looking carefully about him, he selected a small, comfortable-looking commercial hotel of the old-fashioned type and decided that he would stay there until he had time to make some inquiries. He walked into the coffee-room and ordered a meal.

The waiter was one of the real old-fashioned English type now so fast disappearing. What was left of his hair was

snow-white; his cheery old face was cleanly shaven. He had the happy knack of regarding every guest that came into the hotel as the one person he had been longing to see through a long and strenuous lifetime; he welcomed them as he might have welcomed a long-lost brother—but more respectfully. To Royle he became communicative quite unexpectedly; it was very evident that it was Royle's lucky day.

"I suppose nothing very much ever happens here—does it?" asked Royle with the idea of making conversation.

"Your steak won't be five minutes more, sir," said the old waiter. "Very sorry to keep you waiting." And then, in a different tone, and with quite an air of mystery—"As for things 'appening, sir—well"—there was almost a swelling of the waiter's chest in an access of sudden importance—"I'm not so sure about that, sir. Between ourselves, sir—what would you say to royalty?"

Royle was tired with his journey, and he was hungry; he yawned. "Oh, laying foundation-stones or something of that kind, I suppose," he said. "Now I come to think of it, there was something of the kind last week."

"Oh, that!" exclaimed the waiter, a little contemptuously. "Though God forbid, sir, that I should speak slightly of the royal family. And very nice the city looked, sir, with the bunting and things. But when they comes to you, as you might say, secret like—and yet with the nicest manners in the world—and droppin' sovereigns by way of tips"—the waiter passed his hand across his mouth and seemed to smile reminiscently—"well—as I say, sir,—there you are!"

Royle tried not to appear excited; for the moment the thing seemed too incredible. "And when did all this happen?" he asked carelessly.

"Only yesterday, sir, as ever was," answered the waiter. "Just one moment, sir; I should say that that steak was about ready, sir." And he hurried from the room.

"It's my lucky day—but it isn't possible," said Royle to himself. "I'm dreaming it."

The old waiter came back with the steak; he fussed about while he arranged other things for the comfort of the guest. Royle waited until presently it should please the old fellow to resume his story.

"Steak quite tender, sir? Thank you very much, sir. Yes, sir—as I was sayin', it isn't often, sir, they drops down on you with what you might call a bump, sir. I shouldn't never 'ave guessed it, though I must say the young lady carried 'erself proudly enough. It was when the chauffeur, sir—man driving 'er car, sir—it was when he came in bareheaded, sir, and asked some question and then answered, 'Very good, your 'ighness,' that you could 'ave knocked me down, as it were, sir, with a feather. And I must say I've never seen such a car in all my life, sir."

"And this was yesterday, you say?" asked Royle quietly.

"Yesterday as ever was, sir. Quite late, sir, and I think they was in two minds about goin' on, sir. But the lady didn't seem to care for the place; and I must say the lady seemed very nervous, sir. She wanted to travel on, an' she was going on by night, sir. Very powerful lamps, sir, and nothing to fear."

"I suppose you don't know in what direction they went?" hazarded Royle.

"Well, sir—by a funny chance, I do, sir," answered the old waiter with a smile. "One of our men got talking to the chauffeur—and talking most of all about the car. The chauffeur was a bit worried, sir, about it; said 'e'd taken a lot out of 'er that day and didn't much care for the night journey. 'I'm not going to take her a step further than Abbott Mertonbury; I must have her engines to pieces in the morning'—that's what the chauffeur said, sir."

"And you think the lady is just traveling round the country?" asked Royle.

"The lady, sir—whether royal highness or not, sir—is probably foreign and has heard of the beauties of England and is visitin' them on the quiet. That's my impression, sir—and you'll find I'm not far wrong, sir."

Harvey Royle canceled his order for a room for that night; he was unexpectedly called away. He took his bag and started off for the station; was fortunate enough to discover that there was a train which went in half an hour, and which, by changing at a certain junction, would take him to Abbott Mertonbury. It was a slow train, but that did not matter.

"I'm on the trail—unless there are two of 'em wandering about," he said to himself as he settled himself in the train.

He found that Abbott Mertonbury was a quaint, old-fashioned place, and a sleepy place at that. Inquiry told him that there were two hotels—the Swan—and another of quite inferior importance. He went to the Swan, to find it in a somewhat perturbed state, and to be assured by the landlord a little stiffly that he could not possibly have a room.

"But I must have a room," said Royle with a smile. "After all, you know, I have been given to understand that yours is the only real hotel in the place, and I'm not going to put up with anything that's not quite so good. I don't mind the size of the room at all."

The landlord scratched his chin. "Well, you see, sir, we haven't too much accommodation, and we've been suddenly rushed off our feet, as you might say. When you get a party coming in and wanting what they call a suite of rooms—what are you to do?"

"Why—let 'em have 'em, of course," said Royle pleasantly. "Give me a shake-down somewhere; I won't complain."

"Well, sir, if you wouldn't mind, there is a little room at the end of the suite—but it hasn't got a fireplace."

"I do not suffer from the cold in the middle of July," said Harvey Royle with a smile.

"Very well, sir—let us call it settled. And I don't know that I've ever had the place filled in all my life before."

"Somebody very special—eh?" suggested Royle carelessly.

"Ah, sir, you may well say that. Seems to me, sir, to be very special indeed. And at the present time taking dinner in what you might call her own apartments, sir."

Royle was conducted to the room that had been set apart for him, and found it indeed a small one at the end of a long corridor. A chambermaid who showed him the way pointed mysteriously to four doors past which they went; they were "the suite." She indicated one door and whispered almost tragically:

"And that, sir, if you'll believe me, is where the royal lady sleeps, sir."

Royle carefully donned his evening clothes and went down to dinner. There had been a thought in his mind that probably the mysterious one would, after all, grace the public rooms; but nothing in any way resembling a haughty young beauty of eighteen years of age was to

be discovered. There were two elderly females with a pug-dog that occupied a chair all to itself and yapped for food constantly during the meal; there was a very hungry commercial traveler at another table, and that was all.

After dinner Royle strolled out into the stable-yard of the hotel, and there saw a man who looked like a chauffeur standing at the door of a stable that had been modernized into a garage. Royle contrived to get into conversation with the man in his pleasant, easy fashion; dimly inside the garage he could see the outline of a very large car.

"Have you come far?" he asked the man.

"Not very far, sir," the other answered civilly. "She's not running very sweetly to-day; I've been overhauling her. These big cars want a lot of attention, sir."

"I should think so," Royle assented. "What is she—sixty?"

"And a good sixty at that, sir, when she's going all right; and all right she'll be by the morning, sir."

Royle strolled back again to the hotel. For a little time he hung about the hall of the place, smoking a cigar and keeping careful watch upon the stairs; presently he tossed aside the cigar and went slowly up to his room. The hotel was very quiet; there seemed to be no one up-stairs at all. He could hear voices from down below, but all subdued. He hesitated for a moment outside that mysterious door, the location of which had been indicated to him by the chambermaid.

"I've simply got to see her," he muttered to himself. He crossed the corridor and knocked quickly on the door, and at the same instant turned the handle and stepped into the room.

A tall and very pretty young girl of about eighteen years of age turned startled gray eyes upon him, even while she held her slender hands to her head. Upon that head was fitted a dazzling coronet of diamonds which she had been fixing carefully in place upon her fair hair.

CHAPTER VII

CONTAINS HINTS TO ROYALTY

LUCIDORA stayed in that attitude for a moment or two—something like a child caught trying on a garment which does not

belong to her—while she stared with frightened eyes at the man just within the door. He had come in so quickly, and his coming at all was such a surprising matter, that she remained like that, with her hands just holding the diamond coronet, and seemingly too astonished to move.

The fact that he stood there in that little country hotel in the severe perfection of evening dress was in itself surprising. For the rest, in that sudden momentary glimpse of him, before she lowered her eyes under his scrutiny, Lucidora saw a face that was wholly interesting and at that moment very much alive and full of curiosity.

"I beg your pardon," said Royle, a little breathlessly.

"You have come into the wrong room, sir," said Lucidora with a dignity tempered by the absurd attitude in which he had discovered her.

"I believe, your highness, that I am in the right room," said Royle quickly. (And be it noted that this was the first occasion on which any one outside a mere ordinary servant had addressed Lucidora in that fashion; instinctively she drew herself up.)

"And pray, sir, what do you want?" demanded Lucidora.

"I want nothing except a few minutes' conversation with Her Highness Princess Felicia of Sylvania," said Royle.

She looked at him in some perplexity; but again the mention of that title seemed to give her courage and even a sort of audacity. "I am engaged at the present moment, sir; I may be able to see you at another time," she said.

"I must insist, princess," said Royle, now vastly elated with his success and amazed beyond measure to find that his romantic notions concerning the girl were more than fulfilled by her looks. "I have come a long journey in order to find you, princess."

"You had no right to come into my room in this fashion," said Lucidora.

"Princesses are difficult of discovery," retorted Royle. "My desire to see you was a very urgent one. Does it please your highness that I may remain?"

The perfect manner that had helped Harvey Royle on so many occasions served him well now with Lucidora. For, after all, this was surely the fashion of speech that was employed at all times and on all possible occasions toward princesses—the

fashion of speech entirely different from that used toward ordinary mortals.

Lucidora sank into a chair, not without a glance at the mirror, which showed her that wonderful coronet set upon her fair hair, and moved a hand gracefully to suggest that her visitor should be seated also. That visitor, knowing his business well, bowed slightly and remained standing.

"And who are you, sir?" asked Lucidora in her soft little voice.

"May I say that I am simply an English gentleman?" said Royle with another bow.

"And how did you find me?" asked Lucidora.

"There have been already, princess, many stories circulated about you; no one of your exalted position can expect to travel about the country unnoticed. Shall I say that mere accident brought me to this place and that I was something more than interested to discover that the Princess Felicia was staying here?"

Lucidora bowed again—a little carefully, because the coronet was heavy and she was not yet certain as to its being properly fixed. "And what do you want with me, sir?" she asked.

"If it is possible, I want to help you, princess," he said gravely.

For suddenly, as it seemed, all his plans were changed. A story there might be in this, ready to his hand and to his calling, but not a story to be used at the moment. Romance was here in this curious old oak-paneled room of a country inn, and it looked at him out of the soft gray eyes of this young girl with a coronet set upon her fair hair.

It would be a brutal thing, surely, to begin to set down in writing his impressions concerning such a moment as this. It was characteristic of the man, to whom work was the last thing to appeal, that he should dally now with a situation that was romantic and remarkable; everything else could wait.

"To help me!" echoed Lucidora. "Why should I need help?"

"My dear princess—you have done what the world would call and does call an unconventional thing; you have run away, and you are in a strange country. Is it not likely that all manner of people will endeavor to take advantage of your ignorance of the world and of life generally; is it not possible that you may

need some guidance in an extremely difficult position?"

"I have faithful and trusted servants with me," said Lucidora, speaking a little mincingly, as though she read the words out of a book.

"A maid, I believe—and a chauffeur for your car. What can they possibly know of matters of etiquette; how can they possibly understand what is expected of you?" He asked the questions smilingly, and she smiled a little faintly in return.

"I have found no difficulty up to the present," said Lucidora.

"But the difficulties are bound to arise," urged Royle. "May I say how very remarkable it is to find you—the princess of a foreign state—speaking English so perfectly and without the faintest trace of an accent?"

Lucidora closed her eyes and thought very hard indeed; the princess had not prepared her for this. In the many wonders of that moonlight night when the princess had appeared to her it had seemed the most natural thing in the world that they should converse in English, and now it was the most natural thing in the world that they should not. Lucidora invented her answer with the most perfect tranquility.

"English is the language of the court of Sylvaniaburg," she said. "That is, of course, for the higher people; I believe that the ordinary people—in the streets and other places"—she waved a white hand comprehensively—"I believe that those people talk—well, whatever the language of Sylvaniaburg is," she added vaguely.

"I understand perfectly, although I admit that it sounds a little incredible," said Royle.

Lucidora suddenly remembered that she had a part to play and that here was, apparently, a skilful gentleman who might discover things if by some chance she failed to play that part sufficiently well.

"I thank you, sir, for your wish to help me," she said, "although I am a little doubtful whether or not I require that help at all. You have not yet told me who you are."

"My name, your highness, is Harvey Crockford Royle, and I may best describe myself as a gentleman at large." It suddenly occurred to him that the detested word *journalist* would better be left out of

the matter. "An idle man, if you will, princess, traveling alone; a man suddenly interested, shall we say, in the cause of a lady in distress—"

"But I am not a lady in distress," Lucidora corrected him quickly.

"Ah—but you may be," he answered as quickly. "And what is a poor princess to do when she is protected merely by a maid and a chauffeur? The situation is impossible; it is totally unbecoming your royal dignity."

"There is a great deal in what you say, sir," said Lucidora gravely. "You see," she added confidentially, leaning forward a little and setting a hasty hand to the heavy coronet, "I do not wish to do anything that should not be fitting to my position."

"Naturally, princess," said Royle.

"And I suppose it's likely that I might—might slip sometimes— isn't it?"

"Where one does not understand the manners and customs of a new country it is quite possible for one to blunder," answered Royle gravely. "You see, my dear princess, you may not travel as an ordinary person would travel."

"That was what I thought," said Lucidora innocently. "That was why I took a whole suite of rooms; it was Dempsey suggested that."

"Dempsey—whoever he may be—was wise in his generation," murmured Royle.

"Dempsey is my chauffeur; he seems to understand everything—quite apart from his engines. Dempsey said it was to be a sitting-room—and a bedroom for me—and another bedroom for Penelope—and a room for himself." She ticked off the rooms on her fingers.

"Dempsey seems to understand the real etiquette of courts," said Royle complacently.

"I'm so glad you approve," and Lucidora gave a sigh of relief.

"Up to a point, your highness, I approve heartily," said Royle with a smile well concealed. "But that is not all. How long does your highness intend to travel?"

"I suppose you know, sir, that I—I am running away?" murmured Lucidora.

"From a prince who is supposed to be most objectionable and to whom your highness declines to affiancé herself," said Royle glibly.

"Yes—something like that," answered Lucidora vaguely. "You see, I did not

really love the man, and I do not think that any one should marry where she does not love. What do you think, Mr. Royle?"

"I am entirely of your opinion," he answered. "And I suppose you mean to keep on running away with the hope that you will tire the prince out and that he may give up the chase?"

"I am not quite sure whether the prince has yet taken up the chase," said Lucidora. "You see, sir, my instructions are to keep on running away—"

"Your instructions?" Royle looked properly puzzled.

"I mean"—Lucidora was flustered and struggled a little with her words—"I mean instructions from my advisers."

"I understand perfectly, your highness," said Royle. "You have certain friends who have suggested to you that you should make the most of your freedom and keep out of the way of this very persistent prince. In that I must say I think you are acting wisely."

"I am so very glad," said Lucidora with another sigh of relief.

"I suppose this prince wasn't a particularly nice fellow—eh?" he suggested.

Lucidora made a plunge. "He was perfectly horrid—not a nice sort of man at all," she said. "You can't tell how glad I was to escape from him."

"I can quite imagine it," rejoined Royle. "These foreign princes are not all that they should be by any means. You have done a very courageous thing in taking your life and your fate into your own hands; I applaud that action heartily. But it is not so much that about which I am thinking; it is the present, your highness."

"Won't you please explain?" requested Lucidora patiently.

"The time must inevitably come, your highness, when you will return to your kingdom." Lucidora vigorously shook her head and made a clutch at the coronet. "Oh, yes, you will, because any one who occupies a position such as yours may not lightly throw it aside. For the present you have spread your wings and are taking, as it were, a little freedom from all that has hedged you about in your court life. But"—he raised a forefinger and shook it at her rallying—"that condition of things cannot last forever. You will have to go back, even if you make

terms with the governing body of your kingdom."

"Well—at all events, that's a matter for the future," said Lucidora. "I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Royle, for the interest you have taken in me; but I think that I am quite capable of looking after myself."

He bowed a little ironically. "With the chauffeur and the maid and the motor-car?" he asked.

"It is all quite sufficient, Mr. Royle. You forget that I am simply a runaway princess."

"I forget nothing, your highness," he answered. "But even runaway princesses must do the thing properly."

"Properly? What do you mean?"

"Well, people will scarcely believe in you if you keep the game alive in such a sorry fashion as this. This staying at little country hotels with a couple of servants—how long are you going to do that?"

"I shall go on from day to day; surely you understand that one can't make plans all in a hurry when one is running away?"

"May one ask to what particular spot you are running?" asked Royle.

"I have not yet made up my mind," said Lucidora, a little harassed with the question. "It will all depend upon what form the pursuit takes. If I am threatened with capture I shall, of course, get out of the way as rapidly as possible."

"I suppose so," Royle answered gravely. "And doesn't it occur to you that when that capture takes place the question will naturally be asked as to what you have been doing since the first moment of your flight? Princesses may not do what ordinary mortals do."

There was a long pause while Lucidora looked at him with a little troubled frown on her face. "And what would you advise, sir?" she asked at last.

He took time to think over that; he stood with his arms folded, watching her—she all attention, like an eager child. For the game was not so simple as she had imagined it would be; complications were arising.

"You are in a strange country, your highness, and your ignorance of its customs may get you into difficulties. You require some one who can give you a word of advice—some one who understands how to regulate these matters and to see to it that even princesses do not make mistakes.

In your court at home I imagine, princess, that there was such a person."

"I—I forget," said poor Lucidora.

"A court chamberlain?" he hinted.

She caught at the suggestion. "Oh, yes—of course. You mean the man who regulates things at court—who knows what you ought to do and when you ought to do it. In all the fairy stories there's a court chamberlain—isn't there?"

"In the fairy stories, and in real life, your highness," said Royle. "Now let us say for the moment that the court of Sylvaniaburg is in flight—or, if you like it better, is traveling. But even under those conditions the court of Sylvaniaburg does not travel as a private person would do."

"I suppose not," assented Lucidora vaguely.

"Most certainly not," said Royle. "You have servants with you; but servants are naturally ignorant of anything beyond their own special duties. Now, if I might suggest—here is an Englishman—an English gentleman who has mixed with the best families and who understands what English life really is—who would most gladly place himself at your disposal."

He trembled for her answer, for indeed there was more in this than he had imagined possible. He had expected a rebuff, a snub; almost a bundling downstairs. And here was the little princess very much afraid of what she was doing and very, very grateful for any help that might be offered to her.

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Royle, that you would really help me?"

"I offered that when first I entered this room," was his answer.

"And that you would be to me a sort of court chamberlain—telling me what to do and arranging my royal life for me?" asked Lucidora a little eagerly.

"That is the idea in my mind, your highness," answered Royle. "To lift the difficulties of your position away from your shoulders. Believe me, your highness, I am only a poor English gentleman—"

Lucidora thought suddenly of that well-filled wallet that had been buttoned into an inner pocket of Dempsey's coat. "But I am very rich," she said. "And, of course, if you were really a court chamberlain, doing what was necessary for me and arranging things for me—you would necessarily have charge of all the money that I carry with me—wouldn't you?"

"I had not thought of that," he said quickly.

"But it would be much more proper that you should have charge of it than that Dempsey should pay the bills," she urged. "Dempsey is the chauffeur, you know."

"It certainly would be more proper," said Royle with a smile. "And you would be prepared to trust me, your highness?" He said it whimsically; the whole matter was laughable.

"Of course," answered Lucidora simply. "Are you not an English gentleman?"

The words stung him; it was as though almost she had struck him in the face on a mere instinct. Something better in the man came to the surface; some hope and purpose that he might, in a fashion yet to be discovered, help and protect this child. Romance was in that thought, too, and something of a high chivalry that had been—only vaguely—always at the back of his mind.

"If your highness trusts me," he said slowly, "I will not fail you."

"I am very sure of that," said Lucidora, and on an impulse stretched out her hand to him.

The man looked into the gray eyes shining under the coronet on her young head; he saw that hand waiting for him to take. With a little quick sigh, almost under his breath, he stepped forward and bowed low over the hand and put his lips to it.

"Ah!" exclaimed Lucidora with an answering sigh and a little quick flush on her cheek. "So that is all settled—eh?"

"If you are quite sure, your highness," he said.

"It is my wish," she answered. "Will you be pleased to ring the bell, Mr. Royle?"

He stepped across the room and pressed his thumb against the white button; then he stood waiting. A moment or two afterward there was the quick rustle of skirts outside and a tall, dark young woman came into the room.

She looked quickly at the princess and then at Royle; the latter stood perfectly still, without movement. Obviously the princess was in a high state of nervous tension; she stumbled over her words a little in speaking to the woman.

"Penelope—I wanted you—"

"Yes, your highness?"

"This gentleman will for the future be

—be one of us," said Lucidora. "I do not know whether you will understand—but this gentleman—Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle—will be the court chamberlain."

That amazing person, Penelope Tattersfield, did not express the faintest surprise. She gave Royle a long look and then lowered her eyes slowly. "I quite understand, your highness," she said. "A court chamberlain was, of course, necessary."

"I knew you'd think that, Penelope," said Lucidora, evidently greatly relieved. "And now will you please summon Dempsey to us?"

Penelope went quickly out of the room, and once again there was an awkward silence between Lucidora and the man. As a matter of fact, he scarcely knew what to say; this sudden and willing acceptance of himself had rather taken his breath away. Lucidora, for her part, had turned again to the mirror and was putting straight that coronet upon her hair. She spoke to him without looking round at him.

"Perhaps you think I ought not to wear this in a place like this?" she asked.

"Your highness does, of course, exactly what she likes," he answered, secretly amused at the childish question. "And if one may be permitted to say so—it is very, very becoming."

She seemed to laugh softly at her own reflection in the glass. "Does a court chamberlain usually say things like that to his princess?" she asked.

"It was exceedingly bold, your highness, I admit; I apologize."

"Oh, I wasn't exactly complaining," said Lucidora. "Only, you see, I don't think that a princess generally gets sincere compliments paid to her."

"I am glad you think and believe that it was sincere," said Royle. "And now, if your highness will excuse me, I will take my leave." He made a movement toward the door.

"Oh—but I want you," she interposed hastily. "I want you to see Dempsey. It is most important, because Dempsey holds our exchequer."

At that very moment Penelope came into the room, and after a whispered word or two to her mistress, went out and fetched Dempsey. Royle had, of course, seen him before, and now the man stared at him a little suspiciously. Lucidora addressed him quickly:

"Dempsey—this gentleman is—a friend of mine. He will be attached to me—perhaps I should say to us—for the future; and, of course, he will hold a much higher position than you have done, Dempsey. It has been most kind of you to look after all the money and pay all the bills, but in future Mr. Royle here will do that."

Dempsey eyed the stranger up and down; seemed, in fact, to take his measure; for quite a long moment or two the men were eye to eye. Perhaps Dempsey's scrutiny proved satisfactory; or, on the other hand, he might have felt that this was a delicate matter and quite beyond him. There was almost an awkward silence in the room.

"Do you understand me, Dempsey?" asked Lucidora.

"You mean, your highness, that you wish me to hand over all the money to this—this gentleman?"

"It is my wish," said Lucidora.

Very slowly Dempsey unbuttoned his tightly fitting jacket. He stole a glance for a moment at Penelope and very slightly raised one eyebrow, as though he would have asked a question; Penelope was demurely looking at the floor. Finally Dempsey took out the wallet and, after balancing it a little regretfully for a moment or two in his hands, stepped across to where Lucidora stood and held it out to her.

"Give it to Mr. Royle, please," said Lucidora in a low voice.

Dempsey shrugged his shoulders and again moved across the room until he came sheer up against the greater height of Harvey Royle. There was disapproval and distrust in his face; it was with a mere jerk of his arm that he held the wallet out to Royle.

"Thank you, Dempsey; I will be most careful of the contents," said Royle.

"I'm not doubting that for a moment, sir," said Dempsey, and turned and left the room.

"Is there anything further your highness requires?" asked Penelope.

"I have a great many things to talk about with this gentleman," said Lucidora. "I think we will sup presently in our private room. You won't mind supping with me?" she added quickly to Royle with a smile.

"I shall be charmed," answered Royle.

"In half an hour, then," she said. And

then, as he hesitated for a moment, she made a little quick movement toward him and stretched out her hand again; and once more he bent over it and put it to his lips. It seemed almost, he thought, that she liked that little touch of ceremony better than anything else.

Penelope went softly out of the room, leaving the two together. Royle was following her when Lucidora called him in a whisper. He went back to her slowly.

"Mr. Royle—you are to tell me all the things I am to do," she said. "Of course, I understand most of them; because most of them are quite simple."

"Oh, perfectly simple," he assured her.

"It's only that I'm not quite certain about little things here in England," she went on. "In Sylvaniaburg it must be so very different—I should have said it is so very different. But I don't want to make mistakes."

"I have not observed that your highness readily makes mistakes," he answered her.

"That is nice of you," she said gratefully. "But it is—this crown. Should I, for instance, wear it at supper?"

The childish gray eyes were turned upon him anxiously; he thought then, as he had reason to think often afterward, how wonderful she was. "It depends, your highness," he said. "Shall we, for instance, be alone together at supper?"

"Oh, yes—quite alone," she said eagerly. "You see, Dempsey waits outside the door and takes the dishes and hands them to Penelope. It is only Penelope who waits upon us—and that doesn't matter in the least—does it?"

"Under all the circumstances, your highness—please wear the crown," he said gravely.

"Thank you very much," she answered. "Quite between ourselves, I rather wanted to do so. In fact, I may say it was our wish."

He went out of the room and walked down the corridor to that farther room at the end; there he sat upon the narrow bed and stared in front of him. He had been for a moment in a mood for laughter; but there was nothing for laughter here.

This little princess, even with all the atmosphere of courts about her (or so he told himself) was clear as crystal—something utterly wonderful. All the cynical things that had been suggested about her, and

even the cynical things that had been in his own mind about her, were gone; everything had to be reconstructed. This child, traveling with two servants in a strange country and willing to hand over all that she possessed in the shape of property to the first specious stranger that broke in upon her privacy—nay, more than that, ready to give him a position in that strange court wherein she reigned—she was something strange and wonderful that must be protected from the world. That latent chivalry in the man came uppermost; he was in a mood to do daring deeds for her—deeds which he felt, on after reflection, were wholly unnecessary. And, meanwhile, he was to sup with her.

Dempsey of the stolid face was on guard outside the door, apparently ready to hand in the various dishes. Royle, strolling toward that door, had a glimpse of certain servants, filled with curiosity, also hovering about in the distance. Strictly speaking, of course, it was not etiquette for any court chamberlain, however new to his work, to question a servant; but Royle paused for a moment beside this stolid chauffeur. He felt that he should like to break down the man's distrust of him at least.

"I suppose, Dempsey, you have been in the service of her highness a long time?"

Dempsey, remembering that change that had been effected like magic in the moonlight outside the Elizabeth Dove Foundation, subscribed to it by perjuring himself with the utmost placidity. "Practically all her life—at least, sir, all her life since the court took to motor-cars."

"I see. Well, I hope, I'm sure, that we shall get on well together, Dempsey."

"That's scarcely a matter for me to say, sir," said Dempsey in a non-committal fashion.

"At all events, Dempsey," persisted the other, "I am sure that we all recognize the necessity for taking great care of her highness—eh?"

"I seem to be specially recognizing it lately, sir," said Dempsey, with his eyes fixed upon the other side of the corridor.

Harvey Royle was ushered into the presence. He found the princess sitting very upright in an old-fashioned easy chair; he had a suspicion that immediately before his entrance she had been lolling in that chair, and perhaps yawning a little. As she rose to greet him he took her hand and

led her with ceremony to the round table in the middle of the room and seated her there.

A knock at the door indicated that Dempsey was without, and that he had the first dishes; Penelope, who had been standing discreetly near the window, hurried across the room and took the dishes from him; the door was closed again. Penelope did her duties deftly and quickly; a light wine was opened and poured out; Harvey Royle raised his glass and bowed to the princess.

"I pledge your highness," he said.

She raised her own glass and looked across the top of it with those solemn gray eyes of hers; then she sipped the wine. "I pledge you, too," she answered. And then, unexpectedly, to Penelope: "I do not think we need detain you, Penelope," she said.

The door closed softly; and there they were, looking at each other across the round table solemnly. Royle noticed that the coronet had slipped again and was a little bit on one side; for the rest, she was perfection. After what seemed a long time, during which, in all probability, Lucidora was making up her mind what was the best and most appropriate remark she could make, she sipped her wine again and set down her glass and looked across at him with a laugh.

"I really think," she said, "in fact, I am certain that this is much better than the effete and stuffy atmosphere of courts—don't you?"

CHAPTER VIII

THE COURT CHAMBERLAIN

It has to be remembered that there was not and could not possibly be any suspicion in the mind of Royle that the real princess was not in his hands. It has to be remembered also that he had lighted suddenly upon the young girl, crowning herself, as it were, with her own regalia; traveling about the country with her servants, and gladly and willingly acknowledging the title conferred upon her. How could he possibly know or understand anything of that mad moonlight business wherein two girls—set by the very nature of things so wide apart—should from mere freakishness have held out hands to each other in different moments of desper-

ate necessity, and from that very necessity in either case have changed places?

He had his princess. He had succeeded marvelously; the very fates had fought for him. Caught in the toils himself, he did not yet know in what fashion he was to act nor what he was expected to do, and in that the curious policy of drifting which he had always adopted in his life fitted his purpose very well. That he should step into the princess's service so easily was a matter that suited his whim, and appeared to suit hers also; being in her service, it behooved him to play his part for her sake no less than for his own.

Yet it must not be denied that at that time some more ulterior motive was in the man's mind, and he would have been something more than human had he disregarded the call of that motive. He was the one and only friend (for so the amazing business of that first evening had taught him) of a young and inexperienced girl of high social position drifting about the country at the call of her own whims and fancies; and his only appeared to be the right to check her career or to guide it. The power was enormous; her utter trust and belief in him sealed that power and appeared to make it absolute.

There was no thought in his mind now that he might actively exploit her; he could go no further than the fact that she was the most wonderful and the most utterly interesting thing he had ever encountered; nor could he set aside that further fact that he alone was to be permitted to act for her. Romance had him in its grip; it must lead him and the princess whither it would, under the best and most delightful circumstances, and in the divinest weather. Further than that he cared nothing.

Yet he played the part so whimsically assigned to him just as she would have him play it. Discreetly enough he breakfasted in the coffee-room of the hotel the next morning; when presently the stolid-faced Dempsey waited upon him with word that her highness would receive him he sent back a message that he would wait upon her at once.

He found her just finishing a late and lazy breakfast; she was clad in a morning gown that suggested the very latest from Paris.

(And here we have to interpolate a remark made by Penelope in the ear of

Dempsey that very morning. "And there she is—wearing the things I packed for her highness—and wearing 'em, if I may say so, as if to the manner born. Orders are orders, I suppose; and, anyway, we've got to have a princess running round with us, or what's the good of us?")

Royle seemed to fall naturally into the business of kissing very pretty finger-tips; he did so now with a pleasant and natural morning greeting and a desire to know that she had slept well.

"Very well indeed, thank you, Mr. Royle," said Lucidora with a smile. "Only one thing has worried me: a dream about you."

"I am indeed sorry that any dream concerning me should have worried you," murmured Royle, a little puzzled. "Won't you please explain?"

"Well, you see—I believe it is customary for any one in the exalted position of a court chamberlain to have a title," said Lucidora. "Aren't they generally Lord Something-or-other or Count So-and-so?"

"I assure your highness that it is quite unnecessary," said Royle. "Perhaps on the whole 'Mr. Royle' is more dignified. Don't you think so?"

"You take a weight off my mind," she said, smiling at him. "And, after all, that is what you are really here for—isn't it? I mean—just to take weights off my mind."

"That is my real duty, your highness. When troubles arise turn always, I beg, to your court chamberlain."

"And you won't feel that you are being too hard worked?" she asked.

"My duties would appear to be extremely light," he answered. "What does your highness purpose doing this morning?"

"Well," said Lucidora, "I thought we would go and see what there was to be seen in this place; there's sure to be an old church or something of that sort. Then we might come back here for lunch, and then go off in the car"—she waved her hands indefinitely—"somewhere else."

"It all sounds perfectly delightful," he answered. "I presume you will give instructions to your maid to pack your things; I will see that Dempsey has the car ready immediately after lunch."

So they killed the hours of the morning by wandering about an old-fashioned town and seeing such things as were to be seen. Royle discovered that she had a pretty,

tender imagination, and that out of old monuments of other great ones (though not so great as she must be!) she could weave a little tender romance—of how this one and that had loved each other or how these others had loved hopelessly and had their poor little lives set awry by unkind fate. It was while they were wandering in that fashion through a very old church that they lighted upon something which, he thought, seemed to touch her own history.

It was a monument with a quaint and rather touching reference to a certain princess of France who had come to that part and had caught a fever and had died of it. In after years, it seemed, she had been taken from that meek resting-place and carried back to the land of her birth, there to lie with those of her own state. Lucidora, reading the quaint inscription under her breath, sighed a little, and the gray eyes had tears in them.

"Poor little princess!" said Royle softly.

"Yes," whispered Lucidora. "Because, you see, she may have loved this place or she may have followed some one here whom she loved; and they would not even let her poor young body rest where those who knew her had gently laid her. And she's not here at all!"

"Perhaps, like your highness, she, too, was running away from some one," said Royle with a glance at her.

"Well, then, in that case it would be an awful shame to take her back—worse than ever, in fact."

There was a long pause while they strolled about the empty church; it was Royle who presently spoke. "I suppose it's never likely that you will forgive this prince of yours and go back to him?"

"Certainly not," said Lucidora quickly. And then, remembering what the princess had said to her, "Don't you understand that I hate the man? but for that I should scarcely be running away from him. You must not speak of it, please."

"I will be more careful in future," said Royle.

They returned to the Swan hotel for lunch—to find that everything was ready and to receive an assurance from Dempsey that the car was now all right and behaving, as he expressed it, "like a lady." They lunched in the sunny window overlooking the broad High Street; half an hour afterward they prepared to set out.

Dempsey had asked for directions, and Royle had glanced at the princess for instructions.

"Oh, it doesn't matter," said Lucidora. "Let us just go on and on—and find ourselves somewhere at night where we can rest."

"What I meant was, your highness, do we still go west?" asked Dempsey. "Or should we, by chance, be going toward London?"

"London!" Lucidora clasped her hands and turned with a beaming face toward Royle. "That would be the finest thing in the world. I've never seen London."

Perhaps, too, she had a thought of that princess who had gone by train toward that magic city bearing with her the humbler name of Lucidora Eden. After all, there was nothing much, even with her present glory, in traveling about the country from one small hotel to the other; princesses did not usually do that. In London, the wonderful, there were various places of which Lucidora had vaguely heard and which she longed to see.

"For the present, Dempsey, we will go in the direction of London," said Harvey Royle with a nod to the man.

Lucidora took her place in the car and disposed herself for comfort. There was a happier light in her eyes than there had been—a light that had displaced the rather anxious look they had worn. Dempsey got into his place after looking for the last time to the luggage and to the straps that held it; Penelope arranged herself beside him. Harvey Royle, for his part, stepped into the car, closed the door, and seated himself in the cross seat immediately before that occupied by Lucidora and a little to the left, so that he might, by a half turn of his body, address her where she sat in state behind him.

Lucidora spoke quickly and impatiently. "You are to sit here, please. It is our wish."

"I could not entertain such an idea for a moment, your highness," he said. "I am quite comfortable here, thank you; the car is so very large." And so for a time they journeyed on, Royle with the distinct feeling in his mind that the princess, in that great seat all to herself behind him, was troubled and perhaps a little annoyed with him.

He pointed out bits of scenery that

might be worthy of her attention; glancing at her to see the effect of his words, he saw that she was sitting bolt upright, staring straight in front of her and taking no notice of anything. After a mile or two of that he twisted round and addressed her.

"Your highness—I have annoyed you?"

"You are annoying me every moment of the journey," she answered stiffly without looking at him. "More than that, you are spoiling the journey."

He swung himself from his seat quickly and dropped into that beside her. "I had not intended to do that, your highness," he said. "On the other hand, I was unwilling to intrude."

"You had forgotten that you were to do all that I told you," said Lucidora. "And you were making yourself more humble than was necessary. Why should you not ride beside me here? You displace no one; on the contrary, you provide me with some cheerful conversation which does not necessarily confine itself to descriptions of scenery."

"My dear princess, I am most sorry. But it might happen that I should force my society upon you—"

"When that happens I will be careful to inform you of the fact, Mr. Royle."

Properly snubbed, he sat for a long time in silence, merely stealing glances at her. He could see that she was melting; now and then, with delicious awkwardness, his stolen glances met hers. Presently a thought occurred to her, and she spoke with that abruptness to which he was rapidly becoming accustomed.

"Have you nothing to smoke?"

He had been longing to smoke; a long cigar in his case positively seemed to burn into his breast and demand to be lighted. "It—it is not necessary, your highness; I should not wish to do such a thing."

"It is our wish that you do such a thing," she said quaintly.

He produced a long cigar; he was conscious that she watched him while he cut it and while he searched for a match. When, presently, the cigar was alight, he blew the smoke as much as possible away from her, twisting his lips a little in the process.

"You will smoke it, if you please, as though you had the car all to yourself and could not possibly annoy any one," she

said suddenly. "And why, Mr. Royle, will you give me the trouble of explaining things to you and telling you what you should do? You are reversing our positions."

He smoked more easily after that, conscious of the fact that she watched him from time to time. It becoming presently urgently necessary that he should enter into conversation with her, he cast about in his mind for some subject that should interest her.

"It has occurred to me, your highness, that you may perhaps be getting—may one use the term?—a little homesick."

"Why should I be homesick when I have so recently run away?" asked Lucidora softly.

"Well—it is possible. For the place of your birth, you know."

"I was most unhappy there," said Lucidora, thinking of that other princess who had whispered to her in the moonlight.

Another pause, and then Royle broke in again. "Awfully romantic place, I should imagine, that ancient city of Sylvania-burg. Built, I suppose, on great mountains and frowning down into fertile valleys—and all that sort of thing."

"Something—something like that," answered Lucidora a little faintly.

"And I suppose the castle—or was it the palace?"

"We always called it the palace."

"A gloomy sort of fortress dating back to about the thirteenth century—massive walls—echoing corridors—a great dining-hall in which the portraits of your dead and gone ancestors hung, together with flags captured many years before in sanguinary battles."

"Oh, yes, quite like that," said Lucidora. "And, of course, there were simply hundreds of serving-men—retainers, don't you call them?—in splendid trappings—and—and they always answered when one clapped one's hands; they sort of"—her imagination was failing a little—"they sort of appeared in a moment when you clapped your hands."

"And suppose you clapped your hands when you were glad about anything and a lot of the retainers rushed in taking it for a signal—what then?"

Lucidora was equal even to that. "You don't seem to understand, Mr. Royle, that we never had anything to be glad about or to clap our hands over; so that a mistake

of that kind could not arise. If I had been glad enough to clap my hands about anything—should I at this present moment be running away?"

"It was a foolish question to ask, your highness; please accept my apologies," he said. "I was only very keenly interested in you, and naturally desired to know as much as possible concerning you. Will you please remember that I have known you only for a matter of a few hours; all your life before that is a blank to me."

"I have told you that I have been most unhappy." She sighed a little and looked out of the window away from him.

"So much I had already gathered. But surely there must have been—even in your few years—some few times when you were able to snatch happiness?"

(Yes—there had been times indeed! There had been merry girls, with never a care in the world, to whom she had chattered late at night and into whose beds she had even scrambled to whisper wondrous secrets! There had been a little matron—still young, but with gray hair—whom she had loved devotedly. She had to check herself suddenly on the very eve of a revelation; she had to conjure up another sigh as she stared out of that window opposite to him.)

"Until the present moment, Mr. Royle, I have been always most unhappy," she said.

"I am sorry," he said. "I had hoped that perhaps even in the life of a princess—cut off though she may have been from her fellows—some little hint of gladness might have entered, perhaps even some stolen love story, never to be confessed to the world and scarcely to be confessed even to oneself."

It was a difficult thing to answer; Lucidora would have been glad to give rein to her tongue and perhaps to romance a little. But the romance that was hers belonged, paradoxically enough, to some one else; and for a wholly inadequate reason she was running away from some one she had never seen. To have run away from him all on her own account seemed now to be a thing impossible.

"I had not intended to force myself upon your confidence, princess," said the quiet voice beside her. "I felt that you desired perhaps to talk about these matters; that it might perhaps relieve your mind. Princesses may have their secrets

and yet may not dare to speak openly of them."

She turned her gray eyes full upon him; the eyes into which she looked were soft and sympathetic. She leaned back in the car and closed her own and spoke softly.

"Perhaps I have been unfortunate," she said. "I have never been in love in all my life." Yet there was a curious little flush in her cheeks and her eyes remained closed.

That might have been thought to end the matter; and, of course, properly speaking, it should have done. Harvey Royle thought that in all probability the princess felt that she had successfully put him in his place and closed the conversation so far as he was concerned. Presently, however, without opening her eyes, and without even turning in his direction, she spoke of the matter again.

"Of course that is not to say that I may not—at some time or other—fall in love. It is possible."

"As you say, your highness—it is possible," he echoed.

Another pause, and then another addition to the little matter between them. "It might even be expected of me."

"It might even be expected of you, your highness."

After that, there being nothing very much to talk about, and each being perhaps occupied with his or her own thoughts, conversation languished a little, and was only picked up now and then by Lucidora with a chance remark and an obedient response from the court chamberlain. Perhaps for that reason, when they stopped at a certain hotel for dinner and where Lucidora whispered that they must, of course, dine together in the public room for fear of creating remark, Lucidora was a little cold in her manner and seemed indeed a bit cross and tired. They had previously arranged to go on immediately after dinner and reach a more important town at about nine o'clock.

For the first time in his knowledge of her Royle found the princess somewhat exacting. When once he ventured to make a jesting remark about something she turned those gray eyes upon him with a look of displeasure. He decided (blundering man that he was!) that he had in some sense offended her; he cudged his brains to make out what he had said or done during the afternoon.

"She's got her whims and fancies, I suppose, like ordinary mortals," he thought.

Presently she voiced her discontent. She leaned across the little table toward him and put a question. "Why don't you address me in the proper fashion?"

Now it had happened that, as they were merely staying there for an hour or so for dinner, it had not seemed necessary that Royle should make much of the lady's exalted rank. They had passed as ordinary travelers on their way to London — travelers of substance, evidently, but no more than that. Moreover, the coffee-room of the hotel happened to be rather full, and Royle hated the idea in his own mind of thrusting the girl upon the notice of any one. Therefore he had merely spoken to her in the ordinary fashion, without even hinting at her position.

"I am sorry," he said in a low voice. "I did not think that your highness would desire it. It can be easily remedied—"

"No, no—not now," she said hastily. "It is too late now. But you will please remember in future that it is our wish?"

"The fear in my mind was that your highness might wish, if possible, to conceal your real identity," said Royle. "You will remember that you are running away, and it is just possible that you may be discovered by the merest chance."

"I desire to remember always that I am a princess; and it is equally important for you also to remember that fact," said Lucidora precisely. "We may be making too much of this business of running away; we may even be frightening ourselves for nothing."

"I will endeavor to remember that," he answered.

There was a little puzzled frown on his face; it seemed to him that already, in the very beginning, he was failing in his self-imposed duties. But presently, as he sat there gloomily, he felt a touch upon his hand and, looking down, saw that hers lay upon it where it rested on the table. He looked up quickly.

"The princess is not in the least displeased with you," she whispered. And that seemed to set his heart bounding.

In the warmth and glory of a summer evening, under a sky star-sprinkled, they set off again. And now the newer and the better mood was on her and she chattered to him of any and every inconsequent and

light-hearted thing. Of what they would do when they should come to London, of the places they would see. Of how much he thought they would have to spend and where they would live. And was there money enough in his hands for the great expedition?

"Because, you know," she added a little anxiously, echoing the words of the Princess Felicia, "I am really very rich."

"And therefore, of course, anything so sordid as money should not trouble you," he answered. "In any case, your highness, your position would insure a certainty of my being able to raise money for you should the necessity arise. That is part of the duty of your chamberlain."

"Then, of course, I need not worry," said Lucidora placidly.

Presently it became apparent that Dempsey was having trouble with the car. Once or twice they could see him, instead of leaning back in his usual indifferent attitude, with his hands upon the wheel, stooping down and wrenching at the levers; and at such times the great car gave a little jolt, as if in protest, before jerking on again. And at last, after certain starts and plunges, it stopped altogether. They saw Dempsey climb past Penelope's knees and get down into the road and take his heavy coat off.

"What is the matter, Dempsey?" asked Royle, leaning out of the window.

"I don't rightly know, sir; but I ought to get her right in a minute or two."

Royle pulled in his head again and turned to Lucidora. "I'm sorry, your highness; I don't suppose we shall be detained very long."

"It's very annoying," said Lucidora, and closed her eyes and leaned back in her corner.

Royle got out of the car and strolled round to where Dempsey, with the great bonnet opened, was already busy with his engines. He did not speak to the man, and presently Dempsey looked up and shrugged his shoulders.

"Well—what is it?" asked Royle.

"Best part of an hour's work at least," he said. "Might be a bit more, in fact. She's been behaving cranky ever since I got her across the Channel. Lucky for you, sir, it's a warm night."

"I have my doubts about whether the princess will like staying in the car all that time," said Royle a little uneasily. "We

sha'n't get to that hotel much before midnight."

"Well, it ain't my fault, sir," said Dempsey a bit crossly. "I didn't make it break down, and I'm doing my best with it now." And in went his head again among the intricacies of the engines.

CHAPTER IX

A WINDFALL FOR MR. BUCKWORTHY

ON that very warm night, and at the very moment when Dempsey was softly cursing among his engines, a certain Mr. Josiah Buckworthy sauntered upon the lawn outside his house (it would have been described as a desirable residential property) smoking an after-dinner cigar; and Mr. Josiah Buckworthy, had he but known it at the time, was within half a dozen yards of the car which held Lucidora and beside which Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle was standing, chin in hand, in deep perplexity. As Mr. Josiah Buckworthy flashes for a moment across this story he may very properly be described.

Josiah Buckworthy had, in a very short space of time and by ways that were devious, made a considerable sum of money in the city. He was proud of that fact, and prouder still of the further fact that he had been able to purchase a "little place" within easy distance of London.

So far as the "little place" was concerned, Mr. Buckworthy talked not a little of his billiard-room and his glass houses and his winter-garden and all that was his. And on this particular night he strolled on his lawn, with his very expansive white shirt-front flashing to the moon, as it were, and there he smoked his cigar and talked about his possessions.

Mrs. Buckworthy—whose other name was Jane—panted a little slowly after him. She was glad, in a sense, of the night air of that perfect evening; she was proud of her Josiah; strange as it may seem, she loved to hear him talk. Besides, to-night there followed in Josiah's wake a humbler listener, and one to be impressed.

The humbler listener was one Mr. Andrews. Whether or not the unfortunate man possessed a Christian name it is impossible to say; in the mansion that belonged to Josiah Buckworthy he was merely Mr. Andrews, and was popularly believed to be a sort of distant cousin of

Jane Buckworthy. He was in every sense of the word a poor relation; and now and then, for a week-end, he was dragged forth from the obscurity of humble and absolutely unmentionable lodgings in London and drawn down to the Buckworthy mansion, there, if possible, to play chorus to Mr. Buckworthy and to Jane Buckworthy. And in that position of chorus he walked now humbly and delicately behind Josiah Buckworthy across the grass and listened to that great man and twittered his admiration of him.

"Ran me in for a good six hundred, Andrews, I do assure you," said Josiah, puffing at his great cigar. (Mr. Andrews smoked a cigarette with the air of one who did not enjoy it.) "And that for the glass houses alone. You can't keep up a little place like this without simply dipping your hand into your pocket every five minutes. What do you say, mother?"

"Frightens me sometimes—it does," murmured Jane Buckworthy, lifting up her dress at one side and allowing the rest of it to trail over the grass.

"Huge responsibility!" exclaimed Mr. Andrews, with that little twittering laugh to follow it.

"You're never likely to get the chance, Andrews," said Mr. Buckworthy, stopping for a moment to blow a cloud into the air and surveying the moon critically, as though he did not quite approve of it, "but what I say to you is: don't put your money into land—especially freehold. Lucky for me I can afford it, and I like to know that what I'm walking on, in a manner of speaking, belongs to me. But it's a big responsibility—take my word for that."

"It certainly must be," twittered Mr. Andrews. "The—the upkeep—and all that. I shouldn't sleep o' nights." He twittered again with nervous laughter at the mere suggestion.

They strolled on for a yard or two, and then Mrs. Buckworthy suddenly declared that she was going in. "A bit too much for me, this grass," she murmured. "I suppose you won't be long, Josiah?"

"I shall finish my cigar," said Mr. Buckworthy importantly. "A cigar that stands you in at about a hundred and sixty the box is worth finishing—eh, Andrews?"

"I should think so indeed," twittered Mr. Andrews fervently.

They got to the wide, wooden gate leading to the road; and there Josiah

Buckworthy stood, with his thumbs in the armholes of his evening waistcoat, and surveyed the country at large patronizingly. Mr. Andrews stood as near to him as he dared and glanced up and down the road.

"You get a view here, Andrews, I don't suppose you'd get anywhere within fifty miles," said Mr. Buckworthy. "And, like everything else I get, I got the view cheap, in a manner of speaking, when I took the house. What's that light along there?"

Mr. Andrews, shading his weak eyes, decided that it looked like the light of a motor-car. "We might almost stroll that way," he suggested.

Josiah Buckworthy, with a vague notion that this motor-car and the people belonging to it were, in a sense, encroaching upon his property, frowned a little, and sauntered out of the gate and down the road; Mr. Andrews followed close behind. And so, in due course, Josiah Buckworthy, proclaiming loudly the fact that he was a gentleman by that prodigious display of white shirt-front in a country road at that hour of the night, came beside the great car and looked at it critically. And the words he heard were surprising enough.

"I do assure your highness that it is quite impossible for us to go on at present."

Josiah Buckworthy took the cigar from his lips and gasped; he turned an amazed glance upon Mr. Andrews; frowned upon the poor man because he was, as usual, twittering with laughter. Next, the car attracted Josiah Buckworthy's attention; it was brilliantly lighted inside, and a young woman, richly dressed in furs, was seated in it. The man who had spoken—a tall, distinguished-looking man, Josiah Buckworthy decided at the first glance—was standing in the roadway and was speaking in tones of the deepest respect to the young girl. Mr. Buckworthy edged a little nearer.

"But it is our wish to go on," said the clear young voice of the girl.

"Even your highness may not work miracles," said Royle. "It happens to commoner people than yourself to be delayed upon the highway, and your man Dempsey is doing his best. I wish I could offer you some accommodation, but we are miles from the hotel and there is no place to which we could possibly go. Believe me, your highness, I regret it very much."

Josiah Buckworthy suddenly brought his immaculate shirt-front into fuller view. He stepped up to Royle and touched that

gentleman on the arm. Royle started and looked at him with a frowning face; but frowning faces never disconcerted Josiah Buckworthy.

"You'll excuse me," said Mr. Buckworthy, now thrusting himself a little nearer to the window of the car, "but perhaps I might be of some little assistance. A breakdown, I take it?" He jerked his head toward the vision of Dempsey struggling perspiringly among the machinery.

"It looks rather like it—doesn't it?" asked Harvey Royle ironically.

"Well—it seems to me that I might be of some little use to what one might call beauty in distress," went on Mr. Buckworthy, and Mr. Andrews twittered audibly in the background. "My little place is just here, and there's accommodation enough for anybody. I'm sure her highness would be very welcome."

Lucidora had alighted suddenly from the car; she stood now in the moonlight, looking at the man, and at the same time glancing a little uncertainly toward Royle. "It is very kind of the gentleman," she said to Royle.

Mindful of the mistake he had made earlier that day, Harvey Royle proceeded diligently to make amends. With a rather curt bow toward Josiah Buckworthy he said: "Her highness the princess is very grateful to you. If you could provide her, even for an hour, with some shelter—"

"Shelter?" Mr. Buckworthy chuckled. "My little place can provide something more than shelter—eh, Andrews?" He flung the question at the poor relation, who twittered again. "I'm sure that her highness is very welcome for just as long as she likes. I'm not saying that we can offer her highness a palace—but we do ourselves pretty well, all considered, at the Towers. If you'll take my arm, your highness—it isn't more than a step or two."

"Thank you very much, sir," said Lucidora, slipping her hand into his arm. And they walked off down the road in dignified fashion together, Harvey Royle following, with Mr. Andrews trotting beside him.

CHAPTER X

IN THE CAMP OF THE PHILISTINES

JOSIAH BUCKWORTHY strutted along in the moonlight with Lucidora hanging to

his arm; perhaps he pictured the extraordinary effect their entry would have upon Mrs. Buckworthy. He chattered all the time concerning his house and his grounds and his position and all that was generally his; and he introduced Lucidora's title into the middle of every sentence, and sometimes at the end and also at the beginning. Finally he piloted Lucidora in at the open door of the house and into the drawing-room and presented her to the astonished gaze of Jane Buckworthy, who was seated placidly in a large armchair with her hands folded in her lap.

"My dear, bustle about and stir yourself," said Josiah genially. "This lady has found herself stranded on the road outside our little place here—thing that might happen to any one. Allow me, your highness, to present my better half—Mrs. Buckworthy."

Lucidora, having disengaged her hand from the friendly arm, bowed slowly. Mr. Buckworthy contrived to get across to where Mrs. Buckworthy still sat, petrified with amazement, in the armchair, to prod her literally into a standing position, and then to whisper fiercely in her ear:

"Give at the knees! Bob!—curtsy!"

The unfortunate woman made a staggering effort at a curtsy and stared at her husband. Mr. Andrews had gone off into a paroxysm of twitterings, suppressed instantly at the sight of Mr. Buckworthy's face. Lucidora broke an awkward silence.

"It is most kind of you, madam, to take pity on us," she said in her fresh young voice. "We might have had to stop outside in the car for ever so long."

"I'm sure you're very welcome, my dear," said Mrs. Buckworthy in her homely fashion. "Though it beats me how you folks can travel about at night in those things; I should be terrified of my life. I'm sure trains are bad enough, and—"

"There—there—her highness doesn't want to hear all about that," said Mr. Buckworthy, breaking in hurriedly. "I expect her highness the princess is hungry, and, more probably, thirsty. Let's see what we can do for her."

He bustled across the room and rang the bell furiously; bustled across to the door and opened it and stood frowningly waiting for a servant to appear. In the meantime Lucidora, casting aside her heavy coat, had sunk down on a settee and was smiling placidly at Mrs. Buckworthy.

"May I please be allowed to introduce Mr. Royle?" said Lucidora. "He travels with me, you know, and looks after things for me generally. He is my court chamberlain, and I think you'll find him rather nice."

The unfortunate and bewildered Mrs. Buckworthy, determining to do the right thing on this occasion, looked wildly from one to the other, made a staggering attempt at a curtsy, and collapsed into her armchair. Royle had not quite finished his bow when Josiah Buckworthy hurried into the room, followed by a servant-girl.

"They never do hear bells in this house, and they never will," he was exclaiming. "Now, your highness, what will you be pleased to order?"

Royle stepped in quickly. "It depends entirely upon how long we are likely to be delayed, sir," he said. "We were expecting to stop for the night a little farther on; rooms had been ordered by telegraph. I am hoping that we shall not be detained very long—but perhaps the princess might like a glass of wine."

"Wine—wine—wine!" exclaimed Mr. Buckworthy, clapping his hands violently in the face of the bewildered servant-girl. "Don't stand staring like that; go and get some wine."

"All right, Josiah, I'll see to it," said Mrs. Buckworthy, rising. "And it's not a bit of good shouting at the girl like that. I won't keep your highness waiting a minute," she added with a smile and a nod at Lucidora as she pushed the girl before her from the room.

Royle had gone to the back of the settee on which the girl was seated; he bent to whisper to her.

"We might do worse than accept these people's hospitality, your highness," he said. "I don't think Dempsey can possibly get the car going for a long time; and I don't, in any case, like the idea of taking you on through the night. They seem nice folk, and hospitable; would you mind very much if they asked you to stop?"

"I wouldn't mind it in the least; the lady's a dear," whispered Lucidora.

Josiah Buckworthy had subsided onto a low chair, with his hands resting on his spread-out knees. He cleared his throat once or twice, as though with the intention of speaking; once or twice he looked frowningly toward the door. Mr. Andrews, for his part, was leaning up against the

wall, watching Lucidora furtively, much as he might have watched some wild animal that had suddenly been introduced on the premises.

"And has your highness come very far?" asked Josiah Buckworthy suddenly.

Royle answered for her. "Her highness has been traveling about from one place to another—to see the scenery," he said quickly.

"Ah!" There was so long a pause after that exclamation that it seemed, from the mere opening of his mouth, that Mr. Andrews had made up his mind to say something on his own account; but the greater man went on: "And to what branch of the royal family does your highness belong?"

"Her highness is a foreign princess," said Royle quickly. "She is traveling for her own pleasure, and will presently return to her kingdom. Her highness loves your country, and, as you observe, is very fluent in the use of its tongue."

Mr. Buckworthy nodded. "You see, we English, being accustomed to only one country—empire, I might say—and to one king and queen and their family—I say, we English don't quite understand what a lot of what I might call small princes and princesses there are knocking about on the Continent. I take her highness to be one of them?"

"That is quite correct, sir," answered Lucidora.

Mrs. Buckworthy now bustled in again, carrying a tray in her own hands; on the tray were some biscuits and sandwiches and a decanter of wine and glasses. Mr. Buckworthy hovered about uselessly and got in the way of the servant until a whisper from Mrs. Buckworthy pulled him together, as it were.

"Of course, my dear; I never thought of it," he said. "I don't know your name, sir"—for he had not caught the name while he was hovering at the door—"but might I suggest a whisky-and-soda?"

"That is Mr. Royle—our court chamberlain," said Lucidora.

"Pleased to know you, sir," said Buckworthy with a jerky bow. "But I suppose even a court chamberlain isn't above a whisky-and-soda—eh?"

"I should appreciate it very much," answered Royle. "And after that I want to have a word with the chauffeur as to what he is doing with the car."

"You come along with me," said Mr. Buckworthy, "and we'll see what we can find."

He marched Royle into a very ugly dining-room, the furniture of which consisted merely of a huge funereal-looking sideboard, a very long and heavy dining-table, and the usual complement of very hard-seated chairs.

"You'll find you've got a drop of the best there, sir; and here's a cigar that stands me in for rather more than I should care to mention, in case it might look like boasting. And to show that the stuff you're drinking isn't what you might call rank poison, I don't know that I won't join you, seeing that it's what you might call a special occasion. We do have our friends at our little place here from time to time; and I expect, if you asked 'em, they'd tell you that we do 'em rather well; but it isn't every day in the week that we have royalty with us."

"I suppose not," said Royle quietly. "It is certainly a little unfortunate that we should break down in this fashion on the road; but, on the other hand, extremely fortunate, so far as the princess is concerned, that we should have broken down near your gates. Your very good health, sir."

"I'm the one that's in luck, you know," said Mr. Buckworthy, after taking a gulp at his glass. "Lor' bless you—there are some people that I know that simply won't believe it when I tell them. Simply won't believe it! They'll say right enough, just as they've said before: 'Old Buckworthy is always pulling off something good and getting the best of the rest of us; and now he's actually got a real royal live princess added to his menagerie.' Simply won't believe it, sir!"

"There's one thing I should like to mention," said Royle as he cut the end of his cigar and looked at the flame of the match which Mr. Buckworthy obligingly held toward him, "and that is that the princess would not like this matter mentioned at all."

Mr. Buckworthy blew out the match and seemed at the same time, with the expelling of his breath, to heave a large sigh of disappointment. "I see," he answered at last. "Traveling incog., I suppose?"

"Something like that," answered Royle. "As a matter of fact, the princess is not supposed at the present time to be in Eng-

land at all. The story is a little unhappy; I only mention it in order to account for our presence here. But it is not generally known that the princess is wandering about in England."

Mr. Buckworthy pursed up his lips and nodded his large head portentously; more than that, he put a finger to the side of his nose.

"Mum's the word—eh?" he said in a whisper. "Young and pretty princess wandering about in a motor-car—with a court chamberlain!" Mr. Buckworthy drove a stout forefinger softly against the ribs of Mr. Harvey Royle. "Soft job—eh?"

Harvey Royle seemed to freeze him with the level look from his eyes. "I am so fortunate as to be in charge of her highness and of her highness's affairs," he said. "I think I'll go and see what our man Dempsey is doing."

Mr. Buckworthy instantly put himself between his guest and the door. "Now look here, you know—no offense where none's meant," he said hurriedly. "Just a little joke—between gentlemen; my mistake entirely. I'm a plain man, and I don't mind saying that I'm not used to courts or to royal ways generally. But no offense, believe me. And I'll just toddle out with you to see what your man's doing."

"Just as you like," answered Royle stiffly.

They strolled out through the silent grounds together and made their way into the road. They met Dempsey cleaning his hands on a bit of waste and looking gloomy. He came up to Royle and gave his verdict.

"I can get her all right, sir, but it's going to take time. I'm disappointed in her, and I don't mind confessing it. I don't quite know what to do, because I don't like leaving her out there all night; she'll be wet as wet with the dew in the morning."

"Don't you worry about that, my man," broke in Josiah Buckworthy. "There's a big stable at my place—presently to be converted into a garage; at the present time my son Clarence keeps a little motor side-car in it. There's tons of room, if you can get the car round there."

"Oh, yes—I can get her round as far as that," said Dempsey. "For the matter of that, I might do a mile or two, but I should be afraid of her breaking down."

"There's no need for you to do a mile or two; fifty yards is about all you'll need," said Mr. Buckworthy. "This gentleman and her highness are stopping at my little place to-night, and I should think it's just possible that we can find room for you. In fact," said Mr. Buckworthy with a laugh, "I should say it was more than possible."

"You are extremely good, sir," said Royle quickly. "And I know that her highness will be grateful."

"Might I ask what that is on the front seat?" asked Mr. Buckworthy, pointing to the huddled-up figure of Penelope.

"That's Miss Tattersfield, sir—and fast asleep at that," said Dempsey with a short laugh.

"Her royal highness's maid," Royle explained. "Could you possibly find room for her?"

"Why, yes—of course!" exclaimed Buckworthy. "We can find room for the lot of you—and only too glad of the chance. Bring your car round, my man; in through that gate over there and straight up the drive."

Dempsey touched his cap and then walked across to the car and laid a hand on Penelope's knee and shook her. "Here—come on!" he said. "'Op it!"

Josiah Buckworthy and Royle presently returned to the house to find Lucidora about to be guided to her room by Mrs. Buckworthy and attended by the now wide-awake Penelope Tattersfield. Lucidora turned a smiling face to Royle and held out her hand to bid him good night.

"I've been trying to thank Mrs. Buckworthy for her kindness," said Lucidora.

"It isn't needed in the least," said Mrs. Buckworthy.

Royle took the little hand in his, bent over it, and touched it with his lips. Perhaps Mr. Buckworthy, suddenly inspired, hoped for a similar privilege, but Lucidora merely bowed low to him in passing and was gone before he could make up his mind what to do.

"There's grace—and beauty!" exclaimed Mr. Buckworthy rapturously as the door was closed. "If I'd met her in the street I'd have known her as being what you might call superior right off. Breed—that's what it is; simply breed that tells. You and me simply can't touch that kind of thing when we're not born to it—can we?" he added aside to Royle.

"It is, of course, quite impossible," said Royle quietly.

"I want you to come and have a look at my billiard-room; built it myself," said Mr. Buckworthy. "You've left your glass behind, by the way, half filled; bring it along with you."

They went off to the great billiard-room, and Mr. Buckworthy pointed out the glories of the apartment, quite apart from the table itself, and told his guest what each single thing had cost him and how he had managed to pick it up as a bargain. Royle, desperately tired and only too anxious to get to bed, suppressed yawns and wondered how soon he could get away from his host and that poor, twittering shadow that was Mr. Andrews.

"Of course I sha'n't forget what you've said to me, Mr. Royle, about keeping the thing a bit quiet," said Mr. Buckworthy presently. "It's what I'd call a sort of trust; something you mustn't go and bleat about outside. Some scandal, I suppose, as a matter of fact?"

"No scandal can possibly touch the princess," answered Royle.

"Why—of course not; just half a look at her is enough to tell you that. Something a little unhappy in the matrimonial arrangements, perhaps?"

"That may be the cause," answered Royle.

"But you ain't at liberty to speak—eh?" Mr. Buckworthy nodded his head solemnly and pursed up his lips. "Skeletons in lots of royal cupboards, I should say. By the way, I can't even make a guess at what her royal highness really is. I don't take much account about these foreigners, though I'll take off my hat with the best to our own royal lot. Who is the lady, if it's a fair question?"

"The lady is the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg," answered Royle. "And now, with your permission, I think I should like to retire to my room. I'm very tired."

"My dear chap, I'll show you the way myself," said Mr. Buckworthy with alacrity. "Mrs. B. told me that she's arranged four rooms all in a line—and, mark you, the best rooms for yourself and the princess and her maid that we've got in the place. Sixteen bedrooms all told, to say nothing of two bath-rooms. Not bad for a little place like this—is it?"

"Sounds very comfortable," answered

Royle with a yawn. "And awfully decent of you people to come to our rescue in this fashion. I scarcely know what we should have done without you."

"Don't name it, sir, I beg," said Mr. Buckworthy, shaking hands with him inside the door of his room. "Highly honored, I assure you. I'm quite certain the princess will sleep well—and I sincerely hope you will. Wonderful pretty lady!" he added in an undertone.

He shook hands twice over with Harvey Royle and finally parted with him, going down-stairs to meet Mr. Andrews. Even Mr. Andrews was something of a comfort and a solace on such an occasion as this; if he could not exactly talk to Mr. Andrews, he could at least talk at him. And for the space of at least a quarter of an hour, while Mr. Andrews sipped delicately at a very weak whisky-and-soda, Josiah Buckworthy spread himself over what this meant to the house of Buckworthy generally.

"My dear Andrews, I can keep 'em here for a week if I want to," said Buckworthy. "I can spread myself over the neighborhood, in a manner of speaking; casual like, I can simply say to anybody: 'Permit me to introduce to you Her Royal Highness the Princess of Sylvaniaburg—temporarily residing with me and my family!' What's the matter with that—eh?"

"Simply—simply marvelous!" exclaimed Mr. Andrews. "Creating, as you might say, a sort of impression."

"An impression never to be effaced—never to be forgotten," said Josiah Buckworthy. "Now I come to think of it—you'd better pitch away that cigarette and have something a little more full-flavored. I'm not going to give you the best or the biggest; but I've got something here a bit cheaper—though even that stands me in for a lot—and I'd like to see you smoke one."

Mr. Andrews, perfectly certain in his own mind of what the effect would be upon himself on the following morning, slavishly thanked Mr. Buckworthy for his kindness and accepted a long, thin, rather black-looking cigar. He lighted it and sat down to listen to his patron.

"You see, my dear Andrews, I don't mind confiding to you that one never knows where these things begin nor yet where they end. This princess, for instance—traveling secret like all over the

place with a mighty handsome chap that she calls her court chamberlain—and a chauffeur and a maid. Why, anything might come of that; you might even get the Kaiser stepping in. He's got lots of cousins and things, the Kaiser has, and it might quite well happen that when the affair is all cleared up I might find myself in possession of a ribbon or a medal or an order of an eagle of one color or another. You needn't think, Andrews, I'm going to let that sort of thing slip by me."

"Well—why should you, you know?" said Mr. Andrews with his little twittering laugh.

Out somewhere in the drive there came the toot-toot of a motor and then a series of violent explosions. Mr. Buckworthy put down his glass and nodded toward Mr. Andrews. "That's Clarence—good old Clarence, for a thousand pounds. Run straight away down from town on that thing of his, and I'll bet he's as hungry as a wolf."

A latch-key was put in the hall door, and as Mr. Buckworthy went out into the hall he encountered a very lanky youth just removing a voluminous motoring-coat and a cap and goggles.

Strictly speaking, the removal of these garments did not leave very much of Clarence Buckworthy. He was a thin-faced youth, with fair hair carefully plastered down on his forehead and with a receding chin. The mere wisp of a closely cropped mustache decorated his upper lip.

"Hello, *pater*—so there you are!" he exclaimed as he came forward into the light. "Ripping run from what you might call good old London; did my forty-five once or twice. Any sandwiches left out for baby boy?—and above all, anything in the liquid line?"

"My dear boy, you shall have all you like, and more than you want," said Mr. Buckworthy. "Andrews is staying with us for a day or two."

"So I gathered from the fact of finding him here," was the ungracious retort. "Being here, Andrews, you might as well mix me a drink; you're not ornamental, and you may possibly contrive to make yourself useful."

Mr. Andrews, with his twittering laugh, proceeded to the dining-room, and there to the mixing of a drink; Clarence Buckworthy took it from his hand with a curt

nod and without deeming it necessary to express his thanks.

"And what keeps you up to this hour, *pater*?" he asked with his nose buried deep in the glass.

"My dear boy, a most extraordinary thing has happened. If it hadn't really happened I couldn't expect any man—not even yourself—to believe it. Motor breaks down outside our place here—awfully swagger affair—with a maid and a chauffeur and another chap to look after things—and who do you think inside?"

Mr. Clarence Buckworthy stared at his parent and slowly shook his head and drained his glass. "I ain't good at conundrums," he said.

"You wouldn't be good at this one, Clarence, I'll bet you your quarter's allowance," said Mr. Buckworthy, glancing at the door and speaking in a cautious whisper. "What would you say to a real live princess—stranded in the road—and now in this very house, attended by her maid and likewise by a fellow that calls himself her court chamberlain?"

Mr. Clarence Buckworthy coolly drained his glass and set it down and looked at his father. "What I should say would be—'Rats!'" he answered.

"Which would just show you to be quite wrong," said Josiah Buckworthy. "I've got her name, and I've got to know something about her. Running about England—that's what she's doing; sort of chase-me-catch-me business. And under this roof, sir."

"Some one's been having a game with you, *pater*," said Clarence, proceeding slowly to mix himself another drink. "In the words of the classics, old dear, they've been pulling your leg. We don't get princesses in England—running about—not even in motor-cars."

"My son, there are just a few people in this world who know something about it—in addition to yourself. The lady now reposing under this roof—and that, too, in the best bedroom—is the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg. And don't you forget it!"

Mr. Clarence Buckworthy allowed his jaw to drop until it appeared to disappear altogether; then suddenly he clapped a hand to his brow and made a movement toward the hall. "Here—you wait just half a tick!" he exclaimed, and darted from the room.

He returned in a moment or two with a crumpled-up newspaper in his hands; this he proceeded to spread out upon the table. "I know it's somewhere here," he said. "I've bought this to see what it was had won the two thirty, and I lighted on this. Seems to me, *pater*, that you've landed a winner without knowing it. Listen to this."

He turned to a paragraph at the end of the page, doubled the paper over, and then held the paragraph under the nose of his father while he read it aloud.

"We have it on the best authority that the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaaburg is still traveling in England. The various rumors that have been current concerning her movements may be safely contradicted. A correspondent on whom we may rely informs us that the lady is traveling in a private motor-car and that her final destination is London."

"Well, now, my dear Clarence—what have you got to say to that?" asked Josiah Buckworthy. "And under this roof, mind you—under this very roof."

"Seems rum—doesn't it," said Clarence Buckworthy in a subdued tone. "What's she like?"

"Quite young—and devilish pretty," answered Mr. Buckworthy. "Doing the thing in style, I tell you. This chap that's with her, for instance; she calls him the court chamberlain, and he kisses her hand when she goes to bed. All extremely good style, I tell you."

"Crikey! I should kiss a bit more than her hand, I think, if it was up to me," said Clarence. "What are you going to do about it, *pater*?"

"Well—what can anybody do about it?" demanded Mr. Buckworthy. "They're here under my roof, and I'm very proud and pleased to have 'em; it'll be something to talk about to a few people I could name."

"Oh—talk! Talk my grandmother! What's the good of that? In the first place, there won't be anybody that'll believe you, and in the second place you'll get no good out of it. Man alive—he tapped his father on that immaculate shirt-front and seemed thereby to hammer in his argument—"don't you see what it means? This here Sylvaniaaburg is a bally kingdom—and she's the ruling nibs. She's bolted for some reason or other, and it's happened that she's come to us. And

you're calmly going to let her slip away again without so much as leaving her autograph behind her. Silly, I call it!"

Mr. Clarence Buckworthy turned away with a shrug of disgust.

"There's a good deal in what Clarence says," murmured Mr. Buckworthy to Mr. Andrews.

"Quite a lot in what he says, I should think," replied Mr. Andrews.

"Why, for anything you know, there may be a reward out for this princess," urged Clarence. "In any case, you'll get your name in the papers and do yourself a bit of good that way. She's a kid, by all accounts, and all you've got to do is to act the paternal—wire home to her people and get them to do what's right and neat. Personally, I should have thought that would have occurred to anybody with average common sense."

"My dear boy, make allowances for anybody being just a bit flustered," urged Mr. Buckworthy. "If you'd had what I've had this last hour or two, with your highness here and the princess there and kissing hands and all the rest of it, you'd be what you might call just a little bit light-headed; that's what you'd be, I may tell you."

"It'd take a dashed sight more than that to upset me," said Clarence. "When you've mixed with the people I have, one way and another, you don't shift an eyelid for a duchess or a princess or anything else. You take things as they come, and they think a lot more of you. You take my tip, *pater*, whack in a wire to some Johnny at Sylvaniaaburg first thing in the morning and make what you can out of it. They'll be awfully obliged to you, and I shouldn't be a bit surprised if you don't get a ribbon or a garter or a medal or something of that sort. You might even get a few letters after your name, although that ain't half so valuable. For God's sake, old man," Clarence ended plaintively, "don't let the chance slip!"

"I think you're right, Clarence," said Mr. Buckworthy. "After all, it isn't quite the thing that this young girl should be wandering about the country in the care of a fellow who is merely described as her court chamberlain. One would expect a man with a white beard and a venerable appearance at least."

"Wish they'd give me the chance," said Clarence with a chuckle. "However, as I

say, it's in your hands, *pater*; in a sense, it's up to you. And if you don't make a bit out of it, one way or the other, I shall be seriously annoyed with you. Now give me another drink, old Andrews, and I won't say anything more about my real opinion of your face."

Mr. Andrews obediently bustled away to mix the drink, and obsequiously offered it to Clarence Buckworthy. Clarence, for his part, helped himself to another cigar, listened to a detailed account of all that had happened with regard to the coming of the princess and her attendants to the house, and obligingly told his father that, all things considered, that worthy man had done rather well.

"Send off your wire first thing in the morning, and then keep them here, on one excuse or another, until some one turns up. That's my tip, and it's a sure winner," was his final advice.

And the house sank to slumber. Lights disappeared from those rooms in which they had last remained; even Clarence slept the sleep of a tired man, with perhaps a few vagrant thoughts concerning a young princess who was in the same house. He felt, too, in his own mind, that he must be up in the morning as early as possible in order to remind his parents of what had to be done.

Presently in the distant wing of the building a door opened cautiously and a figure stole out. The figure was that of Mr. Andrews, clad in a very antiquated nightshirt, over which he had thrown a very thin dressing-gown which, as he moved, displayed his figure to the fullest advantage. He crept like a conspirator along the corridor until he came to that more important corridor which dominated the chief rooms of the house. He took infinite precautions against discovery, and very literally became a shadow among shadows as he crept from one vantage-point to another, stopping many times and peering suspiciously round corners; warm though the night was, it may be said that his teeth chattered. He came at last to a door and, not daring to knock, opened it very softly and glided in. He felt about for the switch of the electric light and turned the light on.

Lying with merely a light coverlet over him was Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle. Even in a careless life Harvey Crockford Royle must have taken good care of him-

self; he was well-developed, and he lay with the careless ease of a healthy man in healthy sleep. Mr. Andrews looked at him a little enviously and almost decided that one of these days he really would go to the expense of pajamas; they were so much more becoming. Then, treading delicately, he went across the room and touched the sleeper on the shoulder.

Mr. Royle woke lazily and stretched himself; blinked a little at the lights. Then, seeing Mr. Andrews standing a little tremblingly beside the bed, he started wide awake and half sat up.

"Hello," he said; "what's the matter?"

Mr. Andrews literally gibbered at him. That was partly on account of nervousness and partly because he desired to put into the business some little lightness that should spring from natural laughter. The result was that, as he glared at Royle and bared his teeth in the process, he looked almost ferocious.

"It—it's a damned shame!" suddenly burst out Mr. Andrews in a whisper. "You know what I mean," he went on more energetically. "That young cub—no manners—no morals—simply a beast."

"I've no doubt that I shall quite agree with you if I know who it is," said Royle easily. "But what has brought you from your sleep at this hour, Mr. Andrews?"

Mr. Andrews sank down on the side of the bed, without asking permission, and began very nervously to beat his fingertips together and to strive for words.

"It's what I say—damned shame," he burst out at last. "Why should they send telegrams and things and fetch uncles and aunts and people like that? What's the young lady done to them? Hasn't she got a perfect right to travel about where she likes, and how she likes? Because that chap"—he shook a weak fist in the air at the mention of "that chap"—"because that chap's got a bit of money there's no reason why he should interfere with other people—is it? Answer me that."

"I'll answer you anything you like," said Royle, very much amused, "if only you'll tell me what it is you're talking about. What's this chap going to do—and what is it you're trying to tell me?"

Mr. Andrews, with splutterings, got out his story—not without dire threats as to what he would do if the power lay in his hands. The youth, Clarence, had persuaded his father to telegraph to Sylvaniaburg

and to bring over those who would have the right to detain the princess or to take her back again to her kingdom; so much at least Royle gathered from the scattered, spluttering remarks of Mr. Andrews.

"I say—you're a bit of a sportsman," said Royle at last, gripping the thin hand of Mr. Andrews. "We might have been nicely trapped—mightn't we? Of course, I don't mind telling you that the princess is most anxious to evade pursuit and to get away."

"Well—and why the devil shouldn't she?" snapped Mr. Andrews. "I count it a very great day in my life—just to have had the chance of talking to people like you and having a glimpse at a princess. And can't I see them ranting about all over the place to-morrow when they find you've given them the slip."

"I'm extremely grateful to you, Mr. Andrews," said Royle. "The only question is whether or not we can manage to get away before daylight."

"Ah, that is the question—isn't it?" Mr. Andrews gripped his chin and set his head on one side. "I wonder if that man has managed to do anything with the car."

"It might be worth finding out, at any rate," said Royle. "I thought at first it would seem a little shabby for us to slip away without even thanking our host and hostess; but, under the circumstances, if these people have made up their minds to sell us, I think we are justified in giving them the slip."

Mr. Andrews had gone across to the window and had cautiously pulled aside the blind. He turned excitedly to Royle and beckoned to him. "There's a light in the stable," he said. "I shouldn't be a bit surprised if that chauffeur man wasn't at work on it."

"Can I slip quietly out of the house?" asked Royle.

"I can let you out at the side door," said Mr. Andrews, now greatly excited and dancing with bare feet on the carpet. "If you knew, sir, what I've suffered in this house and the way I've been snubbed and sat upon, you wouldn't be surprised that I should take what I might call the side of the enemy. Because, after all, you know, if you have got a little place in the country and a bit of glass and some very bad pictures in your drawing-room—it ain't everything—is it?"

"I should say decidedly not," said

Royle with a laugh. "Let's find this side door."

CHAPTER XI

THE PRINCESS BORROWS A SHOULDER

IN his eager anxiety to be of service, that remarkable creature, Mr. Andrews, would gladly have braved the perils of the night and the darkness and have walked barefooted in that absurd nightshirt of his out to the garage; but Royle barred the way.

"Look here, old chap," said he, "you've got to live in this house, occasionally at least, and you don't want to be getting into trouble."

"But I do assure you—word of honor as a gentleman—I shouldn't mind in the least," twittered Mr. Andrews. "I never felt so brave in all my life as I do at the present time; I feel as if I wanted to bite somebody or do something desperate."

He was whirling round on the carpet and flinging his arms about and giving that little twittering laugh of his at intervals.

Royle took him by his thin shoulders and shook him rallyingly.

"You go back to bed," he said. "In any case, you'll have the satisfaction of knowing that you've saved us all from a very unpleasant position; you'll have the further satisfaction of letting these unpleasant relatives of yours (always excepting Mrs. Buckworthy, whom the princess has designated 'a dear') go on guessing for the rest of their lives as to who it was that gave the show away. Go to bed."

"You're very nice people really," said Mr. Andrews, shaking hands with him a little violently. "Do you know what I shall do? I shall sit up at the window in the dark with the quilt round my shoulders—and I shall watch you go. When you start off, if it might happen that the princess should wave her hand (though, of course, not necessary in the least should she object) I should be a very happy man. Good night, sir. Between ourselves—a bit of rare good fun—what?"

He went slipping and sliding and dodging along the corridor; presently turned and beckoned to Royle, who, having put on slippers and a dressing-gown, joined him at once. The worst of the man was that he would stop and chew over the cud,

as it were, of the extraordinary adventure and suggest how neatly he had done the family and what a brave blade he was, all things considered. But finally they got to the little side door, which Mr. Andrews unbolted and allowed Harvey Royle to slip out into the grounds.

"The door's all right," whispered Mr. Andrews. "I shall go up to my room, and I sha'n't know a thing until I see you go. You needn't worry about the door being unbolted."

He shook hands again, and Royle heard him pattering up the stairs on the way to his room. Not without laughter, and yet with a keen sense of gratitude, Royle made his way cautiously across the grounds to the dark line of stabling, one narrow window of which only was lighted from inside. He thrust open the door and went in.

Dempsey, with an air of finality about his attitude, was wiping his hands on a piece of cotton waste and surveying the great car. He stepped back for a moment and jerked his head in salutation to Royle.

"Is it all right?" asked Royle in a whisper.

"Right as a trivet—or as two trivets, for the matter of that, sir," answered the man. "There wasn't no bed for me; I wasn't going to sleep till I'd got her tuned up and ready for starting. We can get off at six in the morning, if you like, and now it's only a little after three."

"We've got to get off at once, Dempsey," answered the other. "It becomes urgently necessary that her highness should start immediately and leave this house far behind. The very safety of her highness depends upon it."

For a moment Dempsey stood with the little ball of waste balanced between his hands, evidently deep in thought. Ordinarily speaking, Dempsey was a man of few ideas beyond those which concerned his engines; but now he fell desperately to thinking of what the position of things really was.

He had conceived something of a liking for Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle and something of a deep respect; more than that, he had a liking and a deep respect for the young girl who had stepped so unexpectedly, one moonlight night, into the place of Dempsey's mistress—the princess. These were games Dempsey did not understand and did not trouble to understand; but he was a man who believed that no man

should be cheated by a woman, if such cheating could possibly be avoided.

Dempsey was well paid for his services, and beyond that point he was not expected to concern himself; but he drew the line, in his own mental vision, of playing a trick on a man like Royle. And here was that man taking any amount of trouble and involving himself in all sorts of risks concerning some one who, from Dempsey's point of view, was not worth consideration.

On the other hand, he had to remember the strong command placed upon him and Penelope by the princess; he had to admit that this girl who had taken the place of the princess was absolutely likable and something more than wonderful in her conduct. It was only the after business of bringing in Mr. Royle that gave Dempsey pause.

Yet even in that case he gave a final rub to his hands with the waste, shrugged his shoulders, and decided that the matter was not for him. "Very good, sir," said Dempsey.

"Somehow or other we've got to get the princess and her maid wakened, and we've got to get the luggage down and strapped on the car. And we've got to do it all quietly, without disturbing the house," said Royle.

"Well, sir, let's hope there are no light sleepers among 'em," remarked Dempsey cheerfully.

"As a matter of fact, Dempsey, I may confide in you to the extent of telling you that these people have made up their minds to communicate with Sylvaniaburg and stir up things there and get the princess taken back again. If we waited till the morning, and went away in an ordinary fashion, these people would have contrived to forestall us. It's a bit delicate and difficult," he added, rubbing up his hair perplexedly—"I mean the waking up of Penelope—and then getting her to wake up the princess. You see, Dempsey, you can't invade a woman's room like that; suppose she started screaming?"

"If you ask me, sir, Penelope isn't of the screaming sort; much more likely to give you a black eye in what you might call the heat of the moment. I'd take on the job myself willingly, sir; I should simply go in and give her a shake and tell her to get up. I dare say you'd do it more delicately, sir; and, personally, I'm quite

willing to trust you, although the girl means a good deal to me. I think I'll leave it to you, sir. Let me know when you want the luggage carried out."

"Perhaps you'd better creep in with me now," said Royle. "I think the house is quiet, and the one man who is not asleep is the man who has warned me and therefore knows what we're doing and why we're doing it. I think perhaps you'd better put out that light," he added, pointing to one of the car lamps which Dempsey had been using for his work. "It's good moonlight, and we can get away easily enough."

"Right you are, sir," said Dempsey. And together they walked across the grounds to the house.

It was, of course, all sheer guesswork. Apart from the fact that Royle knew that the suite of rooms to which the party had been assigned all lay along the one corridor, he did not exactly know which room was occupied by Lucidora and which by Penelope. Even there, however, the wonderful Dempsey was of use; he could point out his own room which had not been occupied; he could lay a finger upon the door of the next and whisper—"the maid." He could point more respectfully to the next door and whisper—"her highness."

Penelope must have been the very lightest of sleepers, for as Royle stepped very cautiously into the room he heard her voice coming from the direction of the bed and speaking in the calmest possible fashion. "Well—what is it? Who's there?"

"It's all right, Penelope," he whispered in reply. "It's a matter that concerns the princess. I want you to dress and then go to her and ask her to dress; tell her I said so. After that get the things packed as quickly as you can; Dempsey will carry them down for you; we start in the car at once."

"Very good, sir," answered the voice of Penelope from the darkness. "Do you think I'd better dress in the dark, sir?"

"If you can manage to do that it will be capital," whispered Royle. "As soon as I have dressed I'll come back and fetch you and the princess."

He hurried along the corridor to his room, and, opening the door, switched on one light which he knew was a shaded one. He almost screamed out when the subdued glow of it fell upon a pair of naked feet

and ankles. There was Mr. Andrews, beaming and grinning and rubbing his hands.

"Couldn't see well from my room; I thought you wouldn't mind my coming in here. Isn't it awfully exciting?"

"You'll get yourself into trouble, you know," whispered Royle with a laugh. "I'm going to get dressed and I'm going to pack my things. The car's all right, and we can start practically at once. Her highness has her maid with her and things are going on swimmingly."

"Good, good!" exclaimed Mr. Andrews in a whisper. "It'll be quite funny at breakfast in the morning—won't it?"

Royle dressed swiftly and threw his few remaining garments into his suit-case and rapidly strapped it. At the last moment, just as he was starting, he turned and whispered to Mr. Andrews, who, in a great state of nervous excitement, was standing first on one leg and then on the other and emitting that extraordinary little twittering laugh of his.

"Now don't you forget to go back to your room and go to bed," said Royle. "I wouldn't have you get into trouble for the world. If you happened to fall asleep here in my room it might be awkward when they found you in the morning."

"Trust me—I shall go to my own room," said Mr. Andrews. "And you won't forget about her highness and the handkerchief—will you? You can tell her how happy it'll make me."

Royle switched off the light and stepped out into the corridor. Dempsey had one trunk already there; he silently motioned to Royle to help him, and they started off, bearing the trunk between them. They got down to that side door and stole out across the grounds and set down the trunk outside the stable door; then started back for the others.

"It's all right, sir," whispered Dempsey on the way. "Penelope's got the princess dressed and everything packed. And there isn't so much as a mouse stirring in the house."

"Can you start the car silently?" asked Royle anxiously.

"She'll simply creep out; the only noise I shall make will be when I've got her on the road and I let her go a bit."

When they reached the corridor again Lucidora was standing outside the door of her room with Penelope beside her. Royle

nodded and grinned and put a finger on his lips; together he and Dempsey brought out the remaining trunk and carried it down, together with Royle's suit-case. They passed out into the moonlight, softly closing the door behind them. Dempsey made a sudden snatch at the trunk, swung it to his shoulder, and marched off toward the stable, with Penelope following.

"Why do we do this?" Lucidora asked of Royle.

"Because, your highness, these people had decided to sacrifice us—just to please themselves," answered Royle. "They had arranged to telegraph to Sylvaniaburg in the morning and to bring some one hurrying over here to capture you and take you back again. That's the long and the short of it, and it is from that we are escaping."

"Oh!" said Lucidora a little blankly. "It's rather lucky you've got me away—luckier than you imagine, Mr. Royle." And then, with that sudden little assumption of dignity she sometimes felt it essential to put on: "We are very properly grateful to you, sir."

Dempsey, on reaching the stable, had kicked open the door and had carried in one of the trunks preparatory to strapping it in its place on the car. He was whistling softly to himself as he came out again and lifted the other trunk and took it inside; finally he faced Royle and Lucidora in the moonlight and put a question.

"No harm, sir, in my lighting up—is there?" he asked. "They've got some awkward turns in this drive, and the moonlight's a bit deceptive."

"There's no one to see us," answered Royle. "Light up, by all means."

The man went into the dark stable and appeared to fumble with something in front of the car; he was still whistling softly between his teeth. And then, all in a moment, the two great headlights poured out their electric flare into the darkness, and Dempsey, with a sudden exclamation, stepped back quickly toward the door.

On the very step of the car was seated, quite composedly, a young man with carefully flattened hair parted accurately in the middle and with a rather contemptuous grin on his face.

"Why—the who the devil are you?" demanded Royle.

It was Mr. Clarence Buckworthy, whom, of course, Royle had not previously seen. Clarence looked a little nervously from

one to the other, but carried off the thing with a swagger. He made no attempt to get to his feet; he sat there quietly.

"Evening," he said. "Perhaps I'd better introduce myself and save explanations. My name's Buckworthy—Clarence Buckworthy, don't you know. Got down late from town to-night and only heard from the *pater* about your arrival. By the way—is that the princess?" He jerked his head in the direction of Lucidora as he spoke.

"Please address your remarks to me," said Royle stiffly. "What are you doing here—and what do you want?"

"Don't you bully, my young man," said Clarence. "What I'm doing here is just to protect the *pater*, don't you know, from being made a fool of. And what I want is to request you to be good enough to go back to your rooms and wait till the morning, when you can slope off comfortably, if you want to, or if the *pater* and I let you. Savvy?"

Royle took a sudden step forward, and, before Clarence Buckworthy could realize it, had taken him by the collar and jerked him suddenly and violently to his feet. "Stand up, my friend, in the presence of a lady," he said.

"If you think you're going to teach me manners, I'll soon show you," stammered Clarence, backing away from him until he was pulled up short by coming against the car. "You're not going to do just as you like, I can tell you. I'm not the sort to stand any nonsense."

It was all over in a moment. Clarence had twisted himself round suddenly and had whipped out a revolver from his side pocket. Penelope gave a little quick scream; Lucidora was looking at the man with very bright eyes and the faintest touch of amusement about her lips. Before Royle could do anything, Dempsey had taken one quick step toward Clarence, had caught him neatly a cuff on the side of his head, and had wrenched the weapon out of his hand.

"He wouldn't do much harm with this, sir," said Dempsey, deftly opening the revolver, spinning the barrel round, and dropping the cartridges into his hand. "Cheap German stuff, and even then I'd doubt if he'd aim straight."

He dropped the revolver and the cartridges into his pocket and looked across at Royle. "He's a bit in the way, sir—isn't

he?" he said. "And we don't quite want him to wake up the house; might I suggest, sir, that we tie him up?"

Clarence Buckworthy, in a sudden panic, had made a dive for the door; Dempsey, without even taking his eyes from Royle, neatly tripped him up and stepped into the doorway. "You'll get hurt, little man, if you're not careful," he said. "You seem much too full of monkey tricks."

Clarence Buckworthy was sitting up on the floor, with his back against the wall of the stable, looking round about him. Most, perhaps, he looked at Lucidora, for the simple reason that Lucidora was looking at him, just as she might have regarded some small animal that was vicious but not really dangerous and had to be watched. Royle turned to her with a gesture, as if to ask for instructions.

"I think it might be well if Dempsey tied the gentleman up," she said softly. "From what I have seen of Dempsey to-night, he is really rather wonderful."

Dempsey, with a sort of grin, touched the peak of his cap and moved across to where Clarence Buckworthy was seated.

"Very sorry to disturb you, sir, but I'm afraid you've got to go through it," he said. "If gentlemen will barge straight into things that don't concern them and threaten what they'll do to ladies they don't even know they bring it on themselves. All I can say to you, sir, is—tut, tut! You mustn't flourish even cheap German pistols at ladies of the blood royal. Anybody would tell you that it isn't done."

Quite politely, and yet with a certain grim determination, he laid hold of the collar of Clarence Buckworthy's coat, and for the second time that evening that young gentleman was jerked unceremoniously to his feet. Clarence looked wildly about him; his well-arranged hair was now falling into his eyes, and from a look in those eyes it was obvious that he was meditating mischief. As he staggered on his feet for a moment Dempsey, with a glance at Royle, seemed to suggest what the latter must do.

"If you'd give a look to him for a moment, Mr. Royle, I dare say I can find a yard or two of rope; and I can put some knots about him that'll take him all his time to get rid of," he said, and disappeared into the darkness beyond the light of the lamp.

"Look here," spluttered Clarence to

Royle, "you'll get yourself into a devil of a hole if you interfere with me. You haven't the least conception of what the actual power of the *pater* is, and you don't know what the *pater* is when he's really roused. Look here, old son—I'm his only child, and if anything happens to me—"

"Nothing is going to happen to you at all," said Royle with a laugh. "You have displayed extraordinary and quite uncalled-for curiosity; you have been discourteous to her highness here; for those things you must necessarily be taught a lesson. The next time you have the good fortune to light upon any one of exalted rank remember what is due to them and abase yourself properly. As you have failed to abase yourself, it now becomes our painful duty to abase you."

Dempsey strolled into the light of the lamp; he had a coil of rope slung over one arm. Deftly enough he uncoiled it and shot it along the floor, then advanced on Clarence with one end held in readiness, that end into which he had insinuated a noose. Before Clarence could move the rope was slipped over his shoulders and drawn tight with a vicious tug; young Clarence winced. For the rest, the stringing up was done to a running commentary of words from Dempsey.

"Reminds me a bit of them chaps you see in the street tied up and trussed like fowls, and there's their little hats in the road in front of 'em; give 'em eighteenpence and they'll get out of it. Hold still, will you? You not having a little hat in front of you, and probably not requiring the little eighteenpence—that's a part of the game we ain't going to trouble about. (You'll really get yourself hurt if you don't stand still!) Here comes the last twist, and it's one I'm just a bit proud of; if you gets out of this I'll write you a letter apologizing. And now, sir"—he turned to Royle and indicated the squirming Clarence Buckworthy—"what would you say about his mouth, sir?"

"Personally speaking, I am not enamored of it," said Royle.

"I didn't mean that, sir; I meant in the matter of his turning out to be a squealer. I've put his little side car out of action, sir, without doing it any real damage; with his knowledge it'll take him a good twenty-four hours to get it right again. The only thing is that he may kick up a noise and start the house after him."

"In that I shall please myself entirely," said Clarence, still wriggling and yet striving to appear dignified.

"Pronounced his own sentence—ain't he, sir?" said Dempsey. "Funny thing to me is how troublesome some gentlemen will be when trouble on their part isn't called for. A horse rug's the thing for him."

Royle stepped up to the pinioned man. "You know, if you'd only have been reasonable and have understood that we had a very good purpose in getting away quietly like this it would not have mattered. But we can't have you yelling after we've started off; it wouldn't do at all. Our man here will make you as comfortable as possible under the circumstances, and I sincerely trust that you will be found in time for breakfast in the morning. The horse-cloth certainly, Dempsey, I think," he added, with a nod to the chauffeur.

So the struggling Clarence was put into the horse-cloth, which was tied firmly over his head; it was obvious that the most he could do under that smothering was to emit a few muffled sounds that could not be heard beyond the limits of the stable.

Dempsey got into his seat and turned the car dexterously and silently out of the stable and into the drive. There he opened the door of the car and stood, cap in hand, while Lucidora got in; waited further until Royle had taken his place beside Lucidora.

Dempsey at the door, before putting on his cap, asked a final question. "Is it for London now, sir?"

"Certainly—for London," said Royle.

Still the man hesitated for a moment with his hand on the door of the car; Royle leaned toward him and caught a muttered phrase from the man's lips.

"I'd like to say, sir, that I've been mistaken about you all along. I didn't know you were game; I didn't know you was going to bring us out like this. I'm sorry, sir—not for what I've done—but for what I've thought."

"Oh, that's all right, Dempsey; I hope we both understand each other," murmured Royle in a low voice.

"I hope so indeed, sir," said Dempsey, putting on his cap and climbing back to his place across the knees of Penelope.

Just as the car was starting Royle turned quickly to Lucidora. "Your highness, I had forgotten," he said. "Has your highness a white handkerchief handy?"

"I've got a small lace thing tucked away inside somewhere," murmured Lucidora.

The car was gaining speed; Royle whipped out his own handkerchief and handed it to her. "If you would be so very good, princess, as to wave it out of the window," he said. "There's a very good friend of ours watching for that signal, and you'll make that friend a very happy man."

So Lucidora waved the large handkerchief from the window until the car had turned out of the drive and was upon the highroad. Then, as it gained speed, she drew in the handkerchief and handed it to Royle.

"Who was it?" she asked.

"A certain humble individual known as Mr. Andrews—and the finest gentleman I have met for many a long day," said Royle. "His sole reward for his share in the business and for the risk he has run of quarreling with his family was that you should wave to him when you started safely away on your journey."

"You think of everything," said Lucidora gratefully.

And while they sped upon their way Royle told her more completely than he had yet done from what they had escaped. More than that, he warned her that the Buckworthys would inevitably communicate with Sylvaniaburg and would endeavor to put those responsible for the princess's safety upon her track. Speaking always, as he supposed, to the real princess, he desired to know what her feelings were in the matter.

"You see, your highness, I doubt very much if they would attempt to take you away by force, because that would mean the risk of a scandal. They are more likely to try persuasion, and it is for you, princess, to decide whether you are to be persuaded. Do you wish to go back to the life from which you ran away and to that young prince whom you so heartily dislike?"

"Most certainly I cannot go back," said Lucidora, beginning to tremble a little. "Dear court chamberlain—I have been so very happy these past few days; it has been as though I was in fairy-land indeed and had nothing to trouble about so far as the real world was concerned. It's been like a dream—with you to look after me and to save me from waking up. Let me dream a little longer, please; because when

the end comes the awakening may be very sudden. Stand between me and the awakening, please," she pleaded.

He took the little hand that was so near his own and raised it to his lips. "I will stand between you and everything, princess," he said.

He watched her furtively for a little time as the car sped on its way; he hugged these rare moments to himself. For he knew that the hunt was starting and that soon this child (for she seemed but little more) must be dragged back into the life she had momentarily forsaken. There must come an end of this strange existence wherein, with London and the world far away from them, she rode with him side by side through the moonlight and left him to dream such dreams as he had never dreamed before.

He knew, when he came to think of the matter, that it was all moonshine and nothing else, and that presently she must exist for him only as a memory—the remembrance of two gray eyes and a little mouth that rippled to laughter or quivered a little in sorrow—like the mouth of a young child. That was all to pass and to be remembered no more. Yet here, with her dear presence side by side with him in the great car, he might dream as he would.

He noticed presently that she nodded a little to slumber, awoke once or twice with a jerk and a smile as of apology to him, and then slumbered again. Strangely enough, that hand she had given him for a moment, when he vowed his devotion, was in his again now; and, yielding to the pressure of his fingers upon it, she presently turned toward him and rested against his shoulder.

"You can't know how sleepy I am, dear court chamberlain," she murmured.

"I can only guess, princess," he whispered.

With a little laugh she settled more comfortably against his shoulder and in the hollow of his arm. And so they rode together through the night.

CHAPTER XII

SHE SUPS IN BOHEMIA

LONDON had cast off the shadows of night and was waking to welcome the sun when the car which held Lucidora (known to some as the Princess of Sylvania),

to say nothing of Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle and certain servants on the front of it, drove into its streets in search of a lodging. The long journey through the night had been a matter of dreams, and dreams only; now they woke to reality. Now, for the first time, in the real sense of the word, Harvey Crockford Royle had to remember responsibilities and had also to decide the fate of the girl left in his hands.

She had wakened shyly and almost blushing; it was strange to find her head pillowed on a shoulder at that hour and to realize that in just that fashion she had traveled through half the night. Royle set her at her ease by the laughing expression of a hope that she had been comfortable; Lucidora looked out at the streets that were coming slowly to life and asked him where they were going.

"This, your highness, is London," said Royle—"and in London we have to remember that we have left commonplace things behind us and must do as London bids. We have to remember, too, your highness, that the Princess Felicia of Sylvania may only lodge in a certain fashion and that much is expected of her."

"Dear court chamberlain," said Lucidora whimsically, "you must do with me exactly as you will. You understand all these matters and I do not. Where do princesses generally take a lodging? Do they go to the Tower or to Westminster Abbey—or some place like that?"

"Not in modern times, your highness," answered Royle without the faintest twitching of his features. "Nor must we, I think, intrude upon Buckingham Palace. There are certain hotels in London wherein to live costs one about a matter almost of pounds a minute; but that will be expected of you. There is, for example, the Ritz—and there are others even more aristocratic still. It is for your highness to judge."

"You must tell me what I must do, please," said Lucidora, laying a light hand on his arm. "You know all these things—and I do not."

"It depends, your highness, upon what is your own feeling in the matter," said Royle, genuinely puzzled. "I understood that your highness was in fear of pursuit from a very objectionable young prince—"

"I don't think he is likely to trouble me," said Lucidora quickly.

"In that case, we need not take such strong precautions for hiding ourselves," rejoined Royle lightly. "Under those circumstances I would suggest an immediate attack upon such a place as—let us say—the Guelph. Many royalties have occupied the beds at the Guelph from time to time. Quiet and aristocratic, and altogether remarkable."

"Is it the sort of place that a princess might stop in?" asked Lucidora.

"Without fear of a breath of scandal," answered Royle. "You might stop at another place and have the finger of suspicion pointed at you; but at the Guelph—never!"

"Then we will go to the Guelph!" said Lucidora with decision.

He asked one further question before they actually came to that most select hotel; and she answered that question without hesitation.

"Is it your intention, your highness, to take your place now in London under your proper title?"

The answer was a remarkable one, not to be understood by him at that time. "Yes—I promised that I would do so; it is all arranged," she said.

There are certain formalities to be observed at such a place as the Guelph; one may not walk in out of the street and throw one's suit-case at a servant and demand a room. But one may approach that person who is supposed to be the real proprietor (and is not) and may make arrangements for the housing of royalty.

Royle, with his perfect manners, carried the matter off as such a matter should be carried off, was punctilious concerning the suite of rooms her highness was to occupy, made known carefully the actual position of each member of the party. Long before that was ended a private sitting-room had been arranged for the princess, and she was firmly established in this, the most aristocratic hotel in the largest city in the world.

"And what, if you please, am I to do now?" asked Lucidora.

Royle was puzzled. He had perhaps forgotten exactly what Lucidora's notion of London was likely to be; he had probably lost sight of the fact that, in a sense, she lived up to her coronet and her court chamberlain and all the rest of the business. Lucidora suddenly pictured herself seated in a room in a sort of gloomy state,

with hands folded in her lap; and she had dreamed of London opening its arms to her and calling to her excitedly to come and make the most of it!

"Well, your highness, I scarcely know. You see, it is rather difficult. You might go to a theater—where every one would stare at you—"

"I should not mind that in the least," said Lucidora with a little laugh.

"Or it might be possible for you to go to the opera. I don't know, I'm sure; but it might be arranged. But even there, your highness, it would be necessary for you to have a box; and all the good boxes have been subscribed for months ago. I think we might get a box at the theater somewhere."

"If it is difficult—and the sort of thing that ordinary people cannot do—we should prefer the opera," said Lucidora.

In a manner of speaking, Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle may be said to have plunged back into London on Lucidora's account. It does not concern us to know exactly how he managed it; nor do we need to chase him from one tea-table to another in Mayfair, on a hot afternoon, with that one idea solely in his mind. Suffice it that, with the dropping of whispers and the pursing up of lips and the nodding of a head, he achieved his purpose. A certain very exalted lady would be only too delighted to let him have her box for that evening.

"And to think of the princess running about in that fashion and no one knowing anything about it except by hints from those terrible newspapers. Don't lose your head or your heart, my dear Harvey"—the certain very exalted lady tapped him with her fan—"because she's bound to be snapped up by the right man after she's had her fling. And I will say this for you, Harvey: she might be in worse hands than yours. Is she really pretty—or just passably pretty enough for a princess?"

"She is really pretty, I assure you," said Royle. "And I am most grateful to you, countess; because, when a royal lady commands, one finds it difficult to make excuses."

As he rose to take his departure she held his hand for a moment and made one last request. "The *Morning Post* to-morrow, Harvey; full title, and my name, of course," she said. "In these days, when any one can get into the papers after be-

ing born about five minutes, it is so very necessary."

"I will see that it is done, countess," said Royle, and sailed away in triumph to present himself to Lucidora. For there were things to be done.

There was no question now as to whether or no Lucidora might wear her crown; that was essential. More than that, she might put on any and every jewel she possessed; so much was also essential. Royle explained to her the difficulty he had had in securing a box for this great evening, when Caruso and Melba were to sing; they were mere names to her, but she was impressed by the fact that they evidently meant very much to him. And the opera was "La Bohème."

"Since you have decided, your highness, to come out into the light of day," said Royle, "there are certain things one is compelled to remember. A princess of your position may not go about like a private person; you must be attended."

"But you will attend me," said Lucidora, looking at him with a smile. "And that is all I want."

"My dear princess, I fear that we must invent or discover or hire a lady in waiting," answered Royle. "This will be in the papers to-morrow; and it will be told how the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaaburg occupied the countess's box. But the Princess Felicia may not go alone with her court chamberlain."

"You mean—it wouldn't be respectable?" she asked bluntly.

"Frankly, your highness—that is what it means. That, in a sense, sums up my whole position: that I may not allow you to go beyond that straight, strict line that bounds your conduct."

"Oh!" Lucidora looked at him in perplexity. "Then, even if I'm a princess, I'm not allowed to do what I wish?"

"Far less, your highness, than if you were an ordinary mortal," said Royle. "But come—I think we may get over the difficulty easily enough. You require a lady in waiting; we can make one up on the spot. If you have anything to fit Penelope—"

"Oh—yes—of course; I can easily make Penelope into a lady in waiting," said Lucidora with a little laugh. "We can put her in the back of the box where no one will see her; and we can have the front of the box all to ourselves—can't we?"

"Quite easily," said Royle. "And now, your highness, please put on all that befits your dignity as a princess, and we will dine here in state and go afterward to the opera."

"And Penelope? Does she dine with us?" asked Lucidora.

"On this occasion, your highness, the presence of the lady in waiting may be excused," said Royle with a grin twisting his features. "But it will be necessary for her to ride inside the car with us. Should any one come to see us in our box it will not be necessary, princess, that you should introduce her; merely tell her to bow when she feels in the mood for it—will you?"

In that most select restaurant in the most select hotel in London Lucidora and Royle dined together at a table that had been reserved for them. Not a few eyes were turned in the direction of the man and of the young girl seated opposite to him, with her coronet on her fair hair and the three rows of diamonds about her neck; and already her name and the romantic story that belonged to the name had been whispered abroad.

More than once lorgnettes were raised on aristocratic noses, and on each such occasion Royle was glad to observe that the girl bore the scrutiny well, with a little sudden proud raising of her head. One or two men at adjacent tables twisted the ends of mustaches and gazed at the pair; Royle was glad when once or twice, as though to reassure herself and him, she gave him a dazzling smile as she made quite a commonplace remark.

"Will it be very wonderful—and will all sorts of people stare at me, as these people are doing?" she asked him.

"It will be, I think, princess, something more than wonderful," he answered her. "You will hear some of the greatest singers in the world; you will see an audience such as I think you have not seen before; you must inevitably have opera-glasses leveled at you. For are you not a princess?"

She gave a little sigh and looked at him with a quick smile on her lips. "Yes—one sometimes forgets one is a princess," she said. "And, while I think of it—Penelope took a lot of trouble—but is my coronet on straight?"

"Perfectly," he assured her. "On former occasions I have observed that it sits upon the head of your highness with al-

most a rakish air; to-night it is perfectly straight."

"I'm so glad," she whispered with a little laugh. "And I feel quite safe now," she added, "because you will be beside me and will tell me everything I ought to do. You won't leave me to get on just alone by myself—will you?"

"I shall be by your side whenever you want me," he said.

Toward the end of dinner, when she was pulling on her gloves, Lucidora bent toward him; he saw that there was a little anxious frown on her face. "Mr. Royle, there is a man at that table over there—the second from ours—that young, fair-looking man, quite alone. Do you know him?"

Royle turned a slow glance in the direction indicated; he looked long at the young, rather boyish-looking man who was seated alone. The young man rewarded him with a cool glance, and then looked away; Royle turned to Lucidora.

"I haven't the least notion who he is, your highness," he answered.

Penelope appeared mysteriously from somewhere or other; and Penelope was wonderful. Lucidora gave a little chuckle of laughter, and squeezed Royle's arm as Penelope advanced toward them in the hall of the hotel.

"I got her into her things," whispered Lucidora. "Not bad—is she?"

"Splendid!" murmured Royle.

Penelope's dress was not quite a fit, in the sense that she was too tall, and just a little too slim for it; but she carried herself with dignity, and bowed low as Lucidora met her. The car was at the door, with Dempsey in his place. Lucidora took her place, with Royle beside her, and with Penelope in the humbler seat before them. And already Royle could see that Lucidora was in a very flutter of excitement.

As they waited for a moment in the foyer of the opera-house, Royle observed that the young, fresh-complexioned man who had been dining at the Guelph was there before them; he favored them with a long scrutiny, and then passed on apparently to his stall. Even as he went down the short flight of steps he paused for a moment, with his white-gloved hand resting on the rail, and looked back at them. Royle felt Lucidora's hand on his arm as he walked with her to the box.

And so, for the first time, this child whose sole experience of life had been, until quite recently, of the most ordinary and commonplace description, stepped to the front of the box, and surveyed the house. If for a moment she gave a gasp of very real astonishment she hid it quickly enough; she sank into her place, with that pseudo lady in waiting Penelope (whom nothing could disturb) a trifle behind her. Royle took his place, and Lucidora noticed with satisfaction that he bowed to one or two acquaintances in various parts of the house.

Curiously enough, too, it seemed that some whisper concerning herself had gone like a wave through the place; she got the very air of it as heads were bent together and eyes were turned in her direction. Royle whispered to her quietly:

"I rather think that they know all about the Princess Felicia, your highness," he said. "You are creating quite a sensation."

"That was our wish," said Lucidora softly, smiling at him.

The young, boyish-faced man had found himself seated next to a stout individual who appeared to know several people round about him; and those several people were men. The stout man leaned to a man in front of him, and whispered so loudly that the boyish-looking man heard distinctly what was said.

"By Jove! It really looks as if Royle had pulled it off. I heard rumors, but I couldn't credit them for a moment. It would be like him if he has."

"I shall try and find out presently," whispered the other. "But it's certain she's nothing ordinary."

The man left his seat after the first act, and came back, and leaned across to the stout man. "Yes, it's true enough," he said, with a little chuckle of laughter. "It's the Princess Felicia right enough. Look at the women watching her."

The man with the boyish face left his seat quietly, and strolled up in search of the box which held Lucidora and Royle. At first he seemed to hesitate; he fumbled with a card in his pocket, and waited for some time before going in search of an attendant. And while he waited, the door of the box was opened, and Royle came out quickly. For an amazing thing had happened.

Lucidora, glancing round the house while

the lights were up, and carelessly searching the sea of faces, saw one face she knew, high above her in the front row of the amphitheater stalls. She had seen that face on one memorable occasion with the moonlight shining upon it; the face of the real Princess Felicia.

The princess was leaning forward with her elbows on the edge of the circle and her chin propped in her hands. Even as Lucidora looked at her, she saw that the princess had recognized her; she was leaning forward eagerly, with a half-amused smile on her lips. Lucidora, for her part, sat there wondering what she should do; for such a meeting as this had not been counted in her calculations.

"Is anything wrong, your highness?" whispered Royle.

Without looking at him, she kept her eyes fixed steadily on that circle above her, and drew his attention to it.

"Do you see those people in the front of the circle there—a young girl, and a man beside her with very dark eyes and extraordinarily long hair? There—next to that stout woman. The young girl is looking this way."

"I can see them perfectly; do they know you?"

"The girl knows me; she is a—a friend of mine. I suppose I could not possibly go to her—could I?"

"That is quite impossible, your highness," answered Royle. "But if it is very important I could take a message to the lady, and could even summon her here to see you."

"Yes, I think I must see her," said Lucidora. "Will you go quickly, and say that I wish to see her."

Thus it happened that as Royle hurried from the box, the boyish-looking young man who had been dining at the Guelph and who had afterward occupied a stall at the opera, beckoned to an attendant, and gave him a card; at the same time he pointed to the door of the box.

"Will you be so good as to take my card to the Princess Felicia? I am an old friend."

The man looked at the card, and glanced quickly at the other; then he stepped forward, and tapped on the door of the box. Penelope rose at once, went to the door and opened it; she came to Lucidora with the card in her hand.

"Your highness, a gentleman wishes to see you; an old friend."

Lucidora looked at the card. On it, beneath a coronet, was printed in tiny letters—"Prince Joycelyn of Duringwald."

With Royle absent Lucidora turned instinctively to Penelope, with a puzzled frown. "What am I to do?" she whispered. "Do you know him, Penelope?"

The imperturbable one spoke quite coolly. "It is the prince from whom we are supposed to be escaping, your highness," she said. "It will be well that you should see him. Your highness will remain seated."

The boyish-looking young man came into the box, and bowed low before Lucidora. He was certainly good-looking, and his eyes at that particular moment were mischievous. Lucidora decided on the instant that she must assume a dignified attitude she was very far from feeling, and a haughty one at that.

"Will you be seated, prince?" she said; and the young man sat down and looked at her smilingly.

"I had not hoped to be so fortunate as to meet your highness," he said in his pleasant voice that had just the faintest possible accent in it. "When your highness left us all so abruptly at Sylvaniaburg we were naturally in despair. I trust that your highness is very well."

Still the mischievous eyes searched hers, and still Lucidora wondered what she was to do. Two persons beside herself in that box—the prince and Penelope—knew perfectly well that she was a fraud; and Lucidora knew it also. Yet here was the man who must have known perfectly well that she was not the Princess Felicia greeting her charmingly as a recovered friend.

She remembered a certain part she had to play; she glanced across toward the amphitheater stalls, and there saw the real princess nodding slowly, while she obviously gave Royle, who was bending over her, a message. She saw Royle, with a gesture, turn away from her.

"Thank you—I am very well," she answered, looking at the prince out of her clear gray eyes, and wondering if by chance there was a frightened expression in them. "So it would appear that your highness has kept up the pursuit?"

He seemed to wave aside an objectionable phrase; he shook his head whimsically.

"There has been no intention on my part of pursuing your highness," he said—

"although I am bound to confess that the pursuit would not have been without interest." He bowed again, and once again that mischievous light came into his eyes.

There was an impulse on Lucidora's part to throw herself suddenly on his mercy; to tell him of that cheat that had been practised; to beg that he would, in the friendly fashion that seemed to belong to his friendly face, absolve her from what she had done, and take the jest in the spirit in which it had been perpetrated.

And then, on top of that, came the remembrance of the girl seated in the front row of the amphitheater stalls—that real princess to whom Royle had given a message, and from whom he was bringing one. This man who smiled so charmingly at Lucidora was, in a sense, the enemy of that princess who had enriched her; all Lucidora's loyalty was for the princess. There must be a way out of the difficulty; but the way was not for her to find.

Royle entered the box. The prince rose as he entered and looked a little challengingly from Royle to Lucidora, and back again. It became necessary for Lucidora to make the explanation.

"Mr. Royle, this gentleman is Prince Jocyelyn of Duringerwald"—she handed the card to Royle as she spoke. "You have doubtless heard of him?"

"I have, your highness," said Royle.

"Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle is our court chamberlain," said Lucidora stiffly.

"And is so fortunate as to travel with you, and in a sense to attend upon you," said the prince, with steady eyes upon Royle. "My felicitations, sir."

"I am bound to remind you, sir, that you have intruded most unwarrantably," said Royle. "You have already caused pain and annoyance to her highness; I must beg of you not to trouble her again."

"I am afraid that that is an injunction I may not obey," said the prince smilingly. "I feel that the princess will be the first to understand how very greatly I am interested in her. Indeed, only the princess will understand that, I am certain."

He gave Lucidora a long look as he bowed himself out of the box, and Royle, glancing at the girl, saw that she was blushing furiously. As they settled into their seats again, he gave her that message he had brought from the amphitheater stalls.

"Miss Eden will certainly obey your command, your highness," he whispered.

"She will meet you as you go to your carriage. It is all arranged, and I believe that, subject to your highness's approval, Miss Eden would like you to sup with her. She has been so good—again with your approval—as to include me in the invitation."

She gave him a long look; and he nodded and smiled.

"I think your highness will like it," he said. "We shall sup in Bohemia."

"And where is that?" asked Lucidora.

"It happens to be situated in a certain place known as St. John's Wood," he told her. "There your highness will be received by wonderful people who will sing to you, and play to you, and perhaps even dance for you. No sham world this time, princess, but the real world, where men and women live and love and work and play."

The wondrous traffic of the stage had lost its interest for Lucidora; she sat there staring at it all, and wondering what was to happen to her. She had not thought to be brought suddenly face to face with any one concerned in that story in which she was playing a part; nor could she understand why this young prince should so readily have accepted her, knowing, as he must know, that she was not the princess at all.

Most of all, perhaps, she thought of Royle. Royle had stepped into her life with no possible knowledge of the fraud she was perpetrating; Royle honestly believed that here was the real princess—some one who needed his help and his chivalrous attention. Royle had not known of that moonlight business outside the Elizabeth Dove Foundation; Royle had flung himself only into the life of one he believed to be a princess; of the orphan and the failure he knew nothing.

In a vague fashion, as she glanced at Royle from time to time, she was sorry for him. Some day he would have to be told; some day he must know her for the cheat and the fraud she was. And that would be hard.

It was all over at last, and Royle was steering her carefully and skilfully out into the foyer. And there was a girl in a high-necked white dress, standing beside a singularly handsome man with a great mass of dark hair. And the girl in the high-necked dress dropped a curtsy to Lucidora and introduced her companion.

"Your highness, this is my friend Mr. Michael Berlandina," said Felicia. "This,

my dear Michael, is the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg."

The long-haired one swept his black, soft felt hat off with a low bow. "I am informed by Miss Eden that you give us the great honor of your company at supper to-night," he said.

"I should love it," said Lucidora.

"Does your highness really mean to sup with these people?" whispered Royle in her ear. "Frankly, you know, you'll be tremendously amused."

"I want to do it of all things," whispered Lucidora. "And will you please get a taxi, and come on to the place after me? It is our wish to be alone with Miss Eden."

"Certainly, your highness," said Royle. "Miss Eden knows where it is—Azalea Road, St. John's Wood. I'll bring on Berlandina."

"And will you please tell Penelope to get into a taxicab, and go straight back to the Guelph?" pursued Lucidora. "Even if she is a lady in waiting, there's no reason why she shouldn't look after herself for once."

So Lucidora entered the great car, with quite a lot of people pressing near to get a glimpse of her, and with that humbler figure of Felicia walking beside her. And Dempsey started the car, and, had he but known it, let loose in a moment a flood of talk.

"Princess, I never was so frightened in all my life," panted Lucidora, gripping her hand. "You must be so annoyed with me—to have come face to face with you like this."

"My child," said Felicia, in her soft voice, "it is as though one looked into a mirror. Can't you understand how often I have sat where you sat to-night, or in some such place; and how I have looked, as you looked to-night, and have seen the commoner people (as I should have called them then) sitting far above me or perhaps below me, and wondered what they were thinking about, and what they were talking about? And now I know!"

"It's all been so wonderful, princess," went on Lucidora. "Even in a few days—just the life I've led, and the people I have seen."

"And have you been happy?"

"I—I think so," said Lucidora slowly. "No—no—that's ungrateful," she added quickly. "No one could help being happy, situated as I have been. I've had every-

thing I've wanted, and I've wandered about the country and seen people; everything has been simply wonderful."

"I noticed that you have not traveled alone," remarked the princess quietly.

"Oh, you mean Mr. Royle. It seemed that, in my ignorance of court matters, I had not known that a chamberlain was necessary—to travel with me, and look after me."

"Oh, they told you that—did they?" suggested the princess, with a little mischievous laugh. "You would appear to have chosen a handsome one, my dear."

"He chose himself," said Lucidora. "And in any case he was the first one that offered."

"I see. And have you traveled about with him from place to place, and have you been seen in public—as to-night, for instance—with this handsome court chamberlain?"

"Indeed, your highness, I do not think that I have noticed his looks."

"No, you have just taken them for granted," said the princess. "And always you have traveled, as we arranged, and been seen, as we arranged—as the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg?"

"Always," said Lucidora, turning her gray eyes upon the other.

The Princess Felicia clapped her hands and burst into a peal of laughter. "It is the greatest and the most wonderful scandal that is ever likely to convulse Europe!" she said.

"But how—how convulse Europe?"

The princess slipped a hand under her arm and felt for the little gloved fingers. "Oh, my dear, I know all about it; I can read all about it in your eyes. And you've done just what I've done, in that sense; you've found life for yourself—and love for yourself—and the real beauty of things for yourself. Come—we'll sup in Bohemia to-night, and play our parts as we have played them all the time."

"But tell me—have you found life—and love, princess?" whispered Lucidora.

"Both, I think," answered the princess. "And my love speaks to me out of the twang of the strings of a violin; and looks his love out of the most wonderful eyes in the world."

Just before the great car drew up at the door of the house in Azalea Road, Lucidora remembered her visitor of that evening, and spoke hurriedly about him to

the princess. "Your highness—the man from whom you ran away—Prince Joycelyn—came to see me to-night in the box."

"Ah—I thought I saw him in the stalls," said Princess Felicia. "And what did he have to say to you?"

"He treated me as though I were the real princess I was pretending to be," replied Lucidora.

"That's strange," said the princess, as the car stopped. "I wonder what he means by it. Not that it matters in the least, my dear," she added mischievously, as Dempsey opened the door of the car, and stood cap in hand. "Because, you see, he's running after you now—and not after me. Come to supper."

CHAPTER XIII

MICHAEL TELLS OF A LOVE STORY

LUCIDORA found herself walking through a long, dark garden; overhead, shutting out the stars, there seemed to be a long iron canopy. Guided by the princess, she stumbled up two or three steps, and through a doorway; and so found herself in the midst of a big company of people.

Only one or two of them were in evening dress; the others appeared to be clothed in ordinary work-a-day garments. There was a very babel of talk going on, broken in upon now and then by shrill laughter; the women seemed to be laughing the loudest. Nearly every one was smoking; and most of the women smoked cigarettes with the air of experts, and talked, as it were, between the puffs. There was perhaps a slight cessation of the commotion when Lucidora advanced into what appeared to be a great studio, and found herself grateful for the support afforded by Princess Felicia.

The studio was a vast apartment, with skylights let into the roof, and now illuminated with a number of electric lights. It was crowded with men and women; and all the men and women seemed to know each other. In a curious fashion, almost as though they had drawn apart from her, Lucidora found herself standing in the middle of the great room, with the Princess Felicia beside her—just the two of them alone together.

"Here we drop crowns and abandon ceremony," whispered the princess. "Here we live as natural men and women; the

crossing-sweeper from the street touches hands even with yourself. Here are no forms, and no questions of etiquette; the mere fact that you are here is sufficient. That is what you like—is it not?"

"Why, of course," said Lucidora, a little bewildered. "But it has all seemed to be so strange to-night; I have changed, as it were, from one person to another; I am as one lost."

"You have to remember, my dear, that you are the Princess Felicia of Sylvania-burg; you have to forget all else," whispered the other. "Come—you have played your part well, and you must play it well until the end. If you look across to the door there, you will see that adorable court chamberlain of yours just now entering—and bringing with him some one even more important than himself."

Lucidora, glancing across the room, saw that Royle had entered, and was accompanied by the dark-eyed, long-haired Michael Berlandina. Berlandina, with a swift movement of one hand, swept back his hair from his forehead and made straight for the Princess Felicia. Lucidora saw the sudden new light in his eyes, and read perhaps what was not meant for her to read at all.

"You have been quick, my dear Michael," said the princess.

"I have been slow—too slow," he answered. "The princess here"—he indicated Lucidora—"travels in state in her swift car; the taxi of the London driver halts upon the way. I may take you to supper, Miss Eden?" he asked of the princess.

"Why—naturally," said Felicia. "And we have to be quick, or we sha'n't get a meal."

Royle had strolled across to where Lucidora was standing; he offered his arm.

"There is such a crowd here, your highness," he said, "that we must get what we can find, and get it quickly. No distinctions are made with regard to any one; all barriers are leveled. If you will come with me and let me find a place for you in this corner you will see and hear all that is to be seen and heard; and I shall be able to snatch a sandwich or two for you, and perhaps something to drink. You won't mind that, I'm sure."

"I shall love it," said Lucidora, seating herself in the corner he had indicated, and looking about her with bright eyes.

She had never seen such a picture before; had never had a chance of observing women in weird garments, and women in very beautiful ones; men in evening dress, with orders upon their breasts; men in velveteens and tweeds; men and women smoking cigarettes, and men smoking pipes and cigars. And every now and then a man would get up, and would stroll across to the grand piano in the corner of the room, and would talk with shrugs and gestures to the man who seemed to be a permanent fixture there; and so would break out into song. And at such times all the laughter and the noise was hushed; for the man would be a great artist.

Presently, where Lucidora sat in her corner, with her coronet balanced on her fair hair, the Princess Felicia came across to her. The princess was smoking a cigarette; and there was laughter in her eyes that Lucidora had never seen before. She settled herself beside Lucidora, and looked at her quizzically, and then laughed.

"I have been watching you, sweetheart, all the time," said the princess. "I could not have believed that you would do the thing so well. I see people turning their eyes in your direction; and I find myself filled with a superb and beautiful jealousy. They all believe in you; you are something wonderful—set quite outside our world. Do you like it?"

"I do not like it now that you have come and told me. It seems to be all wrong," said Lucidora. "I cannot pretend any longer, now that you are here."

"But you must go on pretending," pleaded the princess. "I am having the great holiday of my life. I live in this studio, and here I entertain my friends; and they talk to me of the great world I have never understood before. Men and women who are doing things in the world come to me here, and look at me with their bright eyes, and tell me of their hopes and their desires; and some of them tell me that I inspire them. Listen now, and look for yourself; one of the inspired ones is watching us."

In the blue haze of smoke Michael Berlandina had risen, had given a little shake to his dark hair, and had tucked a violin under his chin. As the first notes of the piano seemed to drop out liquidly across the room a hush fell upon them all; Lucidora felt her hand gripped by the fingers of Princess Felicia.

"Listen!" she whispered. "He plays as one might pray to one's God!"

However that might have been, he played as one might have played to one's princess. The long, low, sobbing notes seemed to echo through the place; Lucidora saw more than one man seated there, with his face dropped in his hands, and the very soul of him drinking in the music. That instrument of wood and cords seemed to throb out a message, and seemed to speak as though straight to her own heart.

All lesser things had dropped away; she sat there, rapt and silent, and with her breath coming quickly, until the last soft note had died away and had left them awed and still. Perhaps the most wonderful thing was that at the end there was no applause; only a perfect silence, and, as it seemed, a little sigh that went up from all those that had listened.

"He is very wonderful," said Lucidora.

"There is no one like him in all the world," said the princess. She gave a little quick sigh that was half a sob, and yet had a touch of laughter in it. "And he loves me—that poor man who plays the fiddle."

"But—does he know?" asked Lucidora, in a whisper.

The princess sat with her elbows on her knees; she was staring in front of her; and now there was no laughter in her eyes nor on her lips.

"Why should he know?" she asked softly. "He plays for me as he plays for no one on God's earth; and it is written in the skies that I shall break his heart. What are kings and princes, when one remembers that he can stir hearts as he has stirred them just now? He thinks me a young art student, with perhaps a little money to play with; and he tells me that if by chance I should laugh at him, and cast him aside, he would never play his divine music any more. And you know that I must cast him aside—though God knows I could not laugh at him."

Lucidora was silent for a moment; instinctively her hand had stolen into that of the other girl, and gripped it. "And you will go back?" she whispered.

"I must go back; so much is written also in the stars. We have been playing at life—you and I; we have laughed in the sunshine—and it is but the sunshine of our own making—a false glamour. Presently I must cease pretending; presently I must

end all this and go back to the man who has come to find me and to whom I belong. And the poor fiddler will perhaps break his heart."

"Just a little longer, princess," whispered Lucidora.

"What—is the little girl from the charity school caught in the toils, too?" asked the princess softly. "Has she played at life and found that life plays the game roughly at times? Has some one stepped in and whispered the most wonderful thing that can happen to any woman? You and I, little sham princess, seem both to be caught in the toils a little."

"I am afraid," said Lucidora. "I dare not go back and tell him what I am and what I have done—"

"And my poor fiddler does not know that I am a princess," whispered Felicia. "For just a little while longer, my dear, you and I must play the game, and must hope that somehow or other we shall escape. Meanwhile," she added more brightly, "I see that wonderful court chamberlain of yours gazing at us hungrily; and my poor fiddler looks as though he would like to tell you all about me and how wonderful I am and all the things he thinks I do and that I know I never shall do. I think I will carry off your court chamberlain—and my poor fiddler shall bore you to tears concerning my many perfections."

A noisier member of the party had seated himself at the piano and, with a little crowd about him, had begun something in which quite a number of them could join in a rollicking chorus. The violinist had detached himself from the rest and was moving a little shyly toward Lucidora; the Princess Felicia had risen and had contrived to intercept the advancing Harvey Royle.

"Mr. Royle, I want so much to talk to you about my friend the princess," said Felicia. "It is so strange that we should have met like this to-night."

He offered her his arm, and together they walked out through the great doors of the studio into a garden flooded with moonlight. "I had not understood that the princess had friends in London, especially—" He hesitated on the word, and she mischievously finished the sentence for him.

"Especially such humble friends—eh? Let us say that it was a chance meeting

—quite a long time ago—when we were girls. Don't you think, Mr. Royle, that your princess is rather wonderful?"

"I think her something more than wonderful, Miss Eden," he said. "But why do you call her *my* princess?"

"Haven't you rather taken possession of her?" asked Felicia.

"Well—some one had to do that," he answered a little lamely. "She was wandering about England practically alone and very, very inexperienced. I heard about her by the merest chance; I may be said almost to have come to her rescue."

"Doesn't it sound romantic!" she exclaimed, with again that suggestion of laughter in her voice. "I thought that it was only in fairy tales that handsome young men (oh, I am not flattering you in the least, believe me) came to the rescue of princesses in distress."

"You are laughing at me, Miss Eden," he expostulated, stopping suddenly on a garden path and half facing her.

"Believe me, Mr. Royle, it is a matter too serious for laughter," she said. "You are a man of the world or you could scarcely occupy so charmingly your position as court chamberlain to her highness. Being a man of the world, you must know that the world is watching you both very closely."

"You are pleased to be very brutally frank, Miss Eden," said Royle after a pause. "You think perhaps that I have behaved badly?"

"My good man, I am not concerned with your behavior in the least," she answered quietly. "I am concerned with the behavior of the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaaburg. Think of it for one moment, sir—as a man of the world. Scandal number one: the princess runs away and is lost sight of until she appears again in England. Scandal number two: she visits places of public resort accompanied by a man (shall we say still young?) who advertises himself, or is advertised by her, as her court chamberlain. It is all very pretty, and all very nice, Mr. Royle; but the world is a censorious one and has a bad habit of twisting things."

"Miss Eden"—he seemed to find a difficulty in framing his words, and he seemed also to be a little shy of looking into those eyes in the moonlight—"I have meant no harm to the princess."

"Of that I am perfectly convinced,"

said Felicia. "But the prince is very much at the present time on the lips and in the ears of Europe; and certain dogs of scavengers are running about smelling out what they may find to throw against her. And she's rather a nice little princess, Mr. Royle—isn't she?"

"Miss Eden, I am more grateful to you than I could express for what you have said to me now." He blundered as he got out the words. "She—she's not a princess; she's a child. Before God, I have held myself between her and the world as any knight of old might have stood in his armor and with his unstained sword to protect her."

"I know that, Mr. Royle," said Felicia calmly. "But in this twentieth century there remains only one very prosaic question concerning the matter. And that very prosaic question is: What are you going to do about it?"

"I—I don't know," he stammered. "What do you think I should do?"

She laughed a little quick laugh that was all joy and had nothing of malice in it. "Oh—I think you'll find the way out for yourself," she replied. "I must go and join my guests."

And meanwhile Lucidora, in her corner of the great studio and very, very conscious of eyes that were cast upon her, was sitting with the man whose heart, according to the Princess Felicia, must presently be broken. There was nothing, of course, of the broken-hearted man about him now; he was merely desperately in love with a little art student concerning whose work he expressed no opinion, but concerning whom, quite outside her work, he said much.

"Sweet princess," he had begun in the most amazing fashion, almost on the instant of sitting down, "Miss Eden has told to me that you are her friend. One is not surprised to find that my Lucidora has friends even of princesses; for is she not worthy that kings and queens should bow down before her?"

"I'm quite sure she is," answered Lucidora nervously. "And do you love her so much as you have said—or as you have suggested?"

"Look you here, your highness," said Michael, with his eyes sparkling and all his face alive and eager, "I love her as I have never loved any one in the world, and as no man yet, since the beginning of time,

could love a woman. She inspires me; she seems with her little, delicate hands to touch my hands that are coarse and common and to teach them how to move about my beloved violin. I have not played—oh—absurd!—not at all!—before I met her. She is making me a very, very great musician. I that know of what I speak can tell you this thing."

"But it may happen, Mr. Berlandina, that she may not care for you in that way. It may happen that her destiny is something far different—perhaps far greater."

"That will not matter to me—nor will it, I think, matter to her," he answered with a shrug of his shoulders and a quiet smile. "You think as princesses think; your lives are mapped out and arranged for you. They point to a man, and they say: 'That is the man it is settled you shall marry,' and you bow your meek heads, already heavy with the weight of your jeweled crowns, and the thing is accomplished. But my princess (for so I call her always in my thoughts) is free as air, and no one shall bind her, and no one shall teach her to walk upon any road along which love does not beckon her."

She looked at him pityingly, this man whose heart must be broken; more than ever it seemed to Lucidora a poor, mixed-up sort of world in which free choice was impossible.

"And you love her so much as that?" she asked. "Suppose presently you find that she flits away again, just as quickly as she flitted to you here, and leaves behind her no explanations?"

"It will not matter," he answered. "She will not do it—but even if she did, it would not matter. I shall love her till I die."

Harvey Royle, wandering back through the garden toward the studio, caught sight of Lucidora sitting in her corner and listening to the tale of Berlandina. Royle had been vaguely disturbed by what Felicia had said to him; he realized only too truly the force of it.

He was dealing with a child, and he was hopelessly compromising her, not as a man might have done in the eyes of a few friends, but in the eyes of a world. It was inevitable that presently, no matter what her private feelings must be, she must face that which she was building up against herself, and with his assistance, at the present moment. She must go back to that country which, small and petty

though it might be, was still great enough to have made history; and she must go back—just for the wild, careless whim of a moment—with the fair, girlish reputation of her smirched.

And yet, try as he would, he could not see a way out; least of all could he at this juncture desert her.

And now he knew, as he had never known before in the full realization of it, how much he loved her. As he stood looking at her now, seated in the corner of the studio, magnificently dressed, with her coronet upon her fair hair and with the jewels about her neck and on her bosom, he knew that she was more to him than any woman had ever been. The stupid business of hunting down a princess and making capital out of her loneliness and her inexperience was done with—finished forever. There, as he watched through the haze of the blue smoke, was the woman he loved and for whom he would, if necessary, have given his life without a single instant's hesitation.

The soul of the man hungered for her; he wanted it to be possible to take her in his arms and to tell her what was in his heart and to say to her something to which he felt instinctively that she would respond. And that was something he must never say.

He turned away in agony of spirit and walked through the length of the garden and found a little wicket gate opening onto the road. He turned the handle and stepped out; he recoiled quickly as he almost blundered against a man who was standing there. The man, who was in evening dress, raised his hat and disclosed a face sunburnt and boyish-looking, with a pair of frank blue eyes in it.

"I ask your pardon, sir," said the man.

"And I should ask yours—only I didn't expect to blunder upon you," said Royle.

"We have met before this evening, prince."

The other man had replaced his hat and was standing a little defiantly looking at Royle. He did not speak. Royle had closed the gate and had stepped out into the quiet road; he could see a few yards away the light of the princess's motor-car.

"I had no thought, sir, that you would follow us here to-night," said Royle.

"You will acknowledge, I think, sir, that I had the right to do so," returned the prince with that little charming suggestion of an accent in his voice.

"I acknowledge no right at all," said Royle haughtily. "It should be sufficient for you that the Princess Felicia has been doing her best to escape from your most unwelcome attentions; she had hoped that in that she had succeeded."

"It is unfortunate for me, sir, that the"—for a moment he hesitated on the title, and then gave it with just a shrug of his shoulders—"that the princess should entertain toward me such feelings. It may surprise you, sir, to know that I love the princess."

"And I imagine you think that you have the right to coerce her," said Royle.

The young man smiled and very slowly shook his head. "Such a thought is repulsive to me," he said. "There had been a foolish hope in my mind that I might win her."

"Do you think it likely that she would have run away, as she has done, if she had had the faintest idea that she could care anything for a man whose love for her was supposed to be genuine and yet was merely a matter of arrangement?" Royle's tone was scornful.

"She has allowed her mind to be brought to the conclusion that it was a thing arranged; the princess is so very young," said the prince with his delightful smile. "If it were possible for me to see the princess, I might persuade her—"

"You have had an opportunity of seeing the princess this evening," Royle reminded him.

"Ah—yes, I had forgotten," murmured the prince after a pause. "Truly I had forgotten. And you, sir, who are very near to the princess, and see her frequently—you tell me that there is what you English people would call no hope?"

"I think, sir, that there is no hope at all," answered Royle. "I am in a position to know the mind of the princess and to read it with some accuracy. Her sole desire, sir, is to escape from you."

The young prince stood in that quiet road, with his hat thrust back a little from his forehead; he seemed to be cogitating something. Finally he said, as though the idea had suddenly occurred to him: "Well, sir, it is to me a matter of great puzzlement." He raised his hat with a jerk and dropped it back onto his head again, thrust his hands into his pockets, and went striding off down the road.

"By Jove!" murmured Royle to him-

self, "if he wasn't the boulder he is, I should be inclined to like that chap."

He went back to the studio by way of the garden. So many points of view had been thrust before him that night that he found it a little difficult to choose between them.

Here the woman called to the man; and there, stark and unbending, stood the princess, not to be moved by any ordinary worldly argument. He counted costs, and realized that for himself there were no costs to count. This princess on whom he had happily lighted was a thing of gossamer—floating about the world, to be captured by the first hand that could touch her. Rude hands they might have been; he was glad to think that the first hand had been his own.

They were dancing in the great studio when he got back to it; he stood aside and watched them. The violinist had drifted back to the princess and was talking with her passionately and earnestly; Lucidora sat a little forlornly by herself in her corner. She sat up quickly as Royle approached and held out a hand to him.

"You will not dance, princess?" he asked.

She shook her head; her lips were pursed tightly. "No—I won't dance; their dances here are too mad for me. Most of all, I think I want to escape—to get quite away from everything and every one."

"That is quite possible, your highness," he said, sinking down beside her. "Your car stands outside; we can slip away easily enough. But won't you tell me what has distressed you?"

"I can't do that," she answered. "It is something you would not understand. It began with the man who came to our box to-night—that prince from whom I am running away."

"Your highness, I have but just seen him," said Royle. "I think he is the last person in the world to trouble you or to cause you any distress. He struck me as being a man with some real delicacy of feeling."

"Then why does he chase me to London—to the hotel in which I am staying—and to the opera to-night?" asked Lucidora.

"And further than that, to this little house in St. John's Wood?" added Royle

lightly. "But even that does not suggest that he is going to succeed in his quest for you. There is nothing for you to trouble about; you are tired and overwrought; you should have been in bed hours ago."

"You seem to be very literally taking charge of me," said Lucidora with a pretty petulance.

"Your court chamberlain does it all for the best, your highness," he answered gravely.

She put her white gloved hand on his arm and allowed him to lead her out of the place. So much of her story was known, and so little understood, that there was a hush of expectancy as they passed through the ranks of those who had been dancing. Lucidora bowed to right and to left, and so at last they came, near to the door, to Princess Felicia smilingly waiting for them.

And Felicia dropped a curtsy.

"It was kind of your highness to honor me to-night," she said. And then, as she took Lucidora aside, she whispered to her urgently, and yet with still a smiling face: "Play the game to the end, sweetheart; one does not play it altogether for happiness. My poor fiddler watches me, and presently his heart must break; but it need not be for you to break hearts."

And then Royle and Lucidora were out in the moonlit road, standing with Dempsey beside the car. Royle glanced at the girl and made a half movement toward Dempsey; then turned with a quick flush on his face to Lucidora.

"Your highness—it is very early yet for princesses to creep to their beds and hide themselves away. Even about London there are wide spaces under the moon and stars peeping out even brighter than the stars flashing in your hair. Shall we ride a little way, princess?"

"Give Dempsey what order you think we should like," said Lucidora, and literally bolted into the car.

Dempsey received instructions to drive to Hampstead Heath. To tell the truth, he seemed relieved at the idea that he had no female on the front seat with him; he knew that he might leave those in the car itself to their own devices. He set off straight up toward where the belts of trees indicated the beauties of that London that was not really London at all.

"It has been a night of dreams," whispered Lucidora. "I am sorry that it is all

finished and done with—a something to be left behind. I can hear again the music and the laughter; I can hear again the soft voices that are not like voices at all, because they speak a tongue only to be understood when the hard things of life are left behind. Have you felt that, Mr. Royle?"

"Always; it is one of the things I strive to forget," he said.

"But if I—your princess—command you not to forget them?" she asked with a pretty insistence. "If I say to you that I would willingly order your dreams for you, as I am supposed to order your life—what then?"

"I await the pleasure of your highness," said Royle softly.

"Then I command you, sir, to believe that you and I are just two human creatures—a man and a woman sitting side by side—with all the glory of the stars above us and with all the glory of what the stars mean to us in our hearts. I command you!"

He had suddenly lowered his head into his hands; she stooped divinely to him to hear what he said. "No—not that! In the name of God, not that!"

"I command you, dear court chamberlain," she said in the softest voice in the world. "Just a man and a woman, sitting side by side, with all the glory of the stars above us. I have learned only one thing in my little life: that that life is smaller even than I had imagined. And yet it is so great that there is room in it for love and laughter—and even for the songs that spring from men's throats, and from women's, too. And I want it all"—she had spread out her hands toward him on the impulse of the moment, and her eyes were shining—"I want all that life has to offer me. What have you to give?"

He looked up at her then, like a man awakened from a dream. He understood that which had never been said and yet which could never be said more plainly than now. He took her hands and drew her close to him; read for the first time the wonder of those twin stars, her gray eyes. "Princess!" he whispered with his lips on hers, "I'll love you and hold you against the world!"

And Dempsey, bowed over his driving-wheel, drove on steadily under the stars and wondered a little perhaps that these people could not take matters in an or-

dinary fashion—as perhaps he and Penelope might have done.

CHAPTER XIV

LUCIDORA GOES HOME

It had been such a simple business in the moonlight—that creeping of the little sham princess into the man's arms and feeling the touch of his lips upon hers; there had been no time nor need for thought. She had played that autocratic game with him prettily enough; she had commanded him to do something he was only too willing to fulfil. Kings and queens, princesses and princes, state and kingdoms were as nothing to them then; nothing to the man, because always with him the woman stood first, and he had grown to love her as something apart from the princess; nothing to her, because she had but played a game of which he knew nothing, but which had, in the happiest fashion, brought him to her. All else had to be reckoned with afterward, and at the moment did not matter.

Strength was needed afterward. That one moment of madness passed, Royle had time to think—time to see in what relation he stood to her. As he had said to the supposed Miss Eden when he met her outside the great studio in St. John's Wood, the princess in his hands was a child, and knowing almost less of the world than a child might know. Surely never yet was man placed in such a position; for he dared not leave her, and yet he had no right to stay with her.

It is perhaps scarcely necessary to say that there came to his aid, as there had come at all times, that great policy of drift. Something would happen to set things right; some way would be found out of the amazing puzzle, although he could not see that way yet. In the time to come she would, perhaps, by those who had the stronger right, be snatched from him; and so the business would be ended, with disaster for them both.

Of that he dared not think; but he had had his warning of it, he told himself, in the coming of that young prince to London. Royle, for the life of him, marveled that the prince had done nothing and had made no stir in the matter. It was possible, however, that he was stirring even now.

Modestly and sweetly enough Lucidora would have carried on that tender business into another day, and yet another. But when, on Royle being summoned to the private sitting-room of that suite which belonged to the princess at the Guelph, and, being left alone with the girl, she would have advanced her face to his, blushing enough, for a kiss, he drew back quietly and put her hand to his lips. That cost him something, but it had to be done.

"Your highness, last night we forgot," he said. "Not that I shall ever forget in all my life; but I mean that we forgot that you were a princess and I—just nothing at all."

She stood looking at him with mute distress in her eyes; the fingers he had kissed were balanced on his and hung there.

"And you think that we may not remember that we loved; you think that that is one of the things that must be hidden?" she whispered.

"I know it, your highness," answered Royle. "We shall remember it while we live; but it must not make any difference. I should be betraying the trust you've placed in me. I suppose, my dear," he added inconsequently enough as regarded that phrase of affection, "I suppose that every man and every woman in this world carries some secret—sweet or bitter; the world would be a poor place but for that. And my secret, princess, will be very sweet and very bitter, too. I beg that you will let us leave it at that."

She said nothing. It had been in her mind to change everything in a moment by telling him the truth; by stripping herself of all the trappings in which he forever saw her decked, and so telling him that it was a mere waif and stray he loved, and not a princess at all.

But was that true? There lay her difficulty, and there lay her dread. He had come upon her first under the most romantic circumstances; he had seen her setting upon her head the symbol of herself and what she was. Any man must be more than human who could have all that swept away from him suddenly and still declare that it did not matter and that he loved the woman only beneath the trappings.

This man had devoted himself to the service of a princess; was he to see her stripped and stand shamed before him, a beggar-maid? She knew the thing was impossible. She was caught on the horns

of a dilemma; the man must not love the princess, and he would not love anything lower.

So, too; for her that policy of drift had to be adopted; and they walked unhappy in the world together, with that secret crying aloud for confession and yet never to be confessed.

The matter was complicated, too, by the presence in the hotel of Prince Joycelyn. He made no attempt to intrude upon them in any way; yet he was, of course, frankly puzzled. Lucidora feared him for the very simple reason that he might at any moment step forward and tell Royle that this was no princess and that he wanted nothing to do with her. Yet, on the other hand, if that was the case, why did he show an interest in her, and why did he follow her about?

For that was exactly what he did. When the great car appeared before the door of the hotel, ready for a morning excursion, another car would be there also for the prince. Royle was furious, and was in a mood for tackling the matter in British fashion and telling the prince to clear out and to leave them in peace; but the young, boyish-looking man was so very polite and so smiling that Royle felt he had no right to interfere.

After all, the prince had not molested them and gave no sign of doing so; the only thing was that he appeared—and quite naturally—to be deeply interested in them. But always politely and smilingly and with that little frown of bewilderment on his boyish face.

They would go to a great restaurant for lunch, and five minutes after their arrival there the prince would stroll in and take a seat at another table. They would telephone for a box at a theater, and Lucidora, at a hint from Royle, would forego the wearing of that coronet so that she might not attract attention. And in another box, quite alone and looking rather bored, would be the prince again, faithfully on the watch.

It served to convince Royle, if indeed such convincing had been necessary, that this was indeed the real princess, who might be in danger of being carried off at any moment.

And, apart from everything else, the presence of the man worried Lucidora. She knew that he was watching; she dreaded lest at any moment he might

choose to tell Royle calmly of the fraud that was being practised upon him. London and all that it had meant for her and all that she had expected of it became suddenly hateful; she wanted to get away from it. She remembered those days when they had journeyed about from one place to another—the sole settings for their magnificence little old-fashioned country hotels.

"I want to go away," she told Royle suddenly one morning. "I do not like London; it is to me a place of streets and streets—and no more than that."

"It is for your highness to say exactly what you would wish and it is done," said Royle.

"Also the fact of this man being always near me terrifies and frightens me," went on Lucidora petulantly. "I had not believed that any man could be so persistent. He must know that I want nothing whatever to do with him."

"I have already informed him, in very plain words, that we desire to see the back of him," said Royle. "You see, your highness, it is a little difficult. I cannot pretend that you are not the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaiburg—"

"Of course not," said Lucidora a little breathlessly.

"—and, being the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaiburg, this man to whom you were affianced feels that he has a perfect right to follow you. It was unfortunate in the beginning that we should have advertised ourselves so publicly at the opera; it was still more unfortunate that we should naturally have come to the one hotel most favored by royalty. I am entirely at your highness's commands."

"It is our wish to go away from London," said Lucidora, without looking at him. "I was very happy—I should say we were very happy in the country; I am sorry that all that is changed. I should like to slip right away quietly and not let any one know where we are going."

"That would seem to be a simple matter, your highness, seeing that we shall not know ourselves what our destination is," said Royle.

"Ah—you take it in the right spirit, dear court chamberlain," said Lucidora with something of a return of her old brightness of spirit. "I will leave it all to be arranged by you; when you tell me that it is time for me to step into the car I shall be ready."

"Your highness has no preference as to what direction you would like to take?"

Lucidora was standing by a window, looking out into the street and watching the traffic. "I was very happy when I traveled to the west," she said, almost as if to herself. "And lately I have not been so happy."

"We start then—indefinitely enough—to the west, your highness," answered Royle, and went out of the room.

Mr. Royle arranged everything to perfection. He paid the extremely heavy bill; he paid many tips to servants, male and female; at a certain hour, after a very early breakfast, the great car stood outside the hotel, the luggage strapped upon it; with servants waiting to see the last of an illustrious lady (as they waited so often to see the last of illustrious ladies as well as gentlemen) the man who was reputed to be the proprietor of the hotel (and was not) stood bareheaded and baldheaded on the pavement to bid farewell to the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaiburg and her suite. Penelope was already in her place, and Dempsey hopped neatly into his; the car turned the corner and was gone.

But before that, while Dempsey was doing that mysterious tuning-up business with the car, before starting off on what promised to be a long journey, a young, boyish-looking man had strolled into the garage attached to the hotel and, after looking for a long time at the car, had spoken in terms of admiration concerning it.

"It is a car that is beautiful to the eye and, I should imagine, light to the touch," said the young, brown-faced man.

Dempsey's heart was touched; moreover, he knew perfectly well who the young, brown-faced man was. He had seen him first, on one great and memorable occasion, when he had driven him with the Princess Felicia through the streets of Sylvaniaiburg, and afterward on a memorable journey from the little opera-house to the palace.

"She's a beauty, your highness," he said shortly.

It was not for the prince to question a servant; something else was in his mind. He took out a pocketbook and selected certain rustling notes from it, restored the pocketbook to his pocket and folded up the notes and flattened them between his palms with a thoughtful smile on his face.

"It is of an importance to me to know from time to time where her highness the princess travels—to know, in effect, that her highness is safe and well. It is not possible for me to pursue her highness, nor should I wish to do so; but it would be convenient to me to be informed of her movements."

Dempsey worked steadily at little points about the car—now seeing that this worked truly or that that moved easily. But he said never a word.

"I have in my hands here," went on the prince softly, "a mere bagatelle of a sum—one hundred pounds in your money that is so difficult of calculation. In the days when you doubtless, as an English boy, joined in those sports and pastimes so necessary to the development of youth, you could doubtless catch a little. It is possible that you may catch this, Dempsey."

Dempsey turned but the corner of an eye on the prince, and the next moment grasped from the air a little ball of paper. It was the thing of an instant, and then he was busy with his work again.

"It will be of a convenience if I may from time to time receive a telegram," said the prince. "I shall stay always—for the present at least—at this hotel; it is convenient. Good morning to you, Dempsey; I imagine you have before you a fine day."

"Good morning, your highness," said Dempsey. "I imagine we have before us quite a lot of fine days." And the prince strolled back to the hotel.

So began again that business of aimless wandering through the fair land of England. All was just as it had been before; at the best hotel in each town that suite of rooms was taken; and the wonder of her coming had scarcely dawned upon people before, meteorlike, the princess was off again, leaving them to gape and talk of her. But now, in some subtle fashion, the charm was gone out of it.

Lucidora would have denied the matter indignantly enough had it been possible for her to have been taxed with the accusation; but still the charm was gone. She lived in dread; she did not know what was to happen to her with the dawning of any day. For something else and some one else had crept into her life and things were never to be as they had been before.

And with it all, strangely enough, came a homesickness. Lucidora, who had never

known what home meant, save in the sense of a little narrow cell in the Elizabeth Dove Foundation, yet longed for that passionately now. She turned as naturally to it in her thoughts as she had turned on that night when, homeless and forlorn, she had crept to its gates—there to meet a wondrous princess who was to change all her life for her. That princess had asked of her, gaily enough, if she had found life and love; and she had answered the question vaguely. She had found life, and it was a hollow thing—a matter of pretense; she had found love—and she must forever hold it from her.

So it came about that, as they journeyed, she moved always steadily toward Ridgeminster, and yet told herself that she could not go there. And so she came at last to the place late one evening and put up at the Abbey Hotel.

This was a new excitement—and almost a fearful one. She had walked through these streets, clad in the quaint uniform of the Elizabeth Dove Foundation, for fifteen long years, and now she came in vastly different fashion. Royle, making the arrangements for the reception of the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaaburg, little dreamed what tremors shook Lucidora's breast as she was conducted by an obsequious landlord to the suite of rooms that had been arranged for her and her party; but then that obsequious landlord, for his part, would scarcely have recognized her in any case, having taken but the faintest interest in a long procession of girls, walking two by two and all clad exactly alike. And to Royle's surprise Lucidora that evening was quite her old self and was obviously very, very glad to be in this place.

And that evening, for the first time in quite a number of days, Lucidora wore her coronet; Royle was quite pleased to notice that it was a little rakishly on one side of her head; he thought it a good sign.

He would, for his part, have dined in the public room of the hotel; but he had received a royal "command" to be in attendance upon his divinity. Some of a certain late stiffness that had been in her attitude toward him was gone this evening; she chattered in quite the old, easy fashion.

"I have heard of this place," she said suddenly and with a little flush in her cheeks. "There is a beautiful cathedral and a lot of other interesting things; there

is a sort of—a sort of school for orphan girls.”

“I had been making inquiries, your highness, before dinner; it seems that the school is quite a celebrated one,” said Royle. “They call it the Elizabeth Dove Foundation.”

“Oh—is that the name of it?” asked Lucidora innocently.

“Yes, your highness. It seems that Elizabeth Dove existed quite a long time ago; there is a statue of her in the big courtyard that belongs to the school. They take a certain number of girls and educate them and put them out in the world. The place is under a board of management.”

“How very nice!” exclaimed Lucidora, giving a jerk to her coronet. “I should like to see the place, if they would let me.”

“It can easily be arranged, your highness,” answered Royle. “I will see about it to-morrow, if you wish.”

“Yes—it is our wish,” said Lucidora demurely.

The swift and sudden temptation had come upon her again, there in the room where they dined together, to tell him laughingly the whole story; to let him picture for himself the demure girl walking in the long procession, dressed in a quaint uniform—and doing that for fifteen years. And afterward to cry to him dramatically: “That is your princess—the little orphan that slept in a tiny cell every night of her life for all those years and who knew no other home. And I am very homesick for it now; I want to cease pretending; I want to let you see me as I was then.”

And then she caught a glimpse of herself in an old-fashioned mirror over the sideboard; with her hair as the deft fingers of Penelope knew how to arrange it, and with the coronet of glittering diamonds set upon it; and, beneath, the white shoulders and rows of diamonds and the jewels upon her breast. The thing was not to be.

In the morning she would not have the car; they would walk. She set out immediately after breakfast from the Abbey Hotel with Royle and walked with him through the familiar streets. Even dressed as she was, she had a foolish fear that she might be recognized; she wondered why those whom she passed from time to time did not start and turn and declare who she was. She forgot entirely that, if they thought of her at all, which was impos-

sible, they would have thought only of the girl from the Elizabeth Dove Foundation, who should be dressed like all the other girls; in this beautifully gowned young woman they could not possibly have recognized the other.

She had to disguise her knowledge of the place. She could have gone blindfolded to the cathedral; Royle had now to show her the way. Inside the beautiful structure she looked up at the gallery where, for all those years, the Foundationers had sat every Sunday—and she with them; tears came into her eyes at the remembrance of it. Girls she had loved, who had passed out into the world and away from her recollection; special Sundays, when the choir-boy with the curly hair had sung more gloriously even than usual, and she had remembered him at night, in her cell, in her innocent prayers. It all seemed so far away—and yet so very close to her.

She listened vaguely to what Royle was saying about the place—that place every stone of which she knew so well. His words went by her ears as though they had not been said; for a sudden wild thought had come into her mind—a thought that was thrusting aside everything else. In her eagerness at the mere idea of it she gripped Royle’s arm and spoke quickly.

“To-morrow is Sunday; I shall come to the service here,” she said.

“Why not, your highness?” he asked.

“But you don’t understand,” she said impatiently. “I want to come so—so that people will know who I am. Oh—you don’t think that mean and small—do you?”

Perhaps he had his doubts upon the point; but he looked at her steadily and shook his head. “Not at all,” he answered; “if you highness wishes I can, of course, arrange that you have a seat where you are not incommoded by more ordinary people.”

“That is our wish,” she answered. And he wondered why she said it in such a tiny whisper.

News of the coming of that mysterious Princess Felicia of Sylvania to the old town had spread abroad. All sorts of people had endeavored to catch a glimpse of her in the hotel itself; the proprietor, who had lived a slow and easy-going life for many years, had serious thoughts of putting his prices up in the future. Royle, for his part, was a little annoyed with it

all; much as he loved her, and hopelessly at that, he blamed her in his own mind for this desire for ostentation. He set it down as being a natural trait of royalty, and dismissed it at that.

In his perfect way Royle had contrived the cathedral business to her satisfaction. There was one great pew that belonged to the mayor, and on certain state occasions was occupied by that dignitary. Royle had waited upon him, had taken the surprised little man into his confidence, and had suggested that perhaps that most important pew could be vacant on that particular Sunday.

It is fair to Lucidora to say that she knew nothing about this, and when, that Saturday evening, his worship came to the hotel and sent up a very large card and craved an audience of her highness, no one was more astonished than she was. At Royle's urgent suggestion, however, she consented to see the caller.

"And is my coronet on straight?" was her last question as the greatest man in the city was announced.

He was a good little mayor, and had been thrust into the position, contrary to all tradition, for very real virtues. He had never seen a princess before in his life; he had a vague idea that he ought to kneel, or do something of that sort; he was kept on his legs forcibly by Royle, who stood beside him. And then he made his humble proposition regarding the morrow.

Lucidora was equal to the occasion; she thanked him sweetly and added that she trusted he would take his place with her in the pew on the following day. Royle dropped a suggestion that he believed there was a mayoress; Lucidora popped in neatly with the command that the mayoress should attend with his worship.

And the little mayor went stumbling down the stairs—the happiest man in Ridgeminster; the proprietor of the hotel pressed a drink upon him in his private room, because his worship showed signs of trembling.

In a cathedral town—perhaps more than elsewhere—news spreads rapidly, and on the following day the cathedral was packed to its doors. The distance from the hotel was short, nevertheless the great car made its appearance, with Dempsey at the driving-wheel and with the princess and Royle inside. But for the fact that he was inwardly fuming with rage, Royle

would have been amused at the spectacle of the little mayor, in his robes and chain of office, accompanied by a very stout lady, who was obviously the mayoress, standing on the steps of the cathedral to welcome her highness.

Royle thought of it all long afterward as a delicious comedy. He had made himself known on the previous day as the court chamberlain; he had now to be presented in that capacity to the mayoress by the little mayor, who stumbled badly over his words. The mayor gave his arm to the princess; Royle gave his to the stout mayoress. They proceeded into the cathedral, which was a sea of expectant faces.

Lucidora bore the ordeal well; for, after all, this was but one dream amid many, and she was not yet to awake. The mayor, a little embarrassed with his robe, handed Lucidora into the great pew and followed himself; Royle performed the same office for the mayoress. The murmurs died down and the service began.

At some time far back in the years Lucidora had peered from her top gallery at a certain curly haired choir-boy (who afterward degenerated) and had dreamed innocent dreams. And now other choir-boys fed upon her with their eyes and wondered perhaps at the glory of her. And up in the gallery other orphans, in their quaint but pretty uniform dresses and caps, looked down at her, and Lucidora heard their fresh young voices far up under the great vaulted roof. But for the presence of the mayoress, who never for an instant took her eyes from her, Lucidora must have been reduced to tears.

Lucidora knew herself to be the center of all eyes; she was enthroned more surely than she had been yet. She had a little feeling of annoyance with Royle that he should so sternly have compelled her to abandon the idea of wearing her coronet; he had assured her that a hat was the correct thing, even in her exalted position, for a princess to wear at a cathedral service. The hat was an extremely pretty one—but still it was not a coronet.

For the rest, she was placidly content. Here she had got to the very inmost triumph of her life; here she sat in the seats of the mighty, and the eye of every woman and the eye of every man looked homage at her. Even when the service was ended it seemed that her triumph had but just begun.

The mayor passed with her first out of the cathedral; Royle, looking extremely bored, passed out next with the mayoress. And after they had gone quite a number of people hurried out onto the broad steps in the hope that they might be presented. Lucidora bowed to right and to left, and was a little sorry for the stout ladies who curtsied to her.

And then came some one who, with the mere glance at her, gave Lucidora a shock. The mayor discovered her, and brought her forward impressively enough.

"Your highness, may I present to you Miss Alberta Gills? She is chiefly responsible for the management of the Elizabeth Dove Foundation connected with this city, and would like, if possible, to induce your highness to see the place."

Far back in the ages, as it seemed, Lucidora had stood before a table behind which was seated this Miss Alberta Gills, with her eager face and her teeth which she seemed to wear outside; and Lucidora had heard from those wide, smiling lips a sentence of banishment. Miss Alberta Gills now, in her quick, alert manner, dropped a curtsy and touched, as she thought, a royal hand, murmured confusedly a few words in a high-pitched tone, and trusted that her highness would see the Foundation for herself.

Lucidora, suddenly and surprisingly cool, uttered her reply.

"It is our wish to see the Elizabeth Dove Foundation," she said. "We could call, I think"—she glanced at Royle—"to-morrow afternoon."

"On behalf of the board of management, your highness," said Miss Alberta Gills, displaying even more teeth than any one had suspected her of possessing, "I shall be pleased to welcome you."

"Mr. Royle, my court chamberlain, will make the necessary arrangements," said Lucidora.

Then she went down the steps slowly, shook hands with the mayor and the mayoress, and was driven away in much state and splendor to the Abbey Hotel for lunch. As for the people who had been in the cathedral, they appeared to linger in the streets for hours.

The Abbey Hotel has on its first floor a pleasant bow-windowed room that catches the sunlight always, and in that pleasant room Lucidora and Royle sat down to lunch. Seeing her bright, animated face,

Royle was tempted to make comment thereon.

"I have not seen you so happy, your highness, for many days past."

"Oh, yes—I'm very happy," said Lucidora with a sudden little catch in her throat. "It's all so wonderful—all so like a dream. I can't realize yet that I am here at all. I don't want ever to go away again."

"Your highness might find it rather dull to remain in a place like this indefinitely," suggested Royle.

"I should not find it dull at all," said Lucidora a little sharply. "There's something about this place that enchants and holds me. I suppose"—she smiled at him across the table, and he was a little surprised to see that there was the glint of tears in her eyes—"that you would laugh at me if I suggested that I wanted to live here."

"Nothing your highness suggests would ever surprise me, or would ever make me laugh," said Royle.

"I wonder what you mean by that," she demanded innocently.

"Just exactly what I have said, princess," said Royle. "Come—let me urge you to tell me exactly what is in your mind; your faithful court chamberlain will see that it is carried out."

"I don't trust you," she said with another little laugh. "And I'm afraid lest you should laugh at me really in your sleeve."

"My dear!" The words were out before he could check them; when he saw her eyes he made no attempt to apologize. "I will do anything your highness suggests," he added more stiffly.

"Do you see that house across the road there?" she asked.

Turning his head, he saw that she was pointing to an old gabled dwelling setting back in a wide, high-walled garden. A substantial house, and in good condition; a place of importance. Hanging over the front wall of it was a board which announced that it was to be let, furnished.

"Yes—of course I see the house," he answered, not understanding her.

"I shall go this afternoon, even though it is Sunday, and look at it," she said, rising from her chair. "And if it is what I believe it to be, Mr. Royle, you will rent it for us for a month or two."

She smiled at him with just a hint of

mischievous in her eyes and passed out of the door which he held open for her.

CHAPTER XV

ACCOUNTING FOR THE PRINCESS

THAT afternoon Harvey Crockford Royle duly announced that the house which had attracted Lucidora's attention was to be let; moreover, there was a caretaker on the premises who had not the least objection to having her Sabbath afternoon rest disturbed and was indeed (though Royle did not say that) in a very flutter of excitement at the prospect of receiving such a visitor. The house was known as "Five Gables," and was reported to be in good condition and the furniture of excellent taste and quality.

"I shall just love to have a house of my own," said Lucidora with a glowing face.

They crossed from the hotel to look at it; and already the caretaker—a plump, elderly woman, who had doubtless been on the lookout for them—was at the outer gate, smilingly waiting to receive them.

It was a beautiful old dwelling, of two floors only, and with long windows reaching to the ground. It was one of those spacious old houses that smiled a welcome before ever its doors stood open; a house whose very windows seemed to hold the sunshine on them and to wink knowingly concerning delights and comforts to be found within. The caretaker led the way up the broad, flagged path, threw open the hall door.

It gave Lucidora the impression of spaciousness and of comfort. The stairs were broad and shallow and of polished oak; the windows were deep and with cushioned seats.

"Your highness approves?" asked Royle when they had made the round.

"It is all beautiful!" she exclaimed rapturously. "Here one may rest and dream; here one may receive one's friends. And it is all so well arranged. It is as though it had been planned for us from the very beginning."

She was standing, as she spoke, in the long, oak-paneled drawing-room. It breathed of the peace that had been upon it for years; the only wonder in the mind of Lucidora was that any one could have borne to leave it.

"Don't you see," she said with a free

sweep of her young arms and a smiling glance at him, "here is the throne room."

"Your highness wishes that?" Royle asked with a little surprise.

"Naturally," she answered severely, and yet with just a touch of laughter in her voice. "We have been used to a throne room all our lives."

"Your pardon, princess; I had forgotten," he said. And now, as he looked more closely at the room, he saw that the flooring was raised a little at one end, where the great windows swept round in a half-circle, so as to form a dais.

He fell instantly to her mood. "Here you would receive such people as called upon you—eh?"

"All those who were permitted to visit me and who desired to visit me," she explained. "That dear little mayor, in his beautiful robe that was just a little too long for him—and the mayoress—oh—and all sorts of other people. I had not realized before, Mr. Royle, that people hesitate a little, perhaps, before calling even upon a princess when she is staying at a hotel; here it will be very different. We shall require servants, of course."

"That can be easily arranged, your highness," he assured her.

"You will see to it, please," she commanded him. "And then, on days when we hold receptions you will, of course, be present and will receive the people and will bring them to me. That is always done by the court chamberlain, you know."

"So I believe," he answered dubiously. Indeed, he had visions of himself walking across those polished floors, bowing in all and sundry individuals and introducing them to Her Highness the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg!

She had seated herself in a big chair on that raised part of the floor before the great windows; he saw that she was looking at him quizzically now with a smile on her face—leaning toward him a little where he stood before her. He thought what a child she looked in that great room, with the beginning of the sunset behind her in the windows.

"It will be such splendid fun, you know," she said. "All the people will come in and bow to me—and what else will happen?"

"What else happened, your highness, in Sylvaniaburg?" he asked.

She frowned a little. "In Sylvaniaburg

everything was done on certain strict, ruled lines; they simply wouldn't stand it in England. As a matter of fact, we shall have to invent our own rules of etiquette and see that they are properly carried out. They are, for example, very simple, and should present no difficulties to any one. I leave it all entirely to you."

Royle looked puzzled. He had never expected that anything of this sort would be demanded of him; in fact, he had no idea what would be required of him when he started the whimsical business. But he was entirely at her command, and at the best it was merely a delightful game to play.

"And what will you wear, Mr. Royle?"

He started, flushed painfully, and stared at her.

"I had not thought of that," he replied. "Usually speaking, one dresses as—shall we say—an English gentleman?"

She shook her head slowly, making a little grimace as she did so.

"You've got to be something better than that," she told him. "A court chamberlain is a very important individual; no one would believe in you if you dressed in the ordinary fashion. Properly speaking, of course, you ought to have a brilliant uniform and a helmet and sword and all the rest of it—"

"The Lord forbid!" he muttered under his breath. "But I suppose—if your highness makes a point of the matter—that I must put on something out of the ordinary. Unfortunately, however, I have no orders or ribbons or things of that kind."

"Oh—we can make those," broke in Lucidora. "You will look splendid in your evening dress, with a broad ribbon across the front; and I've got a jewel that you can pin to it. The ribbon ought not to cost much, and I dare say we shall find a draper who has it wide enough—"

"Really, your highness—if I may submit—I think I would rather not," said Royle. "In all matters I am only too glad to do what you wish; but perhaps your highness does not understand what the English customs are. You are a princess in exile; it will not be expected of you that you should keep up the state you would maintain in your own country."

Lucidora rose slowly to her feet; and she had the advantage of a matter of quite six inches over him.

"This is the first time that you have

suggested that you will not fall in with our desires, Mr. Royle," she said. "It is our wish, if you please, that people should understand that our court chamberlain—our dear court chamberlain"—she bent a little toward him divinely and smiled into his eyes—"does everything for our dignity. I have no doubt that Penelope will go to the draper's for you; she will understand more about the ribbon."

"It shall be done, your highness," he said. "And our guests—those who wait upon you?"

"I will let it be known that I am to be seen," said Lucidora. "I am told by the caretaker that the house is ready now for occupation, and it is certainly beautifully clean and well kept. So soon as we know how we are situated, in the matter of servants, we will appoint a day for people to come to our court."

"I understand perfectly, your highness," said Royle, and moved away.

She came down from the dais then, moved swiftly to him, and took his arm. "You're not—not angry with me?" she whispered. "You don't think that it's silly or absurd?"

He turned to her then and suddenly bent his head to the hand that rested on his arm; he spoke as he had spoken to her only once or twice in his life. "God bless you, my dear! I love you for everything you do."

After that they went gaily and irresponsibly through the house, deciding what was to be done with this room and what was to be the fate of that. It was important that her dear court chamberlain should have a bedroom with as sunny an aspect as her own; for how otherwise could he wake in the morning with the requisite amount of cheerfulness to carry him through the arduous duties of the day?

Finally—wonder of wonders!—it was discovered that the plump and comfortable-looking woman who was now the caretaker of the house would be only too willing to take on the duties of housekeeper; that she had a husband who loved the garden as though it were his own, and sorrowed at the mere suggestion that he might have to part from it; moreover, that they possessed jointly between them a paragon of a daughter—just turned fifteen and a miracle of industry whenever she caught sight of a brush or a broom.

"It has all been arranged for us, dear court chamberlain," said Lucidora, smiling up into his face. "You will, of course, engage all these people, and such others as may be necessary, and start us"—she waved her hands comprehensively and laughed—"start us at once."

"It shall be done, your highness," he replied.

They were standing on the steps of the house, in the evening sunlight, looking down the flagged path, and suddenly the gate in the wall at the end of the flagged path opened and Miss Alberta Gills came in.

Miss Alberta Gills, even though this was the Sabbath, had already heard that there was a possibility that the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg would take the furnished house known as Five Gables, and Miss Gills had thought it might be worth her while to pop in (as she would have expressed it) and discover if the caretaker had any precise information upon the subject. And there was Miss Gills, with her bright, eager smile and her wide mouth and the teeth that she wore outside, coming straight up the flagged path, and thus face to face with Princess Felicia and Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle, bubbling with laughter together and standing arm in arm on the steps of the house.

Lucidora was in a mood for mischief. She had once faced Miss Alberta Gills at a very grave disadvantage; and at the present moment Miss Alberta Gills was already giving at the knees, in a fashion of speaking, before Lucidora; and the advantage was all with Lucidora.

"How do you do, Miss Gills," she said, bowing from the height which three steps gave her above the flagged path. "How funny that you should look in. We have just decided that we shall take this house—just as it stands; we shall receive people here who may call to see us. Our court chamberlain—Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle—will see about the matter for us and will arrange about servants."

"Your highness does things with great rapidity," said Miss Gills. "It is so easy, in the position of your highness, to make up one's mind in a hurry. May one ask if the rest of the court will follow you?"

Royle understood the question, and would have leaped in with an answer, but Lucidora, with a mere movement of her hand, set him aside.

"Our court as it now exists is before you," she said simply. "We have our servants—and I have a"—she was compelled to hesitate on that for a moment—"a lady in waiting. You will understand, madam, that the court is, in a sense, in retirement."

"Oh—quite!" exclaimed Miss Gills, with a glance at Royle and fumbling at the same moment for a card in her bag. "I am happy, your highness, in having been the first to call upon—the court."

She very carefully held out a card toward Royle, who accepted it with a bow; then Miss Alberta Gills turned and walked away down the flagged path and out at the gate at the end of it.

And let it be added that on that Sabbath day Miss Alberta Gills spent a very busy afternoon. She knew everybody that was anybody in Ridgeminster; there was no local committee or local board or anything else with which she was not concerned. And that afternoon, when all Ridgeminster was agog with talk of the going of the Princess Felicia, in that sort of semistate, to the cathedral, Miss Alberta Gills was welcomed everywhere. Without vulgarity, she could literally have swum in tea.

And she dropped here and there poisonous words with much showing of those great teeth.

"Court, my dear? A fairly pretty girl of the doll type—a man who would be styled handsome by some—referred to by her as the court chamberlain. A lady in waiting, I believe, though I did not see her—and servants, I suppose. And they've taken Five Gables and are going to live there all alone. Oh, Heaven forbid that I should suggest anything suspicious; but her royal highness, if you please, arm in arm with the court chamberlain, and the pair of them roaring with laughter. I got away as gracefully, I hope, but certainly as rapidly, as I could."

So, while Lucidora strolled about the house and the garden and decided what she would do here and what she would do there and made her happy plans, the teeth of Miss Alberta Gills flashed into many a home and flashed out again, leaving heads nodding and much whispering talk behind her. Nevertheless, Miss Alberta Gills kept her appointment on the following afternoon at Five Gables, having been informed at the Abbey Hotel that the Prin-

cess Felicia had already taken up her abode at the house. She was admitted by a trim maid servant and shown into a room where Lucidora was alone.

"I am told that it is such a little way that we can walk," said Lucidora simply. "It is kind of you to take the trouble to come, Miss Gills."

"The Foundation is honored by the visit of your highness," said Miss Gills. "Does Mr. Royle accompany us?"

"The court chamberlain is otherwise engaged," answered Lucidora a little stiffly.

Miss Gills, noting everything, noted also that Lucidora wore a veil for the first time; it was a blue veil, to match her costume. Also she noticed that the princess was strangely and even eagerly excited and seemed to wish to walk at a very great rate when once they had left the house. And yet, on the other hand (oh—artful Lucidora!) she turned in the wrong direction and had to be recalled by Miss Gills, who pointed out the way to her.

And so she came to the old familiar gate with the stone seat outside—that stone seat whereon she had sat one moonlight night and had dreamed dreams which had since marvelously come true. The princess being expected, the old porter had the gate open; and his equally aged wife was bobbing at his side as Miss Gills and Lucidora passed in—Lucidora to be met with a great crowd of dreams!

The girls were at tea in the refectory, and were presided over by the little matron whose hair was streaked with gray, but whose heart was very, very young. Lucidora had to restrain herself from rushing forward and hugging the little matron; and so short a time was it since she had been there herself that every face was a familiar one. She stood there, with her heart beating hard and her eyes tearful, while Miss Alberta Gills, in her metallic voice, ran over the history of the school, how it came to be founded, and what the food was like. Just as if Lucidora had not known it all by heart!

The little matron was presented and dropped a curtsy; the governesses were presented also. Lucidora said primly how nice it all was and how delightful; to the joy of the little matron and of every one else she sat down and raised her veil sufficiently to enable her to drink a cup of tea. Miss Alberta Gills also drank a cup of tea; and then suddenly remembered a

very grave defect she had discovered in the kitchen arrangements on the occasion of her last visit.

"We have to be so very particular, your highness," said Miss Gills. "I always look into these matters myself. If you'll excuse me for a moment I have no doubt that Miss Smith will look after you. Thank you, Miss Smith"—this to the matron, who would have followed her—"I trust I know my way about here. I will return in a moment, your highness."

The great opportunity had come. While the little matron stood nervously wondering what she should do or say, Lucidora had suddenly taken her by the arm and had walked her out by another door, remarking as she did so: "I should like to see your own quarters, matron, if you will be so good."

She knew the little room well; there, not so very long ago, before setting out into the world, she had hugged the matron and wept convulsively over her as a friend she was losing. And now, suddenly, as the door was opened and closed upon them, Lucidora pushed up her veil and stood smiling at the bewildered little woman. For even yet the matron did not understand the miracle.

"You don't remember me!" exclaimed Lucidora breathlessly. "Lucidora Eden—who went away only a month or two back. You've not forgotten, matron?"

"But I—I don't understand, your highness—"

"No—no—of course not," stammered Lucidora. "That part is true, too—every bit of it. I am a princess—and I should like you to see my crown; it's simply wonderful. It's a very romantic story, matron, and when I get the chance I'm going to tell you all about it. Do you think you could let me come back to-night—and see you and the dear girls—just all by ourselves?"

"Really, your highness—if you would like to come back, I suppose there's no objection. But oh, my dear, I don't understand it in the least. It sounds like a fairy tale."

"It is a fairy tale, and yet it isn't." Lucidora stopped suddenly to hug the little matron and to pull down the blue veil. "I can explain everything when I see you alone, or with only just the dear girls about you; it isn't so very long since I was one myself. Now, my dear, don't look as though you'd seen a ghost," she pleaded,

"or Miss Gills will be wondering what has happened to you. I'm not sure that Miss Gills likes me as it is."

"I don't understand in the least, Lucidora, what has happened—but I'm quite sure it's all beautiful if it has happened to you. And what will you do if you come back to-night?"

"I'm going to send in the most wonderful supper the girls have ever had in all their lives—most of it from the confectioner's, so that it won't lie heavy on them and keep them awake," breathed Lucidora. "And you've got to break all the rules and regulations and sit at the head of the table. And I shall wear my crown, just for once, and you will see what a real princess looks like."

"Very well, your highness," said the little matron in the voice of one speaking to a child who must be humored. "To-night, I think you said?"

Lucidora nodded and kissed her again.

"To-night, of course—after the last bell has sounded. Tell old Peter at the gate that he's to let me in; I shall give him a sovereign and tell him to hold his tongue. And now we must go out and see the others and I must go away. But all sorts of parcels will come to you this afternoon; and supper will be at nine-thirty sharp in the refectory."

"Very good—your—Lucidora—highness," stammered the little matron.

She led Lucidora into the big refectory again; and there stood Miss Alberta Gills, glancing about her in her quick, pert way, and evidently wondering why the princess had chosen to disappear. She found her highness apparently a little bored (which was, she thought, reasonable in princesses) and rather anxious to get away.

"I have been looking over some of the other apartments," said Lucidora. "It all seems very nice, and I suppose it's all very good for the girls. Your matron here has explained quite a lot of things to me."

The unfortunate little matron here turned round twice, apparently in a search for some one who was not there, gaped at Lucidora, and suddenly burst into laughter. Miss Alberta Gills, standing rigid, demanded to know if anything was the matter.

"No, your highness," said the matron to Miss Gills.

The Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg went in her car, accompanied by her court

chamberlain, to the one big confectioner's in Ridgeminster. Some mysterious warning of her coming having been received, all the young lady assistants were on view behind the counters, and the proprietor himself, in a white apron, walked backward before royalty.

Reckoning carefully the number of girls in the Elizabeth Dove Foundation, Lucidora gave a liberal order, which somewhat staggered the chief confectioner; but he assured her highness that her commands should be carried out and the things be delivered to the matron at the Elizabeth Dove Foundation before evening. The Princess Felicia commanded her court chamberlain to pay for the articles at once, and he brought out rich-looking bank-notes and settled the matter there and then.

"Your highness—they will be frightfully ill to-morrow," he whispered.

"It is our wish," she answered. And then, hurriedly: "Not that they should be ill, poor dears. But they're going to have the time of their lives."

It was after they had got into the car that Royle put a question. "Is it the intention of your highness merely to send the things for this—shall we say—gorgeous spread?"

"It is our intention to be present in person," said Lucidora.

"I should rather like to come," remarked Royle with a chuckle.

"You do not appear to understand, Mr. Royle, that this is a very strictly conducted school for orphan girls," said Lucidora. "Dempsey will take me in the car and will wait to bring me back again."

"It seems to me that it's most awfully good of your highness," commented Royle. "Sort of thing the girls will remember all their lives."

"I think they will," said Lucidora with a little, quick chuckle.

The staid Penelope, attiring her mistress for dinner in that mistress's big room at Five Gables, had been directed to dress Lucidora's hair simply; she would wear nothing on her head to-night. Penelope, ever careful as regarded her duties, was putting away various ornaments and orders in the great steel-lined jewel-case when Lucidora carelessly pointed to that gorgeous coronet and to certain rows of diamonds for the neck.

"Leave those out, Penelope; I may

wear them after all," said Lucidora. "Not now; perhaps after dinner. And if I do, I think I know how to put them on myself."

"I will attend your highness at any moment," said Penelope.

"Thank you—in this instance I shall attend myself, Penelope. And, after all, I may not wear them."

She dined with Royle in the great, well-furnished dining-room—a place hung with portraits of people of whom she knew nothing. Royle had got into a habit lately of saying very little, unless she first spoke to him. Sometimes, when she glanced up, she would catch him watching her; sometimes, when he glanced up, he would see that she was watching him. And the length of the great table, with them at either end of it, was tremendous.

"At what time does your highness leave?" Royle asked presently.

"I shall be at the Foundation soon after nine o'clock," she answered.

"Am I permitted to accompany you to the gate?"

"It is quite unnecessary," she told him. "This is an expedition taken for our own pleasure; we do not go in any royal state. Dempsey will look after me."

At about nine o'clock she slipped up to her room. After a cautious glance all round, perhaps with the fear that Penelope might be somewhere in attendance, Lucidora went to a chest of drawers and got out a large, white silk handkerchief. This she spread with trembling fingers on the dressing-table; then she took the coronet and those rows of diamonds for her neck and some other ornaments for her bosom and laid them in the exact center of the handkerchief. She carefully knotted the corners, took that queer bundle in her hand, and carried it beneath her cloak when she went down-stairs and met Royle in the hall. It was beneath her cloak when she walked, side by side with him, down the flagged pathway and out to the waiting motor-car.

She waved her hand to him with a smile as the car started; Royle went back to the house and lighted a cigar and wandered about a little unhappily. It was strange to remember that this was the first evening on which they had been separated since he had so wonderfully come into her service.

As the great car stopped outside the

gate in the wall of the Foundation, old Peter pulled the door open and stood to receive her highness. He would have walked beside her up the path; but she told him merrily that she knew the way and ran on. The little matron was awaiting her; and in a moment the door was shut and Lucidora, after hugging her friend, danced all round her like a wild thing, shaking the handkerchief and jingling what was in it.

"Oh, my darling, or your highness—or whatever it is—I haven't known what to do for thinking of you. I don't understand it in the least even now," said the little matron. "All the things have come—and Heaven knows how we shall ever get through them. The girls are in their Sunday frocks and are waiting in the refectory; I shall try and check some of the smaller ones, because one has to remember that perhaps their insides are more tender."

They had got to the matron's room; and suddenly Lucidora untied the handkerchief and tumbled the glittering heap out on the table before the startled eyes of the little woman.

"I'm going to put them on; I want to walk in and see the girls, and let them understand that I really am a princess," said Lucidora. "And they're real, matron; you needn't think they're not. They're worth thousands and thousands and thousands of pounds—and they suit me splendidly."

Perhaps the little matron entered into the spirit of a game she did not at present know anything about, but which she might, with luck, presently understand. She giggled gleefully as she fastened that treble row of diamonds about the girlish throat; she stood back in awe as Lucidora adjusted the coronet (getting it proudly straight for once) and her knees trembled under her as she saw the glory of that Lucidora who once had walked in the uniform of the Foundation.

"But—but what does it all mean, your highness?" she ejaculated at last.

And Lucidora, in the pride of that great moment, invented the story that should match the miracle. Of how, in some mysterious fashion, that father who had apparently deserted her so many years before had in reality been connected with people of royal blood himself; had he not been on his way to Paris, which, after all, as every

one knows, is the first stepping-stone to all that is great and mysterious and wonderful? Of how he had for years been lost sight of, and his daughter also; and of how, in a wonderful way not to be explained by Lucidora, and certainly not to be understood by the little matron, certain people had come forward; had discovered that Lucidora, the mysterious, was in reality that princess in disguise for whom they had been searching—and here was the result!

"And of course no one is to know anything whatever about it—I mean about my having been here, poor and unrecognized; the royal people with whom I am connected might not perhaps like it," said Lucidora finally. "I was very, very happy here, matron; and it's lovely to come back and see you all again; but it is possible that you will not see me after to-night. And as it is all very mysterious and very romantic, I want you please to let the girls believe just that I've changed into a princess, without telling them any of the details."

"Well," said the little matron with a puzzled frown, "I don't understand many of the details myself—do I?"

"And I should like them to believe," went on Lucidora, "that in this world of ours it is quite possible for any one to have such a destiny as mine; and that some of the fairy tales they have read from time to time, or heard about, may come true, just as this fairy tale has come true. And now let's go to supper."

You are to picture the scene. Each orphan in her place in her quaint and pretty uniform; the governesses in their places. A trembling hush of expectancy through the long refectory. And the tables loaded. And then at last the opening of the door and the entrance of the little matron—and after her Lucidora, with her proud young head held high. And then the gasp of astonishment and the little murmur of admiration.

"The princess has come among us to-night," said the little matron in a trembling voice, "out of her own good nature and her love for us. It has happened, my dears, that something wonderful and fortunate has happened to her; that she who was once one of ourselves, without, as it would seem, a friend in the world, has come to great riches and to a great position. But I don't think that it is for her

great riches or her great position that we love her to-night; we love her because she was once Lucidora Eden, and will never be anything else in our real secret hearts."

Whereupon the little matron disgraced herself forever by bursting into tears and kissing Lucidora with so much vigor and abandon that the coronet really did slip and for the rest of the evening took up its usual rakish and disgraceful attitude.

The smallest orphan, full to repletion, had been carried to bed; Lucidora had packed her regalia in the handkerchief and had carefully knotted the corners; she stood with the little matron outside in the old courtyard in the starlight. Perhaps she clung to the little matron a bit and did not care to let her go, even though old Peter, with a bright sovereign in his pocket, had the gate open and they could see the car outside.

"It's been the happiest night of all my life," said Lucidora.

She ran down the pathway; she could hear the jewels tinkling softly together in the handkerchief. And she wished it might all happen over again.

CHAPTER XVI

A PRINCE COMES TO TEA

RIDGEMINSTER, in its own staid fashion, wondered a little concerning the strange doings at Five Gables; drew its own conclusions perhaps, and certainly arrived at its own decisions. Lucidora, blissfully ignorant of anything that was happening outside that little world she had created for herself, went on through the sunny days, and ordered her life, in a sense, as befitted what a princess might do or might not do.

That brief suggestion that she had been unhappy had been swept aside gaily enough. Here she reigned supreme, and here she held a court which, if somewhat limited, was, at all events, satisfactory. And here, too, she made her preparations for that day which was to witness her reception of such people as would call upon her.

"I expect, Mr. Royle," she said, "that there will be a very big crowd. Fortunately the house is large and the throne room very spacious. What do you think is the best way of issuing invitations?"

She was seated on the top of the steps

that led down into the garden, with her elbows on her knees and her chin propped in her hands. Royle stood below her, leaning against the balustrade and looking up into her sweet, serious face.

"Well, your highness, I confess that I scarcely know," he replied. "A princess in exile—or in flight, as you prefer to put it—is rather a difficult proposition, and the real laws of etiquette would, in a sense, have to be strained. Perhaps a discreet advertisement in the local paper, announcing that the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaaburg receives on Wednesday next would be suitable."

"If you think so," she said doubtfully. "But then every one might not see the local paper."

"There's something in that," he answered. And then, with a humorous twist to his lips: "There is always, of course, the town crier."

"I know the man; I've seen him in the streets!" she exclaimed. "Very picturesque, with a blue coat and red facings. Do you really think we should have the town crier?"

"Well—personally I think the idea is open to objection," he said. "It is a little public, and it is possible that a number of people whom you would not desire to see might take advantage of the invitation. On the whole, your highness, I think we might try the local paper—not in the nature of an advertisement, but rather a mere announcement. And we can add to that, and make more of a certainty of it, by telling Miss Alberta Gills."

"You don't like Miss Alberta Gills," she said seriously.

"On the contrary, your highness, I admire her greatly, and I think she may prove to be extremely useful in this case."

So the matter was arranged. A discreet paragraph, headed, "Our Royal Visitor," was sent to the editor of the local paper by Royle; and, more than that, Royle himself waited upon Miss Alberta Gills and sent in his card. Miss Gills kept him waiting for some considerable time, and finally came into the room with a quill pen in her hand, suggestive of the fact that she had been interrupted in secretarial work of extreme importance and must not be detained. She bowed to Royle and looked at him fixedly; she did not offer her hand.

"I was—just passing, Miss Gills," he began awkwardly—"and I thought I

would take the liberty of calling upon you and—and taking up your valuable time for a moment. As a—a friend of the princess—"

"Do you refer to me, or to yourself?" demanded Miss Gills suddenly, with a wide display of her teeth.

"I ventured to refer to you, Miss Gills. I am not a friend of the princess; I could better be described as her servant."

"Ah!" Miss Gills threw a world of meaning into the ejaculation, and softly rubbed the end of her nose with the feather of the quill pen. "And what, precisely, is your errand, Mr. Royle?"

"I merely wished to mention that on Wednesday next her highness, the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaaburg, is receiving her friends," said Royle stiffly. "The house is really very charming, and the grounds in excellent order," he added, feeling that he was flushing a little under that wide-toothed smile.

"And does the princess and her—her servant—intend to reside there very long?" she asked.

"My position does not permit me to question her highness as to her future movements," said Royle. "Good afternoon!"

He was making his way toward the door when she recalled him; he turned and looked at her.

"Perhaps your position, Mr. Royle, enables you to tell us if the princess is so lucky as to have royal parents living—or guardians."

"I could not tell you," said Royle stiffly. "At least, I should say," he added hurriedly, floundering deeper than before—"I mean that I do not know whether the princess would wish me to speak of her private history—or her family."

"Good afternoon, Mr. Royle," said Miss Alberta Gills, with a smile wider even than before. And again she did not offer her hand.

Royle came out of the house fuming with rage, and conscious that he had made a bad blunder of the business. He told Lucidora that he had seen Miss Gills; he said nothing as to his reception. Lucidora, for her part, devoured that paragraph in the local paper when it came into her hands, and laughed gleefully.

"There'll be simply crowds and crowds," she said. "I want you to order all the things you think will be necessary, dear

court chamberlain. There must be ices and tea and coffee and cakes—and drinks for the men. I think there ought to be tables out in the grounds—but you will see about all that, I know. And by the way—Penelope has gone to get your ribbon.”

He stopped dead, staring at her; he had clean forgotten about the ribbon. “Where has Penelope gone?” he asked faintly.

“Oh—there’s quite a big draper’s in the town,” answered Lucidora. “I told her she must get blue—a bright blue; I should think a yard and a half will be all you will need.”

“I should imagine it would be more than enough, your highness,” he answered slowly.

He thought of the gorgeous richness, alike of color and material, in certain orders he had seen across the breasts of royalty; he imagined what that particular “bright blue” would be like, as obtained by Penelope from the local draper’s. But after all Lucidora had to be pleased, and with Lucidora one must play the game.

And the great day came. Quite early in the morning a cart bearing palms arrived, and following that came other carts, piled high with various things for the reception. A very mountain of tables was carried in, and disposed about the grounds; also benches and chairs and confectioners’ boxes, and finally some folding metal stands for the music of the band. Lucidora clapped her hands at the sight of those, and turned to Royle with a grateful sigh.

“You’ve really arranged for music? Just to please me?”

“I will not exactly assure you that it will be music,” he answered. “I have engaged the town band.”

“And will they play outside, on that sort of terrace at the back, while the guests arrive?” she asked.

“That is the idea, your highness. I am afraid they will not be able to manage the Sylvania national anthem, but perhaps, if your highness is in retirement, you would prefer that that should be left strictly alone.”

“I think so,” said Lucidora softly. “You can’t tell, dear court chamberlain, how happy I feel about it all!”

It was a broiling hot day—a day to be marked even in the annals of a broiling hot summer. All the sun blinds were out in the wide High Street of Ridgeminster,

and every one kept away from the streets as much as could be contrived. Royle, setting his teeth, got into his evening clothes at about three o’clock in the afternoon; he had received strict instructions to appear before Lucidora for his final adorning not later than half past. He went down to her room, feeling awkward and shy; he was met by Penelope, carrying a blue ribbon of tremendous width and violent color over one arm; her mouth had half a dozen pins protruding from it.

“Her highness is in the throne room, sir,” said Penelope, not too distinctly.

He walked down to that great drawing-room, with Penelope following. The sunlight lay like a sheet of brilliance along the full length of the polished floor, with the shadows of the window-frames only breaking the light. In the great chair that had been arranged on the sort of dais before the windows Lucidora was seated.

What an incongruous figure—and yet how wonderful! She was something that had stepped, as it seemed, straight out of fairy-land; and yet she was not, as it seemed to him then, of this earth at all.

She had approached him earlier in the day on the question of decorations; had been stubborn and beautifully obstinate over the whole matter; had finally told him, with a light little laugh, that he knew nothing about his business. And she wore now every jewel on which she could lay her hands.

She smiled at him defiantly from the great chair, with her little feet resting on a footstool, and with her hands, smothered in rings, resting on each arm of the chair. And he stood there in full evening dress—and Penelope beside him, with the pins in her mouth and the ribbon of doubtful hue over her arm.

He thought then, as he looked at her, that it was not worth the tears that might rise up in the wonderful gray eyes to tell her that these things must not be worn in broad daylight; she should have her way. He was in a mood to go cross-gartered himself with ribbons of rainbow hue so that he could have drawn a smile from her lips.

“Come here, please,” she commanded him. “And take off your coat.”

He pulled off his coat, and stood there while Penelope deftly got the ribbon over one shoulder; snipped a portion off, because it was too long, and fastened a

diamond ornament, which Lucidora had handed to her, to pin the two ends of ribbon together in place. Then he put on his coat again, and smiled, and stood ready for Lucidora's inspection.

"You look fine," she said. "It's going to be a very great day. Do you think that presently, dear court chamberlain, after I have received the people, I should move out into the grounds, and walk among the tables, and say a word or two? Do you think they would like that?"

"I think, your highness, that they will like whatever you do, and think it correct and proper. In all things your highness seems to know best."

The order of procedure had been arranged as follows: In the first place, a man was stationed at the gate at the end of the garden, prepared to fling it open the moment the first arrival rang the bell. At the open door of the house a very trim and neat maid servant stood ready to usher in the guests; a second maid servant stood at the actual door of the throne room, and just inside that door stood Royle, with his blue ribbon across his dress shirt front, and the dazzling jewel hanging to it. At the far end of the throne room, on that raised dais, sat Lucidora, balancing her coronet upon her fair hair, and smilingly expectant. So that you will understand that no detail had been omitted.

The heat was intense, and the sun blazed in at the long windows in front of which Lucidora sat. She sat in silence, for it was not, of course, proper that she should address Royle at the moment; were they not both reserving themselves for the duties and fatigues of a long afternoon, during which many hands would have to be shaken or touched and many polite things said?

They had waited like that perhaps for more than half an hour when they heard a ring at the outer gate. Lucidora sat suddenly upright; Royle so far forgot himself as to glance out of the other window facing the road.

"Who is it?" came Lucidora's whisper down the length of the room.

"It's the town band, your highness," answered Royle. "I have given instructions that they are to start immediately on arrival."

After another quarter of an hour the band began to tune up. Presently they appeared to be searching for their music,

and having some difficulty in finding the various sheets. Presently there was the tap-tap of the conductor's baton on his music-stand; and they burst forth, more or less melodiously, into not quite the latest rag-time.

"It will be cheerful for the people to hear that as they come in," said Lucidora; she had almost to shout the remark to Royle at the farther end of the room, because the windows were open, and the band was showing what it could really do in the matter of strength.

"Very charming, your highness," shouted Royle in reply.

The afternoon wore on. The band played everything; paused for refreshment once or twice, and then began the bitter business all afresh. Royle's stern face glanced from time to time at the child in her blaze of diamonds in the great chair in the window, and he muttered curses upon the town of Ridgeminster and all that therein dwelt.

He slipped out presently to the patient servants, and smilingly asked one of them to be good enough to go and get a cup of tea—good hot tea—for her highness. And he brought it to her with his own hands, and held it smilingly toward her.

"You'll like this," he said. "Awfully refreshing on a hot afternoon."

She took the tea from him and sipped at it. He could not meet her eyes when presently she looked up at him over the cup she held; he got the whisper of her voice even above the blaring din of the band outside.

"They don't seem to be coming," she said.

"Frightfully hot afternoon, your highness; they'll wait a bit till it gets cooler," he assured her. "Slow people, these country folk; they'll turn up presently, I expect, by the time all the ices are melted. Is that band too loud for you?"

"I—I like it to play," murmured Lucidora, handing the cup back to him.

"Thank you very much."

At six o'clock one of the maid servants opened the door, and Royle stepped out to meet her. The girl put a timid request. "If you please, sir, the band leader wants to know if he may leave off now?"

"You tell the band leader from me that he's to go on playing like the devil till midnight, if I choose; if he leaves off he'll hear from me," said Royle. And the girl

fled precipitately, and the dreary music went on again.

As he turned back into the room, and looked toward the great chair, he saw Lucidora had lowered her face into her hands, so that her eyes were hidden. He went quickly toward her; he was in a mood to take her in his arms and soothe and comfort her as he might have soothed and comforted a child whose little game of play has been spoiled. She raised her eyes as he drew near, and looked at him pitifully, whispering, "There isn't anybody coming."

"We can't say that yet," he answered. "And in any case they're a poor lot, and we don't care a snap of the finger about them—do we, your highness?"

"I'm afraid I've been caring very much," she answered.

And the bell at the gate suddenly pealed out loud and clear.

"There's somebody, your highness," exclaimed Royle. "In any case, it can't be another band."

Royle glanced from the window; saw the gate opened and a man enter. He gave a quick nod to Lucidora, and stepped back to his place by the door. The door being slightly open he heard the man enter; could hear, indeed, the movement of the servant as she took his hat, and as she whispered something about a card. Then the girl opened the door, and handed the card to Royle.

Prince Joycelyn of Duringerwald!

Royle was out of the room in a moment, with the door closed behind him. In the hall he faced the young, boyish-looking man with the slightly humorous puzzled smile, perfectly dressed for such a day as that in a light tweed suit. Royle was ludicrously conscious of his evening clothes and his blue ribbon.

"And what the devil do you want?" blurted out Royle.

The young man looked at him with pained surprise. "It has been told to me that the Princess Felicia receives to-day. It is not possible that I have made a mistake as to the date?"

"All dates are alike, your highness, in this matter," said Royle fiercely; his temper had been at boiling point for an hour or two past. "You can just take yourself off again."

The young man shrugged his shoulders, raised his eyebrows, and laughed.

"With the greatest submission, sir, I could not do that," he said. "It is a matter that must be left completely to the decision of her highness. For myself, I am quite harmless; I am paying a call upon a royal lady with whom I am acquainted—to say the least of it. You, sir, even in your official capacity"—he glanced unsmilingly at the broad ribbon across the white shirt-front—"will be the last to deny my right to present myself to her highness."

Royle looked at him murderously for a moment, turned his back on him, and opened the door of the throne room. He gave the name at the full stretch of his lungs; the band happened to be particularly insistent at that moment.

"His Royal Highness Prince Joycelyn of Duringerwald."

And the young man, with a smile and a bow, stepped past him and into the room, and so stood for a moment, with his heels neatly clapped together, facing Lucidora.

And Royle had stepped out into the hall, and had signaled to the bewildered maid servant. He stood for a moment with his hand on the girl's shoulder; toward them, through the tropic heat of the afternoon, came from the band the blare of—"Waiting for the Robert E. Lee"—slightly out of tune, and in a dispirited fashion.

"Would you very kindly go and stop the band, and tell them all to go away," he said. And then he walked back into the throne room, and stood there awaiting orders.

It would almost seem that the strange situation had struck Lucidora and the prince absolutely dumb. She stood as Royle had seen her—just risen from the great chair in which she had been seated before the window, with the glory of the fading sunlight behind her. Before her, in the very center of the room, was the young, boyish-looking prince, caught as it were in the act of bowing, and yet quite motionless. In the actual fanciful character of the scene, as set there for Lucidora, the tweed suit of the prince was in its way as incongruous as that broad shoddy blue ribbon across the white shirt-front of Harvey Royle.

"Is it your wish, your highness, that you should hold audience with the prince?" asked Royle.

She looked at him helplessly, as a child might have looked who was a little fright-

ned; all his heart went out to her. The dream and the day for her were ended; even Royle, with a slight turn of his head, could see the town band, with caps a little awry, trailing out down the flagged path and so into the road—the last remnant of the glory of an afternoon.

"The prince wishes to speak with me," she said.

"It is entirely for your highness to say whether you wish to speak with the prince," rejoined Royle, aware in a curious way of the fact that the young, boyish-looking man stood still in the center of the long room and in the fading sunlight, very sure of himself and very sure of what the princess would say.

Lucidora took quite a long time to frame the sentence that must come from her lips. She looked all about her a little wildly, like some timid bird that would have escaped; she looked at Royle, and met his eyes steadily; she turned her eyes at last on the prince, still standing there calmly.

"It is our wish to speak to his highness—alone," she said.

Prince Joycelyn did not for a moment display any feeling of satisfaction; rather he appeared like a man who had expected this answer. Royle bowed low and turned toward the door, paused there for a moment with a sudden drawing up of his tall figure and a squaring of his shoulders, as who should say, "I shall be within call, your highness, if you need me!" then walked out of the room. And for several moments after he had gone the prince stood looking at Lucidora.

The question was in his eyes—and a question all whimsical at that; answer she had none to give. She would have been glad of anything—denunciation—scorn—contempt; but of these he gave her nothing. Almost she realized that, as others had done, he treated her like a child that played a game—and must now give up her toys.

"I crave your pardon very, very much," he said with a deep air of sincerity. "I have come many miles and across strange countries to find a lady for whom I have a deep affection. I have looked for her—is it permitted for me to say that I have not yet found her?"

"Will you be seated, prince?" said Lucidora in the mere thread of a whisper.

He thanked her with a grave bow, drew forward a chair, and seated himself at that

slight distance below her. His was an air entirely of admiration and still very much of wonder. Looking down at him, Lucidora decided that she rather liked his bright, eager eyes and that there was nothing really to be afraid of in the smile he raised to her face.

"I think I am right in supposing that the Princess Felicia ran away from you?" she began.

"That is most unfortunately true," he said.

"And that must prove you to be not quite a nice person," went on Lucidora. "The princess must naturally have believed that the best thing she could do was to run away from you—eh?"

"I have seen the princess for but a little matter of two or three days; for with the formality of courts it is not possible that one may see more of a princess." His smile was enchanting, and he spread out his hands to her in mute apology. "Yet will it be believed that in that little time I had fallen in love with her highness very, very deeply?"

"You knew her and remembered her very well?" suggested Lucidora.

"I could not have forgotten her in a thousand years," he answered. "The memory of her has been with me through all the days since first I met her—through those days when I saw her at chance moments; through that wondrous night when I sat beside her at the opera in Sylvania-burg and could only give to her the most stupid of replies to all that she said. For I was in love, princess."

There was a long silence in the room. Lucidora glanced sidewise out of the window; her eyes were troubled. When at last she glanced at the prince she saw that he sat in the same attitude and that he was looking at her with steady eyes and was obviously waiting for her to speak.

"Why do you call me princess?" she asked, almost in a whisper, without looking at him.

"Because one gives to a lady the title she demands," said the prince, getting slowly to his feet. "I came to England and to London, having heard that the Princess Felicia of Sylvania-burg had fled here. I was so fortunate as to discover that at the hotel they call the Guelph the Princess Felicia had taken up her abode; I was so fortunate further to discover that the princess was to be at the opera on a certain

night, and that I might be so fortunate as to see her. For you will remember that I was in love."

He said it so honestly and so sincerely that Lucidora looked at him with a new interest. For here was no man playing a part, and pretending, for the sake of honors and kingdoms that could be his, that he loved a woman; into his life, as into those of humbler people, had come the fine, strong feeling that men called love.

"Why do you call me princess?" she asked again.

"Why do you give to yourself that title?" he countered, advancing a step toward her.

"The title was given to me," she said with a passionate gesture. "Your princess was flying from you—hating you. For all that I know, she hates you now, and will be glad to keep out of your way. You talk of love for her; you will love any woman that can set a crown upon her head and can give you the kingdom you ask for."

"That is quite untrue," he said gently. "When first my people told me that it was a matter of convenience that I should marry a certain princess I accepted it as one accepts fate; it was one of the little accidents of life. And then she came to me—dainty and sweet and wonderful—and something that had been shut away from the world and sheltered like a flower; and I loved her. I was a boor; I could not speak to her of what was in my heart; she judged me a fool. She believed that it was a matter for arrangement between her court and mine, and she ran away from me. There is the story."

"She ran away from you because she regarded you as a stranger. She met me when she was in terror of pursuit; she pleaded with me to change places with her and to take her name for a little time. There is the truth of the matter."

"And is it possible—for so I may judge from the demeanor and behavior of a great lady—is it possible that you were of royal blood also? These things are complicated."

"Your highness," she said gently, "I was what they might call in the fairy tales a beggar maid. I had nothing; your fugitive princess had everything. We met by chance; we were so young that all that concerned us was the fact that we were two women—mere girls, if you will have

it so—with life to be tasted just as quickly as we could put the cup of it to our lips. And I took her place—and she took mine."

"She took your place?" he questioned eagerly. "And where is she?"

"That I may not tell you," said Lucidora. "In that at least I must be loyal to her. She does not love you, prince; she cannot love you. I can tell you myself that she loves some one else."

"In this great London of yours—where one night I saw you?" he asked with a quick movement of a hand.

"Yes," said Lucidora. "It has happened to her just as she wished. She ran away from you to find what life and love meant; and she has found both. She has lived with the people; she has laughed with them and sorrowed with them and loved with them; do you think you can touch her soul now?"

"I could try," he answered, with a flush upon his boyish face. "Because it is always to be remembered that I love her."

There was a long pause in the room. Lucidora had sunk back into the great chair and was looking out over the garden with the evening sunlight upon it; the prince stood quietly watching her. Presently she turned and looked at him with a fleeting smile.

"I am glad you could think that I had something of the air of a princess," she said. "I have tried to play my part, and some people have believed in me; and I did not do it all for the princess. It would be a lie to tell you that. I did it because it was fine to be young and alive and very rich and to wear fine clothes and jewels and to travel about where I liked." She rose to her feet, spread out her hands, and faced him defiantly. "You have found out the trick of it all—now strip me!"

She smiled at him. Outside in the hall she could hear the slow pacing back and forth of Royle, waiting to be admitted to the conference; she best knew what it was that he must hear. She stood at the mercy of this man who knew her to be a cheat and a fraud; and that man bowed his head before her, almost as if in worship.

"You are very wonderful!" he said. "I had not thought that any woman could be so wonderful. I will not strip you, princess; but give me leave only to find the woman I love. I will ask no more than that; you shall play your pretty game to the very end of time."

She came down the step from the dais, she moved slowly toward him, she looked into his honest eyes. "You must find her for yourself," she said. "You remember the night of the opera, when you came to find me in my box?"

"Yes." He nodded swiftly.

"We went afterward to a studio in St. John's Wood—"

"I know the studio; I went there also," he said eagerly. "Is it possible—"

"I can tell you no more," she said. "If you love her as you have told me, it may happen that you will find her. But she has not believed in love yet; you must be very gentle with her."

He caught her hand and put it to his lips; then he went swiftly out of the place and passed Royle in the hall and almost ran down the flagged path. Royle, after a pause, went slowly into the throne room.

Lucidora was kneeling on the dais, with her arms outspread on the great chair and her face hidden in them. And the crown was very much awry indeed.

CHAPTER XVII

THE GREAT CONFESSION

At first, as Royle bent over her there, lying stretched on the dais of the throne room, she would answer nothing. He plied her with questions; she shook her head in a dumb fashion and hid her face. When at last she spoke it was simply to beg that she might be left alone.

Royle, standing perplexed, flung a savage question at her.

"That brute has been rude to you?"

She turned her face toward him with a weary gesture and sat up on the dais and looked at him; she laughed a little drearily.

"On the contrary, the prince was most charming," she said. "I had not believed that any one could be so good to me."

"Good to you!" he echoed. "And yet to rush out of the place like that! Won't you tell me, your highness, exactly what is wrong?"

She sat up stiffly, leaning against the great chair and looking out through the windows at the late afternoon sunlight.

"There is nothing to tell you," she said at last. "The prince has gone—and he is never coming back. That is all there is."

"Good God!" exclaimed Royle; "but he's got to come back. It's his duty.

Doesn't your highness understand that he may not leave you in this fashion? Even though you ran away from him, his duty lies clear. He's got to come back to you."

She stretched out a hand to him, and he took it and helped her to her feet. Standing there, with that hand in his, she spoke very quietly and with her steady eyes upon him.

"I shall not see him at any time again," said Lucidora. "We have met—and we have parted. There it is, all ended."

"But his reason, your highness?" demanded Royle. "What right has he to leave you in that fashion and to go away?"

A difficult enough question to answer; indeed, there was no answer possible. For still, even though the fairy story lay shattered at her feet, she clung to it for the sake of the dear romance it had been and for the sake of this man who stood before her. The very weight of the coronet on her head, as she turned her eyes away from Royle, was sufficient to urge her to keep up the sorry pretense a little longer. All the splendor that had been hers was hers still, until she chose to put it off or until some one snatched it from her. There was but one person in all the world that could do that, and that was the Princess Felicia herself.

The princess had demanded of her that one thing: that she should play her part until such time as the princess herself chose to come back. Lucidora's heart lightened at the thought of that; clearly it was for the princess to say what she should do. Lucidora had nothing to do with this Prince Joycelyn; and him at least the princess hated. She had still a part to play, for a time at least; and here was the man who had gallantly helped her to play it, and would doubtless help her still.

"I suppose he left me because he no longer wanted me," said Lucidora. "And, as I never wanted him, that makes us quits—doesn't it?"

"But, your highness, you don't understand. You are the Princess Felicia of Sylvania; and this man, in the eyes of Europe, is affianced to you. Only your flight stopped your marriage to him, and now the flight is ended because he has found you. I tell you that he has got to stick to his duty, and to stick to you."

"It is possible that he does not think me worth sticking to," said Lucidora. "In

fact, I may even say that he told me as much."

Royle felt the color mounting in his cheeks; he did not look at her. He guessed exactly what had happened; that this man, knowing what the girl had done and how she had raced about the country accompanied only by an apparent stranger, was degraded forever in the eyes of her people. Miss Alberta Gills had led the way to this conclusion; it was reasonable enough that even a prince might follow her. This was his, Royle's work; he had carelessly caught a butterfly, broken its wings, and made it worthless.

She stole nearer and touched his hand.

"Tell—me—why are you so sorry that the prince has gone away? You told me once that you loved me; and that was to be our secret through all our lives—never to be confessed—just because I was a princess and because you thought yourself something lower. Why are you sorry now, when there is no one else that has the right to love me? I had hoped you would have been glad."

"You don't understand," he groaned. "This is all my fault; I, in whom you trusted, should have been more careful of you and of that wonderful thing, your reputation. I have been a selfish idiot; but even now it's not too late. I can put matters right, your highness, and then I can very properly disappear. I'll play the man at least."

"How are you going to put it right?" she asked quietly.

"I can find this prince; I can talk to him as one man can talk to another; I can show him that the fault was mine—"

"I forbid it," she interposed quickly.

"He cares nothing for me, and I care nothing for him. Understand, please, that I forbid it."

"My dear," he said gently, still holding her hand, "won't you understand that I know more of these things than you do, and that I have done you a great wrong. You are such a child that others must act for you. You've got to go back to your kingdom, and you've got to marry your prince. You and I have lived in the sunshine for a little time, and now we may live in the sunshine no longer. You've got to go back; and your head shall yet wear that crown again in your own kingdom and among your own people. There has been no man so fortunate as I; I have been

loved by a princess. Even though I must lose her, the memory of the wonder of the thing will be mine until I die."

"Don't!" she whispered; he was shattering every hope she had ever had with every word he spoke.

She could hold him only while she could cling to the poor fairy story that had been built about her. Romance and mystery had him in their grip; if once he knew the truth romance and mystery would be gone and the beggar girl stand shivering before him in her rags. Let her cling to that poor story for a time, even if it be but a matter of a few hours.

When presently she turned to leave the room she looked back at him and issued a command. "Remember, if you please, dear court chamberlain, that it is our wish that everything should go on just as usual—for a time at least."

He bowed, but said nothing; for indeed his mind was already made up. It was not too late to undo the mischief he had wrought; he would come face to face with this prince who had flouted her and left her to any fate that might claim her. He would stand face to face with the man and, in very English fashion, have it out with him. The thing should be set straight, and the princess should literally be forced into her proper position again.

"I'll do the square thing," said Royle to himself.

Fortunately for his plan Lucidora pleaded, through Penelope, that she had a headache and would not come down to dinner. Royle sent a message of condolence, packed his suit-case in a hurry, and caught a train to London. On the way up he rehearsed to himself just what he would do and say to this prince—tactfully at the beginning, and more forcefully, if necessary, in the ending.

He drove straight to the Guelph Hotel. It was believed that his highness was in; at all events, the visitor's card should be taken to him. The visitor was received with marked respect, for it was but a matter of a day or two since he had been attendant on royalty in that hotel.

The prince would receive Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle at once in his private room. Royle, grasping his cane a little more firmly than usual, followed the servant up-stairs and was ushered into that private sitting-room on the first floor. The young, boyish-looking man came for-

ward to greet him, stopped at sight of the stern face, and merely bowed. He pointed to a chair and indicated a box of cigarettes.

"It was but this afternoon I had the pleasure of seeing you, Mr. Royle," he said. "I trust that nothing has happened in the mean time to disturb"—his eyes twinkled and he hesitated for the fraction of a second—"her highness?"

Royle kept himself well in hand. "Much has happened to disturb her highness," he answered. "It is that which brings me suddenly to town. I did not know, until after you had gone, what the real object of your visit was. I am here, on behalf of her highness, to ask for an explanation."

The prince had been taking a cigarette from the box and was just about to light it. He turned his bright, pleasant eyes on his visitor.

"It is not possible that—her highness sent you to me?" he asked.

"Her highness knows nothing of my coming; you should know sufficient of her to believe that she would not have sent any one on such a business," retorted Royle.

The other man, as he lighted the cigarette, nodded quickly and smiled. "Yes, I think I should know enough of the lady to understand that," he said. "Then you come alone, and, as they say, on your own account?"

"I come, sir, to demand that you do what every decent man will do—no matter whether he is a prince or a pauper: keep his word. The Princess Felicia was perhaps foolish in running away from you; but no more than foolish. If now she regrets a mere girlish act of folly, why can't you play the man and remember that she was only a girl?"

"And still it is not possible that her highness has told you to say this? Still it is not possible, perhaps, that her highness has told you—shall we say—something more?"

"What more is there for her to tell me?" demanded Royle. "I, as her friend, if one may dare to say so, come to you with a plain statement of fact. Her highness is alone in England, and there is no prospect of her returning to her own country unless accompanied by yourself and countenanced by yourself."

"And still her highness has told you nothing," said the prince with a smile.

"In truth, you English play your comedies delightfully. Did, for instance, the lady still wear her crown?"

"Her highness was wearing her crown when last I saw her—"

"Ah—she would be doing that!" interpolated the prince with a little quick laugh.

"—as she will be wearing it when she stands by your side at the altar," went on Royle, now at boiling point.

"That the lady will never do," said the prince softly. "That little matter has ended itself between the princess and me to-day."

"You refuse to play the straight game (you know what that means) and to take her back with you to Sylvaniaaburg?"

"Absolutely I refuse," said the prince, smiling at him. "I should have thought that by this time you might almost have guessed the reason, Mr. Royle. If you do not guess the reason, I would beg of you to ask the lady herself."

"Is that your final answer, prince?" demanded Royle.

The prince carefully lighted his cigarette and looked with his boyish, smiling eyes at Royle. "Absolutely," he said. "And when one comes to think of it, would it not be what you call a good thing if you married her yourself?"

Royle suddenly swung his right arm across his shoulder and brought his glove hard across the younger man's mouth. The cigarette flew from it with a little shower of sparks; and Royle stood there, looking at the boyish prince, whose face had changed color, but who was smiling still.

"You're a cad and a coward!" exclaimed Royle. "Now what will you do?"

"I shall not fight you, Mr. Royle, if that is what you mean," answered the other. "Apart from everything else, one has to remember that at the moment you are my guest. And I know that the time will come—and that very soon—when you will hate yourself because you have struck me. It is the only little blot on a story that I had believed to be rather pretty—and altogether fanciful. May I offer you any refreshment before you go?"

Royle stood there glaring at him, towering over him from his superior height; he did not know what to say. After a moment or two he spluttered out:

"You've only said one decent thing;

and it's the one decent thing I'm going to do, if I can. She is the most wonderful creature in all the world, and I'm going to marry her. I'm not sure that she wouldn't lose her beastly kingdom for me."

The prince bowed and gave his little quick laugh again. "It seems to me not at all impossible," he said.

Royle found himself in the street again, striding along in a great hurry and glaring at inoffensive men who passed him. And yet, on the other hand, not altogether pleased with himself and having an indefinite feeling that the boyish-looking prince had come out of the interview far better than his adversary had done, which was annoying in itself. For ever before him was a vision of the younger fellow standing looking quietly at the man who had struck him, smiling, and seeming to be so very sure of his own position.

He found that it would be quite impossible for him to get back to Ridgeminster that night; moreover, he suddenly discovered that he was very hungry. He went to a hotel, ordered dinner, and got a room for the night; then he sent a telegram to Lucidora explaining his absence.

Unexpectedly detained in London on your business. Shall return early to-morrow. Obediently your servant—ROYLE.

Early next morning, as he went down in the train to Ridgeminster, he rehearsed what he would do and what he would say. This little beast of a prince (for so he styled the boyish-looking one) was out of the running now altogether and had not to be reckoned with. The princess was left utterly alone, and was actually more surely than ever in the hands of Royle. What were kingdoms and palaces and all the rest of it when love intervened?

And she had showed him that she loved him; so much was certain. She had stepped down from her great height to give herself to him—even with the loss of a kingdom. He had counted himself the luckiest man on earth that any princess could do that; it was a superb miracle of a so-called prosaic twentieth century. Harvey Crockford Royle—gentlemanly failure at whatever he had undertaken—to have had such a fate as this reserved for him!

It was still very early when his train arrived at Ridgeminster; carrying his suitcase, he walked down through the old-

fashioned town until he came to Five Gables. He opened the gate in the wall and walked up the flagged path; he wondered just how she would greet him; he knew in his own mind how he must greet her. The day and the hour were the only thing that mattered; the wildly indefinite and improbable future must take care of itself.

She must have seen him coming; she ran quickly out of the opened door before he was half-way up the path. Her very manner—her eager questioning look—suggested that she knew he had news; but he could not know how her heart ached with the thought that he might, after all, be bringing back the truth with him.

"I was sorry to go, your highness, in such a hurry, without giving you any warning," he said. "But the business would not admit of delay. I had to go to London—and at once."

"Why to London?" she asked as they walked on slowly toward the house. "I did not tell you to go to London."

"There were things I had to do for which I could not ask your leave," he answered. "There was a man to be seen, and an account to be squared with him."

They walked in silence into the house; he set down the suit-case in the hall and tossed his hat on the top of it. She was still watching him with that dread in her eyes as to what he must presently say; she was astonished that he should turn to her with a smiling face, though the smile was a stern one.

"Have you breakfasted?" she asked with the mere whim to gain time.

"Hours ago, your highness," he replied. And a little faint joy crept into her heart that he could still address her by that title; it seemed impossible that he should know the truth.

She seated herself in a room into which the morning sunlight was pouring; she clasped her hands on a table before her and looked up into his face. "It is for us, I suppose, that you have journeyed to London," she said. "What have you been doing?"

"May I speak to you very plainly, your highness?" he asked, standing tall and straight before her. "May I speak as a man speaks to a woman, and not as one would speak to a princess? And yet, your highness, in all reverence."

"If you please," answered Lucidora, a

little under her breath and with her gray eyes fixed upon him.

"It must be from the beginning, your highness," he said. "When first I came into your service I came as an adventurer, seeking what I might discover and striving to find out if there might be anything in the discovery to my own advantage. Before God, I tell the truth."

"Please go on," she said, looking at him unwinkingly.

"I styled myself an English gentleman; for that I ask your pardon. I was a low adventurer, with scarcely a coin in my pockets; and I had heard that a princess—flung by the waves of misfortune on the shores of this gray England of ours—was running away from what seemed to her to be a greater misfortune still. A marriage had been arranged for her; and, greatly daring, she had refused to be bound by any such arrangement. By great good luck I came upon her; by great good luck I knew who she was; and I forced myself into her service. There is no better phrase than that."

"We were glad to take you into our service; we needed you, dear court chamberlain," she said softly.

"I made you need me; I pretended that I was something I was not. Taking advantage of your ignorance, I played the sorry game that should put you in my hands. I traveled about with you; I associated my name with yours; I took the money that was yours into my hands and spent it as I liked. There is no mean or sordid trick that has been done by any man that could outrival what has been done by me."

There was a long silence in the room; he knew, even without looking at her, that she was watching him closely. This was a battle of words between the two wherein, though neither knew it, a word might be spoken that, like flint to steel, should set the whole matter ablaze.

"And you caught me, princess," he went on softly, "and caught me without any snare at all. I was so sure of myself, and so certain of my victim; I never reckoned with you. And the touch of your hand and the sound of your voice and a glance from your eyes—all fixed and held me prisoner. I learned, too late, that I was in love with you; I dared to tell you so."

"Yes?" she said quietly with a smile at him.

"I've wrecked your life; I've stripped away from you all that should have meant life to you. I've been to London to see this prince that should marry you; he laughed in my face and told me—well, it doesn't matter what he told me."

"But I should like to know, please."

"I cannot tell you," he answered.

"It is our wish," she said in the old, whimsical fashion.

"He thought so little of you, after what you had done, and after the fashion in which I had dragged your name in the dust, that he told me I had better marry you myself."

She rose very slowly to her feet, with her little hands resting on the table; she was smiling at him. "And will you?" she asked astoundingly.

He took a step toward her, and then stopped.

"Oh—my child—you don't understand what it means," he said. "You are a very great lady; I have touched your hand only by the merest chance. For the rest, I should have been just one in a crowd, baring my head to you; and you would have passed by and would not have known anything about me. I love you with all my heart and soul, my princess; but do you understand what I have done for you, and what it would mean if I degraded you still further and dragged you down to my level?"

"But you said once—and now you have said again—that you love me," she breathed. "Surely nothing in all the world can change that. What are kingdoms and princes, if only a man loves a woman?"

"But you won't understand, your highness," he pleaded.

"Is it so great a thing to understand?" asked Lucidora in her soft voice. "When this poor princess started out in the world she was running away from dragons and from horrors of all kinds; she was looking for life and love and all the beautiful things she had never known. If it has happened that she has found them, will you snatch them away from her?"

She was holding out her hands to him now; and all the resistance in the man was gone. He stepped forward quickly and gathered the hands into his own and held them close against his breast. "Oh—my princess!" was all he whispered, with his lips on hers.

She yielded divinely to him, just as she had done once before when they traveled together in the great car in the starlight; she whispered to him artlessly enough of her love for him and of how there had never been any one else in all her world.

"And you have counted the cost?" he asked. "You understand all that you are giving up?"

"I understand all that I am doing," she answered. "Surely you can understand that, too, if I say it?"

"To lose yourself in the great world and to be known only by a commonplace name," he urged her. "You give up everything, princess—and I gain all."

She laughed happily, like a child, up into his face. "I give up nothing," she said. "It is I that gain all."

"But don't you think the time will come when you will remember what it was you left behind and what it was you gave up for my sake?"

"I give up nothing," she said again. "Oh—sit down here by my side and let me tell you the most wonderful story of what happened once to a woman; of how she had nothing to hope for and nothing to gain; and of how, after all, God was good to her, and she gained love and everything else the world had to give. Will you listen very, very carefully to me, please?"

She pleaded like a child, with her fingers twined in his and her eyes fixed upon the fingers.

"Ever so long ago (and this is not written in any story-book, nor is it in any fairy tale) there was a girl that had been cast on the world by an unkind fate. She wanted to be something great and wonderful; and in her heart of hearts she knew that she would never be anything great or wonderful at all—unless by some chance a miracle happened to her. And her name was Lucidora Eden."

"You are speaking of Miss Eden whom we met that night at the opera?" He said the words quickly and smilingly.

"I am speaking of myself," she answered him. "I am Miss Lucidora Eden; and I once belonged to the Elizabeth Dove Foundation. They sent me away when I grew to the age of eighteen and started me in the world. Please be merciful to me, and listen and understand. I was a failure in the world, and I came back—a little tired and broken and beaten—to the

Elizabeth Dove Foundation again in the hope that they might take me in and give me shelter. It was a wondrous moonlight night."

He was very still; it seemed almost as though his grasp of her had slackened. After a moment she went on:

"I was exactly what you may have heard of in the fairy stories—a little beggar maid; and I had crept back to the gate of the only place I had ever known as home. Please try to remember, my dear, that it was a moonlight night—a night when anything and everything might happen. And there came suddenly to me a great motor-car and a poor little frightened princess who was running away from something that she dreaded. Just as I had been running away from something I had dreaded."

He had got up and had moved a step or two from her; he was watching her intently. There had come into her tones a new, pleading note, strive as she would to tell the story with a laugh in it.

"They were running after the little princess; and she was afraid of the man they had demanded she should marry. She was eighteen; such a young princess! I was eighteen; such a young and such a little beggar maid! And she held out her hands to me filled with gold; and she had her crown—and everything else that belonged to a real princess. And please would I take them all and take her place—and let her escape from the man that was coming after her? You do not speak. Don't you understand it all now?"

He stared at her blankly. "Yes—I think I understand," he said. "That was why you didn't know how to wear your crown—nor what to do on your state occasions. That was why that young cub of a prince laughed at me yesterday, even when I struck him. I didn't understand before."

He laughed jerkily, and he did not look at her. He took a turn up and down the room and shrugged his shoulders and laughed again. And now her face, as she watched him, seemed white and drawn.

"So you see that our love is all that matters," she said a little unsteadily. "There are no thrones and no barriers; we are just common people, you and I—"

"Just—common—people," he echoed in a whisper.

"And that makes it all so plain and

simple — doesn't it? You told me once that you loved me for myself—and not because I was a princess; you swore that to me when you kissed my hand. It straightens things out so—doesn't it?"

He did not answer that; he stopped only in his restless walking to and fro to put a question. "And the real princess—she who changed places with you and left you the money and the car and the servants?" He wondered himself that his tone should be almost harsh and impatient.

"She lives in the big studio in Azalea Road, St. John's Wood," answered Lucidora. "You took a message to her on that night when we were all at the opera; she was in the amphitheater stalls. She calls herself Miss Lucidora Eden."

He began to laugh. It was at the first a laugh of self-pity for himself—and all amazement that he could have been so easily fooled. His love-story was forgotten; only there stood before him now the beggar maid, stripped and humbled and pleading with him. And far away in that studio in London a princess who must have laughed at him also and have enjoyed the fun of it all.

He seemed to feel again his right hand, with the gloves gripped tightly in it, swinging up over his shoulder and coming down on the smiling face of the boyish-looking man with the cigarette. Because the boyish-looking man had known the joke of it all—and Royle had not.

The pause seemed interminable before Lucidora broke it; and now she spoke with a growing confidence. "So, you see, it clears everything—doesn't it? The prince left me yesterday and went straight back to find the princess; and I really think he cares for her. That part of the story is all finished—and just you and I are left alone together. You are not angry with me?"

He moved toward her and took her into his arms; he laughed a little carelessly as he kissed her lips.

"Oh — no — that's all right," he said. "It does clear up things a bit—doesn't it? And, after all, as you say—what are princes and kingdoms and all the rest of it? I hadn't understood before—that's all."

She stiffened in his arms and drew away from him; her lips were parted and her eyes were wide as she stood facing him. To do him justice, the extraordinary nature of the avowal had taken him so utterly by surprise that he did not know where

he stood; while she, for her part, had had a long time in which to prepare for it all.

"You needn't look so startled, your highness—I mean, Lucidora; it won't make a bit of difference," he said lamely. "I've loved you from the very beginning; princess or not, it makes no difference—does it? And, as you say, it clears up all sorts of complications."

"And yet it is a pity," she said slowly, "that I am not a real princess—isn't it?"

"I haven't said that," he answered bluntly. "What's the good of a petty kingdom like that, with all its rules and formalities? Let this prince and princess do what they like and live their lives in their own fashion. It doesn't matter to us. I love you, Lucidora; nothing can change that at any time."

As he would have moved to her again, her eyes upon him held him away. He stood watching her. All the gaiety had gone out of her face now; for the first time she felt that she understood. And as she bowed to him there in the quiet room, with her gray eyes searching him, her words cut him like a lash across the face.

"It is all ended," she said. "Our dear court chamberlain is dismissed from attendance forevermore."

CHAPTER XVIII

LUCIDORA PUTS OFF HER CROWN

JUST as eagerly and delightedly as she had taken on her shoulders the burden offered her by Princess Felicia on that moonlight night outside the Elizabeth Dove Foundation, so now was Lucidora eager to be rid of it all. That little play-time matter was ended; life, in that sense, had failed her, and love had failed her, too. She was that most humiliated of women—one who is something lower than her lover has imagined her to be.

She knew the first thing to be done was to find the Princess Felicia; to give her back her toys, as it were. At first, with the dull ache that was in her heart, she had not cared to think about the matter; she was in a mood to steal away quietly and leave it all behind; the house and the motor-car and the servants and the jewels—and everything else.

But then the thought of the Princess Felicia came to her, and she knew that she must not play the coward. She had en-

tered into this thing for better or for worse, and had been ready to take whatever consequences might fall upon her; she must not shirk those consequences now because they had proved something worse than she had imagined.

Royle, scarcely knowing what to do, kept out of her way after that smiling dismissal he had received; at the same time he felt that that was not the end of it. Something had to be done to straighten out the amazing tangle in which they found themselves. Moreover, he had that exasperated feeling (always particularly hard in the case of a man) that he had been made a fool of. He had shouted heroics, as it were, in the Guelph Hotel at a man who was only laughing at him all the time; he had struck that man in the face, and had been smilingly assured that he would be sorry for the blow. And sorry enough he was now.

During that unhappy day, while yet he did not know what was going to happen, she kept severely away from him. He was informed by servants when his meals were ready; he lunched and dined alone. He sent for Penelope, and despatched her with a message to her mistress. Even in that message he had still to carry on the farce.

"Will you please inform her highness that I am entirely at her service, and that I desire to speak with her, if she will allow me to wait upon her," he said.

Penelope returned with an answer which proved that, for the moment at least, Lucidora was also playing her part. "Her highness sends her compliments, and feels that there is nothing about which she has to talk to you. Her highness is astonished to hear that you are still in the house."

Penelope said it with perfect respect, and with that unmoved countenance which could only belong to Penelope. And Harvey Crockford Royle turned his back on her and ground his teeth and wondered more than ever what he should do.

"I can't leave that child in this place, with those jewels that belong to some one else, and with all the responsibilities that are not her own," he muttered to himself. "Was ever a man placed in such a position? I can't very well force my way into her room and demand that she shall hear me; but what on earth is a fellow to do?"

He rang the bell again, and once more sent for Penelope. As she came in, with-

out appearing to be in the least surprised, he bade her close the door; and then proceeded to try to reason with the maid, even if the mistress would have nothing to say to him.

"Now, look here, Penelope—you're a sensible girl, I know. I think it more than possible that you may know something about the strange happenings concerning her highness—don't you?"

Penelope's eyes had been fixed, as usual, on the carpet; she raised them now and looked at him fully. "I'm afraid I don't understand, sir," she said.

"Now don't be stupid," he burst out. "You've been with this lady for some time, and you know perfectly well the trick that has been played by her—in the most innocent fashion, of course—upon every one. Dempsey must know it, too. I've only just learned it. Now, my good girl—the lady is not to be reasoned with, and, frankly, I'm in a devil of a hole."

"I can only say again, sir, that I do not in the least understand what you are talking about. I am, of course, in the service of her highness Princess Felicia of—"

"Oh—drop all that!" broke in Royle impatiently. "The princess has herself told me the story—I mean about her changing places with the real princess and taking her possessions and her jewelry and everything else. Are you still going on denying that what I say is true?"

"You would appear to forget, sir," said Penelope steadily, "that I am a servant, and no more than that. Moreover, as I am in the service of royalty, there are certain matters about which I may not speak. I have learned always to hold my tongue. If her highness will not see you, and even resents the idea that you are in the house, I do not think, sir, that I can very well interfere."

"What on earth is the good of keeping up this bluff?" demanded Royle. "The lady whom you call her highness has played a trick on every one, and the consequences may be very serious. I want to help that lady—to keep her out of trouble, if possible. Can't you see that?"

"I can only repeat, sir, the message from her highness," persisted the girl obstinately: "that her highness has nothing to say to you, and is surprised that you are in the house."

"I'm half inclined to shake you," said Royle.

"I think not, sir," rejoined Penelope. "If you should require anything else, will you be so kind as to send for Dempsey?" And she walked quietly out of the room, closing the door very softly behind her.

Royle wondered a little how long the unequal battle would be waged; for he understood that, by all the rules of the game, he must most certainly lose. Half an hour later he had recourse to pen, ink, and paper and wrote a note:

YOUR HIGHNESS:

(For so you are to me, and must be always, despite what you may think) I do implore you to let me speak to you—to let me help you in the difficult position in which you find yourself. I will not speak to you again of those things which are in my heart, but concerning which I know you will not listen. Believe me to be what I am—a disgraced and degraded man in your eyes; but please understand that I have sinned in ignorance only. I only want to help you.

Still your devoted servant,

ROYLE.

He rang the bell and requested the girl who answered it to deliver the note to her highness's maid. Then he lighted a cigar and sat down to wait.

Ten minutes afterward the maid returned with a note on a salver. The note was slightly scented, and on the outside of the envelope was the coronet concerning the making of which Royle had busied himself not so very many days before. And inside was a note written by Lucidora.

Her Highness the Princess Felicia of Sylvania-burg presents her compliments to Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle, and assures him—since he has still insisted on remaining at her court—that she is in no need of any help at his hands. She is grateful to Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle for his services in the past; but as the court is now to be broken up (she had thought of "disrupted," but had been a little uncertain as to the number of s's that would be needed) she must again insist that Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle's services are no longer required.

(And Lucidora, lying on her bed, had wept salt tears over Royle's note, and had almost given way; almost her feet had been upon the stairs, ready to fly down, and so hurl herself into his arms, and end the ridiculous matter.)

"Well—even after that I'll stick it out," said Royle to himself.

Lucidora, much in the same fashion as Royle had done, but in her case with more

success, had summoned Penelope to her, and had laid her case fairly and squarely before her. And Penelope, finally persuaded that that amazing contract had been broken, was prepared to give sound advice.

"It's all over, Penelope; you know it's all over. You're a woman, Penelope—although sometimes you don't look in the least like one—and I've got to talk to you like a woman. You've stuck to me since that wonderful night when the princess found me, and changed me, as they change people in the fairy stories, and made me something of a princess myself. And now it's all over—and I'm going to be again just what I was when the Princess Felicia found me that moonlight night."

Penelope did an amazing thing; she sat down. There, in the royal presence, she sat down—and so finally ended, so far as she was concerned, the fairy story for Lucidora.

"Well, miss, if you ask me, I think perhaps it's got to be one way or the other," she said. "To tell you the truth, miss, and not a bit against you—I've been missing her highness very much."

"You mean," said Lucidora, a little wistfully, "I haven't quite come up to expectations?"

"On the contrary, miss, you've rather upset me from time to time by the way in which you have played what I might call the royal game. I've had feelings—to my shame, miss—that have been almost socialistic; the royal game seemed such a precious easy one to play—given always the clothes and the diamonds and a chance to have watched the real people doing it. And in your case you didn't even have that advantage, miss—did you?"

Lucidora, lying on her couch, leaned eagerly toward Penelope. "You think that I played the game well, Penelope?"

"Wonderfully," answered the woman. "It seems almost a pity now that you've got to give it up—that is, always supposing you've made up your mind, miss?"

"Yes—I'm going to give it all up, Penelope; I must. That's why I want you to advise me, help me. I've got to find the princess; I've got to hand it all back to her. You—and Dempsey—and the crown and the jewels—and the motor-car. She may go on playing her game if she likes; but I've finished with it. God help me!—I've finished with it."

She turned and hid her face in the cushions; Penelope sat perfectly still, with an unmoved countenance. When presently the face appeared again, a little tear-stained, Penelope got up, and, without looking at Lucidora, moved briskly toward the door.

"What you want, miss, is a good hot cup of tea," she said, and went out of the room.

Penelope carried up the tea, and stood sternly by like a wardress until the tea had been consumed. Then, with a hand that was strangely gentle, she put the cushions straight, and commanded Lucidora to get to sleep.

"You'd better leave it all to me, miss, if you don't mind," she said. "If it's got to be arranged, it had better be arranged by some one that knows something about it."

The admirable woman sought Dempsey—generally to be found at odd moments in attendance on his car. Usually speaking, Dempsey was to be depended upon as being a solid, stolid man, with no particular emotions, and with absolutely no imagination. At least, that was the idea that had been in Penelope's mind concerning him for some years past.

"Well—I suppose the game's all up," said Penelope, seating herself on a box in the garage, and watching Dempsey doing wholly unnecessary work about the great car.

Dempsey did not answer; whistling softly between his teeth, he went on polishing, only stopping for a moment to push his cap back a little further off his forehead.

Penelope tried again. "What with Mr. Royle in the dining-room, pretty well smoking himself to death, and the lady upstairs, doing her best to cry her eyes out—I suppose we've come to the end of things."

"End of what things?" demanded Dempsey, pausing for a moment.

"Oh—come alive, and don't pretend you don't know what I'm talking about," snapped Penelope.

"My dear child," said Dempsey immovably—"there is a pious hope in my mind that I never shall understand what you're talking about, and as I'm not fond of discussions myself, that ought to save a heap of trouble in the future. Nice day for the time of year—isn't it?"

Penelope got to her feet. "Jonathan Dempsey," she said, "you're a fool!"

"Well—even then it ain't quite your place to tell me so," answered Dempsey imperturbably. "Since I don't want you to be stopping in the garage all day, what is the particular trouble you've got your teeth into now?"

"I've been trying to tell you that the thing is finished—done with," said Penelope, with the faintest possible catch in her voice. "This little game of pretense is all over, and she's wild to go back to her highness and get it all finished up. I'm not surprised; anybody could see that she's been madly in love with that Mr. Royle from the very beginning, and I suppose he thought it was a fine thing to capture a real live royalty and make off with her. Of course, she's been a bit too honest in the matter, and told him the truth—and there you are."

Dempsey picked up an oil-can and blew softly into the spout of it; gave it two little shakes, and applied it very carefully to one particular point in his engines. He restored the oil-can to its place, wiped his hands on a scrap of waste, looked at Penelope smilingly, and spoke—

"And still, my dear, I simply haven't got the least idea what you're talking about."

"Why—what do you mean?" she asked sharply.

"I mean that, barring little troublesome things like having to ride side by side with a lady's maid that's a bit loose in the tongue, I've got a very comfortable job as chauffeur to her highness, Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaiburg. You're inclined sometimes to forget, my dear, that you're in the same service. I don't want to be rude, because I have an affection for you that seems, under all the circumstances, very little short of marvelous, but you must not and shall not open your face so wide. I hope her highness is well, and I am quite at her service whenever she requires the car; the car doesn't like standing still so long."

"But, Dempsey, don't you really understand—"

"If you would take my message to her highness—without any frills on it—and in some way convey to her highness my deep respect and my duty, I should be obliged," said Dempsey. "And now, my dear, just run along; I'm busy."

So, in the midst of all the falling of that house of cards, Dempsey alone stood firm

and rigid. Penelope knew enough of the man to know that she must not tackle him again; she took that message to Lucidora just as it had been spoken. And Lucidora, hearing it, was strangely heartened, though for no particular reason; her gratitude was perhaps expressed in the little smiling murmur with which she received it—

"Dear old Dempsey!"

She got up and went down into that great drawing-room that she had called the throne room, and sent for the man. He came in quietly, and bowed. He stood with his head bent, and without looking at her; in a sense he was very wonderful.

"Dempsey, when you took us to London and to the opera, you will perhaps remember that you drove us afterward to a big studio in St. John's Wood?"

"Perfectly, your highness," said the man, glancing up quickly for the first time. "A Miss Lucidora Eden lived there; I was given to understand, your highness, that she was a friend of yours."

She could not get out her words for a moment or two, and when she did at last there was a little catch in her voice that made the man turn his head away and look out of the window. "It is our wish to go to Miss Lucidora Eden, Dempsey—and at once."

"If you will name the time, your highness, the car shall be ready," replied the man.

"Thank you, Dempsey," she answered quietly. "Shall we say in an hour? You have been so clever before in taking us from one place to another that I am quite sure we can leave ourselves in your hands. Penelope will see to our luggage, and you will, of course, look after all the rest."

She stopped suddenly, with a thought in her mind; Dempsey looked up, and it was obvious that that thought was in his mind also. There was a blank pause between them for a moment, and then Lucidora went on.

"I will see that you have the money in your hands, Dempsey—just as you had before," she said. "In an hour's time, please."

"Very good, your highness," said Dempsey, and walked quickly out of the room.

So that after all she must meet Royle. He held the sinews of war in his possession, and without those sinews she could not go on. There was no doubt in her own mind

but that he would be glad enough to give up all he held in his possession; it was the sheer necessity for asking for it that troubled her. Surely he might have had the ordinary common sense to pass the money over to her without compelling her to demand it.

In the end, of course, she must needs humble herself, and send a message to him. Within the hour Dempsey would be ready with the car; within the hour the poor, stupid business would be finished. Employing Penelope for that last affair of state, she sent a request to Mr. Royle.

"Her highness sends her compliments; she would be grateful if Mr. Royle would wait upon her."

To do him that scant justice, Royle had no notion what it was she wanted; in the bigger business of the hour he had forgotten what was to him a smaller and less important one. With some hope in his heart that at the last moment she might have melted a little, he went to her, and stood in silence before her.

She wanted then more than ever to melt to him—to turn to him with the appeal of her girlhood and her helplessness; to lean upon whatever strength he had. Pride held her back; she thought again of that moment when he had carelessly kissed her lips and had told her that nothing would make any difference. So that to the man, waiting hungry with the hope of forgiveness, came the cold words of the girl speaking of a mere matter of money.

"I am sorry to trouble you, Mr. Royle," said Lucidora, and with a glance out of the window beside her, "but it seems that in my haste to arrange matters finally I had forgotten that there were certain things to be settled between us. It is important that I should deliver to her highness the princess a full account of such poor stewardship as I have undertaken, and I have not been entirely my own steward. I have left some part of that in your hands."

"You mean the money?" he said quickly. "Indeed, I had forgotten it; I had not meant to keep anything in my own hands. It has all been rather a sudden matter. Is it your wish that I should give back to you now all that is left?"

"It is my wish that you should give it to Dempsey—just as you received it from him," she answered.

He took the wallet from his pocket, opened it, and glanced inside.

"I have from time to time paid what has been necessary for your household, princess—I beg your pardon—Miss Eden; I think you will find the balance quite correct. Yours has not, after all, been an expensive court to manage, and I have been careful."

As she took the wallet from him—quite forgetful of the fact that but a moment before she had declared that it must be handed to Dempsey—their hands met, and his for a moment held hers. She glanced up at him with a little air of startled surprise, and for a moment his eyes held hers, and pleaded with her. And then, a little coldly, she drew her hand away, holding the wallet in it.

"I will undertake that the princess receives all that is due to her," said Lucidora.

"And what do you think the princess will say to you?" he demanded, with sudden passion. "When the princess talked to me about you, without ever saying who you really were, she pleaded with me to treat you well; almost she pleaded with me that I would teach you to understand what love was."

"You forget, sir, that then the princess did not understand herself what love was; nor am I very certain that she understands even now."

There was a long pause; Royle took a turn or two about the room before coming back to her.

"Won't you give me my chance?" he asked. "I don't know what you're going to do; I'm afraid to think what may happen to you. Don't set me aside like this; let me touch some side of your life at least; let me be your servant."

"You had your chance—and you lost it," she reminded him gently. "If I was worth the winning, no man ever had such a chance in all his life, but you were not sure. You were a coward—and for that I cannot forgive you."

CHAPTER XIX

ENDING THE GAME

At the appointed time the great car drew up at the gate outside the wall; Dempsey superintended the carrying of various items of luggage down the flagged path and the stowing of them upon the car. Penelope had carefully packed everything; the crown jewels properly belonging

to the court of Sylvaniaburg were in their steel-lined case and tucked away securely under the legs of Penelope at the front of the car. Royle, lingering indeterminate, was standing beside the flagged path when at last Lucidora came down to take her seat in the car. And now at last she lingered, and held out a hand to him. She spoke words he was destined to remember for many a long day.

"I have no blame for you; you simply did not understand. I gave my heart to you a little too freely, and you had hoped that the heart was a gilded one; it hurts me to think that it was flesh and blood. We part now—you and I; and through all my life I shall remember that we traveled together once in the moonlight, and that you told me what I know now was true. Good-by—no—don't speak to me; there are people watching—and this poor princess might be so foolish as to break down."

She went very quickly along the flagged path, and got into the waiting motor-car, and never in all his experience of her had he seen her sitting so regally upright as she was when the automobile moved away.

And Dempsey, with Penelope seated beside him, took Lucidora to London. The mere fact that Dempsey had that one order in his mind and nothing further was sufficient for him, London was his objective point, and he steered straight for it, with such pauses as were necessary from time to time. It may safely be said that, such was his mood, he scarcely exchanged a word of conversation with Penelope beside him, and throughout the journey he played always that game he understood, and would understand until such time as he was instructed to play it no more. And so, in due course he brought the car to a standstill in Azalea Road, St. John's Wood, and stood, cap in hand, waiting to assist Lucidora to alight.

It was, of course, essential that Lucidora's entrance should be a dramatic one. She had had time upon the road to think the matter out, and now she was all for casting herself and her false burden at the feet of the princess, and demanding to be allowed to give it all up. She had instructed Penelope to carry in the great jewel case; Dempsey knew that he must take in also the trunks of clothing which properly belonged to the princess. For was not this the great renunciation?

The attitude of the princess was, in a

sense at least, appropriate to the occasion. Several extremely bad unfinished canvases stood about on easels, or were propped against the walls, and Felicia herself was seated on a low painting-stool, her chin cupped in her hands, and her gaze fixed upon the last unfinished canvas. So intent was she upon the contemplation of it that quite a moment or two elapsed, after Lucidora had followed Penelope into the studio, before the princess appeared to realize that they were there at all.

"Why—my dear—what's all this?" she faltered.

Lucidora watched Dempsey while he carefully deposited the last trunk upon the floor; she watched also while Penelope set down the heavy jewel case; she waited with patience until both had gone out of the place, and the door was closed behind them. Then she turned to the princess, and with a gesture which, in a sense, had been built up during a long journey, and had been framed and reframed and rehearsed over and over again, spread out her hands, and bowed her head before the other woman.

"If it please your highness—will you very kindly say 'Heigh, presto!'—and change me back again? For me it is all ended."

And then, in the absurdest fashion, she broke down for the first time and covered her face with her hands and burst into tears. And perhaps the strangest thing of all was that the princess, with very bright eyes fixed upon her, watched her, and smiled a little, and for a time said nothing.

"And you give it all up; you refuse to play the game any longer?" said the princess softly at last.

"I want to go back; I want to be just the poor girl I was, even though I shall know that all the world is against me, princess. I wish with all my heart that I had never played the game at all; it has broken my heart a little."

The princess came across to where Lucidora was standing, and took her by the shoulders, and presently contrived to look into the great gray eyes swimming in tears. "Was he like all the rest?" she asked. "Did he love the princess—and not the woman?"

Lucidora lowered her head and turned away. The princess shrugged her shoulders and looked round the studio.

"Sweetheart, we have both been play-

ing games we have not understood and for which there had been no preparation," she said. "I tried to be the little Bohemian artist, and even those who were fond of me, and believed me to be poor and struggling, shrugged their shoulders and turned away their heads when they looked at the work I did. And of all the people I know there is not one that fits in with my life—not really."

"There was one, princess, whose heart you feared to break," said Lucidora.

"And he loves me only as just a part of his dreams and his fiddling, and not in real life at all. I know, my dear, that if we played the poor game to the end I should fail in my part, just as you have failed in yours; I should starve with my fiddler—and I could not bear that."

"And what will your highness do?" asked Lucidora softly.

"I shall go back," answered the other. "The prince has been here twice already to see me, and I have refused him. He is very patient."

"But you do not love him," whispered Lucidora.

"I don't know that," answered the princess. "I laughed at him, and at the system that thrust him upon me, on a night when I scarcely knew him, and when he smiled upon me as we sat side by side at a great banquet; perhaps if I had seen him as a rather nice man that was little more than a boy, and had not thought of him as the prince of an absurd state, I might have cared for him. He has been very good and very kind, and he might have been very ridiculous and made me very miserable. I shall see him when he comes again."

"I have brought back to you, your highness, all that you gave me," said Lucidora. "All the clothes and the jewels, and even Dempsey and Penelope. You will see, perhaps"—she made a little movement with her hands toward her frock—"that I am wearing the dress I wore when you found me that moonlight night. So that—that"—she caught her breath for a moment and turned away—"that finishes it all—doesn't it?"

"But, sweetheart, we can't end it like this," exclaimed the princess. "What are you going to do? I am safe, and nothing can harm me, and I have played my poor game—and broken your heart in the playing."

"But you will not play it unfairly," said

Lucidora. "Just as we started so we will end. Dear princess—I have not been unhappy."

"You shall do as you will," said the princess quietly.

"There is a wallet here, containing all the money that was left unspent; there is quite a lot still," and Lucidora held it out to the princess. "And when we parted, your highness, you took with you a bag that was mine, and that held most that I owned in the world. There is a trunk somewhere that I left behind me before I began this other life, but that I shall not claim now."

"You insist upon this?" asked Felicia, balancing the wallet in her hands.

"If you please, your highness," answered Lucidora.

"Very well; I have the bag, and I will get it."

As she was going out Lucidora called her back. "There is one other thing, your highness. It is about Dempsey."

"What about Dempsey?" asked the princess, pausing in the doorway and looking back.

"He will persist, in spite of all I tell him, in calling me 'your highness,' and refusing to understand that I am only Lucidora Eden. If you could put that straight, I should be so grateful, your highness."

The princess laughed. "Don't you understand, my dear, that Dempsey has never had room in his brain for more than one idea at a time? He fixes that idea there until some one forcibly detaches it and gives him another. Leave him to me."

The princess was gone for some minutes; she came back, carrying the bag that Lucidora remembered.

"I do not suppose, sweetheart, that we shall ever meet again," she said softly. "But I shall like to think that somewhere a letter might find you; I do not like to lose you utterly. Where will you be?"

"I don't know," answered poor Lucidora.

"That place at which I found you, is there any one there to whom I could write?" asked the princess.

"The little matron—Miss Charity Smith—I might perhaps some day see her, or write to her," said Lucidora eagerly.

"That is good; I only wanted to know that I was not severing every link between us. And you, of course, will know where to find me"—she heaved a little quick

sigh and laughed—"until the very hour of my death. Always supposing, of course," she added in mockery—"that we don't after all have a revolution."

She rang the bell quickly, and Penelope came in. "Will you please tell Dempsey to come to me?" said the princess.

Penelope gave one sharp glance from one to the other, and replied, as she went out of the room, "Certainly, your highness."

"I can carry the bag; it is not heavy," said Lucidora. "And I have with me just the sum of money I had when I got back that night to the Foundation. It will last for a little time."

Dempsey came into the big studio at that moment, and the princess spoke to him. "Dempsey, we start on our return to Sylvaniaburg to-night," she said.

The man looked at her, and looked at Lucidora; wrinkled puzzled brows for an instant. "Very good, Miss Eden—I should have said—certainly, your highness." He went out quickly.

Lucidora looked at the princess for a moment a little doubtfully, but it was to be after all the princess who played her part the better.

With a smile she held out her hand, and Lucidora, with a little curtsy, put her lips to it. "Good-by, your highness—and thank you very much," she said. Then she went quickly out into the street, carrying the bag.

CHAPTER XX

THE MAN WITH THE FIDDLE

FOR a moment after that sudden exit of Lucidora the princess was in a mood to run after her and to cry to her to come back; surely the matter could not be finished for good and all in this fashion. And then, even as she reached the door and had her hand upon the knob of it, she stopped and stood very still in the empty studio.

She knew then with certainty that the threads were not to be picked up. The business had gone beyond her, was out of her hands.

Lucidora might have held to the threads that bound her to the story, but for the fact that something stronger had stepped in and had spoiled it all, so far as she was concerned; Lucidora had gone out into

the world again, caring mighty little for princes or princesses.

And the princess herself, even as she had confessed, was tired of the game. The sheer naughty joy of it, that had been so potent in the beginning, had worn itself out, and if Felicia had any business in life at all she told herself, bitterly enough, that it was not to be an artist nor a Bohemian. She had been trained for one thing only, and doubtless trained extremely well; she must get back to that.

Penelope came in from time to time, to receive certain instructions, and to make arrangements for the journey; through her the princess sent instructions to Dempsey as to the trip; he was to take the shortest way back to Sylvaniaburg, contriving only that at the end he should arrive by night.

The princess was seated in a low chair, with her eyes closed and her hands clasped behind her head. After all she thought it would be good to be home again; good to remember all this as just a dream—something set wonderfully in the midst of the years, with nothing leading up to it, in a sense, and nothing following it. It was just possible that the prince might call again; it was just possible that he might follow her to Sylvaniaburg, and there take up the threads she had snatched out of his hands.

It was just possible, on the other hand, that he would do nothing; her experience of him, small as it had been, had shown her that one could not form an estimate of what he would do. After all, if he failed her, there would have to be important conferences, and much wagging of heads, and she supposed that in the end they would marry her to somebody else, the better to forget rapidly the scandal that had woven itself about her name.

A ring at the outer bell; after a moment or two Penelope came into the studio, and stood before her mistress. The princess, without opening her eyes, asked: "Well—who is it? I can't see anybody now that isn't really important."

"It is Mr. Harvey Crockford Royle, your highness," said Penelope.

The princess got quickly to her feet. "Oh, yes—I'll see Mr. Royle," she said, with a little laugh.

Royle looked older, the princess decided; or it may have been that there was a new gravity in his face. He came forward and

bowed; she said nothing. He seemed to have some difficulty in beginning, and when at last he spoke his words were halting and confused.

"I thought it best to come to your highness," he said. "It is merely a matter of business. It concerns a certain house that was taken for your highness—or I should say, for Miss Eden, and the people must, of course, be paid. If I were not as poor as Job's turkey I would pay the amount gladly, your highness, rather than appear before you at all."

"Let us set aside the question of the payment; that shall, of course, be attended to, Mr. Royle," said the princess quietly. "Why are you so very much afraid of appearing before me?"

"Is it a matter we need discuss?" asked Royle. "The thing is ended and done with."

"Is it because you have been fooled, Mr. Royle?"

He looked up at her quickly.

"Not now," he answered. "That was the feeling in the beginning; I seemed to know that you, at least, were laughing at me; that you, a clever woman, had seen me trailing around England with a sham princess; going to the opera with her; living royally generally. That hurt me; I didn't know before that I had any pride, but that hurt."

"You're not the only one to be hurt, Mr. Royle," she answered. "Everybody's had a knock or two that they didn't expect—some more than others. But you have not yet told me what was your real reason for being afraid to come near me."

"When I was in this place last, princess," he said slowly, "we talked together, you and I, out in the garden there in the moonlight, and I believed you to be the little art student, and I thought Lucidora was the princess. You told me then to be good to her, and before God I meant to be. My head was stuffed with high romantic notions concerning her; I was going to fight the world on her account. And then, princess, just when I'd got all my weapons sharpened and ready—I found there was to be no fight. Don't you understand now?"

"I understand that part of it; that's the man's part," she answered steadily. "What about the woman's part?"

"Of the woman's part I do not like to think," said Royle. "Since I—lost her—

I've learned to understand all that I didn't understand before. I've learned to know that the mere setting of a crown on a head doesn't make a princess—saving your presence always, your highness. I've learned to know that she was the sweetest and the daintiest princess that ever sat upon a throne—even though that throne was just a high-backed chair. And that”—he spread out his hands with a gesture—“that's just all I've lost.”

“You may find her again, Mr. Royle,” she said.

He shook his head. “I've learned to know her too well to believe that,” he answered. “You were happy in your selection of a substitute, princess; she has a pride that should match your own.”

“You might succeed in overmastering that pride—if you found her again,” suggested the princess.

“Even you, your highness, have something to learn about the ways of love,” said Royle. “It wouldn't be by overmastering her pride; it would be by crawling in the dust to her feet. You think that's foolish, perhaps; you would tell me that is not your way of love?”

“Perhaps I haven't learned the way at all,” she answered him. “Perhaps I, who have mastered all people all my life, need some one to master me. I am not likely ever to discover that way, and so it may happen that love is not for me.”

“We will hope that it is, your highness,” said Royle. “You have not, by any chance, seen Lucidora?” he added as he turned toward the door.

“She has been here but a little time ago; she brought back to me all the things she used for playing her great game.”

“And has gone again?” asked Royle quickly.

“And has gone again. If, as I believe, you were something more than interested in her, it may comfort you to know that she has a little money. I couldn't let even the sham princess go out into the world to play the beggar girl in earnest. I slipped some money into a bag that belonged to her; if she should, by chance, try to return it to me, I shall be gone from here. I leave to-night.”

He thanked her with a quick glance, and moved again toward the door; as he reached it her voice held him again.

“You do not want to find her?”

“That is ungenerous, your highness;

say rather that I do not dare to find her,” he said.

“I think perhaps you're right,” rejoined the princess. “Love has a subtle way of managing these things for itself; and I'm not sure, Mr. Royle, that you haven't a lesson to learn, and may be the better for the schooling. Good by!”

He came back to her, took her hand, and put his lips to it; gave it a little friendly squeeze, and went away. The princess appeared to dismiss him, and the remembrance of him, with a little shrug of her shoulders; after all, she had not been at any time greatly concerned with him. The hour was drawing on when presently she must start on that long journey that had Sylvaniaburg, with its towers and turrets and its gloomy palace, at the end of it; she wanted the time to come more quickly. And yet once again Penelope appeared—on this occasion with a somewhat disturbed look, as though she had been unduly bustling.

“A gentleman who demands to see your highness—a Mr. Berlandina. He would not listen when I tried to explain—”

Penelope was suddenly and hurriedly thrust aside by an impetuous arm, and the tall figure of Michael Berlandina burst into the studio. He paused for a moment, while a smile spread over his face as he saw Felicia before him; then he advanced rapidly.

“Why is it that they talk to me of her highness this, and her highness that?” he cried, with a laugh. “I ask to see Miss Eden; they lie to me, and say that she has gone away—”

“You need not wait, Penelope,” broke in the princess quickly.

“Very well, your highness,” said Penelope, and went out.

“There it is again, my Lucidora—this talk of your highness. What does it all mean? You have not changed; you are here, as you have been from the beginning.”

“I have not changed, Michael,” she answered him slowly. “It is only a trick of speech with this maid of mine. And why have you come to see me?”

He tossed his hat onto a settee and came toward her; took her face between his hands, raised it, and kissed her on the lips.

“Why have I come to see you, Lucidora?” he whispered. “Because I come

always to see you when it is possible. I do not live when I am away from you." He kissed her again and looked at her queerly. "Your lips are cold—and I cannot see your eyes," he said. "What has happened to you?"

She twisted herself out of his grasp and moved across the studio.

"Nothing has happened, Michael," she answered. "It is good of you to come to see me; we might"—she laughed a little queer laugh in her throat—"we might have missed each other."

He looked at her in a puzzled way; then shrugged his shoulders and shook back his hair.

"Ah—I understand; you might have been away; and that would have been something more than a disappointment. And I, who love you so dearly, could not bear a disappointment. Have you thought again of all that we talked about the last time I was here? That night when we sat together, hand in hand, looking out over the garden and watching the moon and hearing the roaring world go past us outside—oh—miles and miles away. And telling ourselves always that the world did not matter."

"I remember perfectly, Michael. That night the world did not matter," she said.

"That night—and every night—and all the long days to come," he went on. "We were both so young—younger than any one had ever been before. Life was a long, long road, with just little resting-places here and there for us; and always the sun shone by day and always the moon at night. And I carried with me my best-beloved—my violin; and we tramped the long road and we laughed in the sunshine and we shook the rain-drops from our faces; and we never faltered by the way or told each other that we were tired."

"I remember," she whispered. "It was always to be like that—and we were always to be in the sunshine. I remember."

"It is that which I have come to talk to you about," he said, drawing her closer to him. "Money is such a little thing—coppers they throw into the hat of a poor fiddler—with sometimes a little silver mixed to make it lighter and yet delightfully heavier for the pocket. And there is bread to be bought upon the way—and a shelter at night—and always the laughter all the time. Will you come, Lucidora?"

"Yes—I'll come," she said in a quick,

hard voice. "After all—love is life and life is love"—she knew that she was juggling with phrases, but she went on—"and nothing else matters. We'll go together, Michael, you and I; we'll live forever in Bohemia, where no one ever thinks the mere fraction of a second ahead and where life and love and laughter mean the same thing."

She had got to her feet and was standing before him like one entranced, her hands clasped and her eyes shining. And Penelope came quickly into the studio.

"If it please your highness—His Highness Prince Joycelyn of Düringerwald."

The boyish-faced young man entered quickly, glanced with his bright eyes from one to the other, and then stood bowing to the princess with his heels clapped smartly together. Penelope left the room and closed the door, leaving the three together.

"His highness!—her highness!—I fear I do not understand," murmured the unhappy fiddler.

The princess had dropped her hands; she stood perfectly still before the prince, watching him. It was almost as though she knew instinctively that this was the ending of it all. To do her justice, she was not now reckoning chances, good or ill; she was reckoning with men. And yet, behind all that, there was in her mind that sense of contrast—and, above all, that keen and rather ironical spirit of humor. It is not every day given to a woman to make her choice between a prince and a fiddler!

"Twice I have been so unfortunate as to discover that your highness could not receive me," said the prince. "To-day I am more fortunate. And even now I fear that I am guilty of an intrusion." He glanced, as he spoke, toward Michael.

"Permit me, your highness, to introduce Mr. Michael Berlandina, a very justly famous violinist," said the princess in a low voice. "Michael—this is His Highness Prince Joycelyn of Düringerwald."

The two men bowed to each other; Michael was staring blankly. The silence was broken by him at last in his quick, impetuous fashion.

"But this is perhaps a little play—a something that happens for what one calls the fun of the thing." He looked quickly from one to the other and smiled hopefully. "A little something to surprise a friend."

"Her highness has told you who I am,"

said the prince quietly. "It is incredible that you do not know her, sir."

"I have a very dear friend whose name is Miss Lucidora Eden," said Michael steadily; "I know her by no other name or title."

"Then you will perhaps permit me, in my turn, to present to you Her Highness the Princess Felicia of Sylvania-burg," said the prince.

"The little play is ended, Michael," explained the princess quietly. "We have dreamed together in the moonlight, you and I; and now we are awake again. I changed places with some one else—just for the sport of the thing. That is all."

"I hope you understand, Mr. Berlandina," added the prince gently.

"But I understand nothing!" exclaimed the other passionately. "What are princesses and princesses to me? I have loved a woman—the dear, beating heart of her and the bright eyes of her and the deep, strong soul of her. I know nothing of princes or princesses."

"There are women in the world one may not love," said the prince quietly. "They stand above the love of common men."

"Call no man common that can win a woman's heart," interposed Michael quickly. "What have you to offer her, prince?"

"All that she best understands," answered the boyish-looking man with a flush on his face. "Light and music and the praise and admiration of men and women; jewels that she wears as other women wear wayside flowers. Is not that so, princess?" He turned quickly to Felicia.

She nodded quietly, watching the other man. "And what do you offer me, Michael?" she asked almost in a whisper.

He spread his arms and smiled upon her and shook back his mane of hair.

"That which you have said yourself," he answered. "Love—and life—and all the things that matter. You may be hungry a little sometimes, but afterward you will not remember that; there shall be no praise of men for you save the praise that will be always on my lips and in my eyes for you. That you were ever a princess will come to be as a dream in your life—as something to be laughed at. This man here—he flung out a hand passionately toward the prince—"does not know what love means."

"It happens sometimes, my friend, that a prince may be something of a man," answered the other. "He is judged by the world by a standard that is not fair; because other men may not be measured by it. I loved her highness long ago, and I shall not ever love any other woman; and by the standard of that I ask only to be judged. She is of a texture that will not stand the harder mode of life you suggest for her, and even that cloak of love you would throw about her might grow a little thin. You have been fortunate, sir, in that a princess has loved you."

"That will be a dear remembrance always," said Michael. "To be loved by a princess! But for that very reason I may not lose her."

The princess stood between the two, with her hands clasped, looking quickly from one to the other; but most she looked at Michael. Outside in the road, in the dead silence that seemed to lie beyond the great studio, they could hear the throbbing of the engines of the car; by that way lay safety and ease and peace. And a hungry-eyed man, with long hair falling almost into his bright eyes, was watching her.

"I can give you so little, princess," said Michael. "But it will be all my life."

"That is nothing; she will ask of you more than that," said the prince with a little quick laugh.

The princess looked at him with a new understanding. "Almost, I fear, that I should," she answered very low.

Michael looked at her, then slowly stooped to the settee and picked up his hat. "I could not give you more than my life, princess," he said. "Farewell!"

He passed out swiftly, leaving them standing there. And suddenly the princess, with a cry, made a quick movement toward the door with his name upon her lips. But the prince barred the way.

"It is ended now—the pretty comedy," he said quite without bitterness. "I am your man—your mate. I have been patient through all your whims, Felicia; I shall be more patient than any man you'll ever meet. I take you back to Sylvania-burg to-night."

"I will not go," she said on a quick breath; but the breath was a faint one.

"You will go, Felicia—and you will be as happy in the time to come as God has ever meant any poor princess to be," he answered her solemnly. "We are puppets,

you and I; and we have to play out our parts to the end, with some one else jerking our strings for us. If, in the clumsy jerking, it may happen now and then that we tumble into each other's arms, or that our lips touch, we should be grateful. I heard the car just now, and I suppose your people are ready. You will allow me to travel with you some part of the way at least? Say, for instance, to the borders of your kingdom?"

"No—I will not," she stormed at him half laughingly and yet with tears. "I ran away from you like a great lady—rushing across Europe in a motor-car and with my jewels and with money; I will go back in a different fashion."

"It would please me, Felicia, if you decided to walk," he answered her simply.

She looked at him with a smile; she turned her head away; he had a thought that it was the first girlish movement he had ever detected in her.

"I will go by train—just as commoner people go," she said. "I have not traveled alone—at least, only once. If it would please your highness to travel with me—say to the borders of my kingdom—"

He laughed boyishly, stepped across the studio, and rang the bell. Penelope appeared at once, and to her the prince spoke.

"I believe that your mistress, the Princess Felicia, has informed you that she starts for Sylvaniaburg to-night."

"Yes, your highness. I am informed by Dempsey that the car is ready and everything fastened upon it."

"I do not go by the car," said the princess suddenly. "I travel to Sylvaniaburg as any one else would travel."

"You will observe, Penelope, that it is a simple matter," said the prince. "It is merely for you and for the excellent Dempsey to get yourselves and the car to Sylvaniaburg, with all the possessions of the princess."

"Quite so, your highness," said Penelope the imperturbable.

"Then be pleased to see to it," directed the prince. And Penelope walked quickly out of the room.

"But you don't understand!" exclaimed the princess. "One must treat these people like ordinary, decent human beings. This woman has been with me since I was a child; I will not have her treated in such a fashion."

"Perhaps you will explain, my dear Fe-

licia," said the prince with a shrug of his shoulders.

"It may be nothing to you to send off a man and a woman like this for a journey of days; it means a great deal to me. This is a matter in which you may not interfere, prince," said Felicia haughtily.

"It is, obviously, a matter in which a man may blunder very badly." He spoke with an air of contrition.

She was ringing the bell while she looked at him with rebellion in her face. While the bell was ringing he stood quite still, watching the door. It was perhaps a surprise and yet a relief to them both when Dempsey stepped in and bowed before them.

"Ah—Dempsey—I wanted to speak to you," said the princess. "I have determined to travel back to Sylvaniaburg in a less public fashion than that in which I left it. Prince Joycelyn here has been good enough to suggest that he will go with me—in quite the ordinary fashion—for some part of the journey at least. But I want you to take back to Sylvaniaburg my luggage—and the big jewel-case—and all the things that belong to me. And you will, of course, take them on the car."

"Certainly, your highness," answered Dempsey, standing stiff and straight as a ramrod.

"But, being a man, Dempsey, you have not realized the difficulty with regard to Penelope," said the princess.

"I had not imagined, your highness, that there was any difficulty," said Dempsey.

"Do you think that I would send her traveling across Europe with you—alone?" demanded the princess.

"I see the difficulty, your highness," said Dempsey, scratching his very short hair. "In fact, I saw it only a little time ago; and, not knowing exactly what might be happening, and not knowing quite where we stood—well, your highness, I've taken certain risks, and me and Penelope Tattersfield was made man and wife by special license about an hour ago."

CHAPTER XXI

ON THE RAMPARTS AGAIN

ONCE more the moon was shining brightly over the towers and turrets of the ancient city of Sylvaniaburg. And once

more, above the silent town, a young sentry paced slowly along the ramparts of the palace—coming out of the deep shadows and passing for a moment into the white moonlight and disappearing again.

Presently a long window leading to the ramparts was opened, and the Princess Felicia stepped out and went to the old stone wall at the edge. She leaned her arms upon it and looked out over the silent city.

Men say that all things change; here she knew that nothing had changed, save only perhaps herself. There had been another night, just like this, when she had leaned there and looked over the broken lines of roofs in the moonlight and at the faint gray line of hills beyond which, at that time, she had not believed she could ever pass. And what a long, long way she had traveled since that night—and what a great load of memories she had brought back with her!

After quite a long time, as it seemed, the young sentry came in sight again. He saw the white figure of the princess leaning against the wall of the ramparts; and, after a start of surprise, brought his rifle hurriedly to the salute. He would have passed on again but the princess stopped him.

"Soldier!"

Once again (quite as though it might have been that other night not so very long ago) he made that stumbling, halting movement that was half a salute and half a carrying of his rifle to his shoulder.

"We talked here once before, soldier," said the princess softly.

"You were so good, your highness," he answered in the voice with the burr in it.

"About a girl, far below in the valley there, whom you loved and whom some day you were to marry. Do you remember?"

"I could not forget, your highness. I told her about it when next we met; and she could talk of nothing else."

"And when do you marry her?" asked the princess.

"It is to be this coming month, your highness," answered the soldier, blushing. "The old folk see no gain in our waiting, and it seems there is just a little more money than had been thought, got together from her family and mine. I would hope, your highness, that you approve?"

"I think you are very wise," said the princess. "Love, after all, is only for the young—isn't it?"

"Your highness is good enough to say so," answered the soldier. "And your highness should know—seeing that your highness is to wed within the next few days."

"Yes—I should know—shouldn't I, soldier?" said the princess softly.

"If one who serves your highness humbly may venture his good wishes—and the good wishes of her who is to be my wife—" He got no further than that; he stumbled and halted in his speech and fell to fumbling with his rifle again.

"Thank you, soldier—and thank the girl who is to be your wife. Will you tell her from me that I will see to it that there is a present for you both on the day of your wedding?"

"Oh—your highness!"

"Good night, soldier!"

He presented arms again and went off into the shadows—with much to tell the girl down in the valley, who doubtless dreamed of him that night.

And then, as if to complete the picture set far back behind all the memories, there came the clank of a sword on the ramparts and General Prince von Vogelsang emerged from the shadows, started a little at seeing the white figure there, and then came on again heavily. He was smoking his last cigar for the night; he gave a twirl to one end of his mustache and stopped within a yard of the princess.

"I had not thought, my dear Felicia, that you were out of your bed," he said. "It has been customary for you to be there at a certain hour these many years past. I had imagined that Penelope would have informed me." He fumbled uneasily with his sword-hilt and looked at the princess a little doubtfully.

"Perhaps, like me, General von Vogelsang, Penelope has grown up a little," said Felicia. "The fault with you has been that you grew to a certain height which did not even enable you to see over the walls that hedge about Sylvaniaaburg; and that then you stopped growing forevermore."

"I observe, Felicia," said the general, a little uneasily, "that you still talk that nonsense which originally led us into such grave difficulties. I do sincerely hope, my child—"

"That I have come back—general my uncle—to settle down again and to be good forevermore; and never again to disturb you over your last cigar," she said with a little sigh. "I pledge you my word for that. Am I not to be married in a matter of four days; and do I not accept my fate with a meekness and a resignation that should please even you, as it has doubtless pleased all the people sleeping down there below?"

"I admit it," he rejoined, speaking fiercely to his cigar. "At the same time, I should be wanting in my duty to you if I did not emphasize all that has happened and all the trouble that we have, by God's mercy, averted. Trouble, mark you, Felicia, brought about entirely by yourself."

"And which is a matter entirely between Joycelyn and myself," she said quickly.

"Quite so—quite so; Joycelyn appears to have behaved extremely well in the matter—better than might have been expected," said Von Vogelsang, puffing out his cheeks and moving uneasily on his feet. "When one thinks of all the newspaper reports that had to be contradicted—telegrams sent here, there, and everywhere; rumors about the princess being seen at this place or another—and with a man accompanying her in some ridiculous capacity—as court chamberlain or the like—I say, when one thinks of all that, your escape has been quite miraculous."

"Wonderful—hasn't it been?" said Felicia softly. "Just think of this precious piece of Dresden china knocking about in the world and yet never even getting a chip! Wouldn't you like to know, Uncle von Vogelsang, just what that delicate bit of Dresden china was doing all the time?"

Mischievously she had gone a little nearer to him, and was standing, with her hands behind her back, looking up at him out of laughing eyes.

"I forbid you ever to speak of the matter again," he answered sternly.

"A man has kissed me on the lips—and I nearly broke his heart," went on the mischievous voice. "I have ridden in common trains with common people; I have rubbed shoulders with men and women in the streets of a great city at night; I have been merry among men and women who lived and toiled and dreamed their dreams; and some of them I have loved, and more of them have loved me; because

my heart, as you and others have trained it, was not made for love. Think of it, uncle mine"—she flung out a hand at him passionately—"while you have clanked up and down these stones every night, with here below you the little petty principality that has been your world, I have been alive in a greater world outside. And never in all your life, with all your mouthings and your poutings and your forbidings, can you take the memory of that from me."

Perhaps even in his brain the certainty of this was so great that he had nothing to say; he went away a few steps and came clanking back again.

"I can tell you this, Felicia," he answered at last—"that I think the prince has behaved monstrously well to you—monstrously well. There are few men in this world who would take you for just the worth of your word—and believe in you and accept you. I tell you this: that if your revered aunt, now with the saints, had ever given me cause for such anxiety I would have set her aside; she should never have been a Von Vogelsang."

"But then, you see, you didn't particularly love my revered aunt," said the princess quietly. "And it happens that the prince loves me."

"And are you able to assure him, with all your talk of men having kissed you, and one thing and another—are you able to assure him that you go to him as you should? Tell me that!"

"That, Uncle von Vogelsang, is a matter entirely for the prince—and for me," she replied demurely.

He took another turn or two up and down the ramparts and finally halted before her to say a last word on the matter.

"Well—it's all over now; the scandal is hushed; and such statements as we have been able to make to various courts have been accepted, more or less doubtfully. The one point remains that the prince has behaved extremely well—and we are enabled to breathe again. You have left behind you the ridiculous escapade into which you plunged; and you will, of course, have left behind those with whom you associated during that escapade."

"I'm not so sure about that," said Felicia with a sudden hardening of her voice that always suggested danger to the general.

"What do you mean?" he stormed.

"Only a sudden thought occurred to me, general my uncle," said the princess. "I am to be married in four days; it might almost be rather nice to have some of them over here—some of those real, dear people that I saw and knew when I was apparently some one else—it might be rather nice to have them as my guests."

"Now understand me firmly, Felicia," began the general, grasping the scabbard of his sword in his excitement—"I will not have it. Every arrangement is made and every guest invited. One knows to an inch where each person will stand and what each will do at certain times. If by any chance you should give trouble concerning this matter, I swear to you that I will issue a decree—"

"Be quiet, please," she broke in suddenly, and her voice stilled the man. "In these matters I will now do as I like. And if you resent any action of mine, General Prince von Vogelsang, it will be for me to issue a decree—to-morrow. And in that decree I will take the reins of my little state out of your hands and set you aside completely—on a pension."

"A pension!" he spluttered. "A pension!"

"So that I think you would better be quiet; and you had better finish your cigar and go to bed," said the princess.

The poor man looked at her with wide-opened eyes, put the wrong end of his cigar between his lips by accident, spluttered and swore softly, and pitched the thing over the ramparts. She still looked at him quietly, standing there, a slight figure in the moonlight; and a moment or two afterward he went striding off to his own apartments with that ridiculous sword clanking behind him.

Felicia went through the open window into her own rooms; she was laughing a little softly to herself, because, after all, Von Vogelsang was really funny; indeed, he was funnier now than she had thought he ever could be.

The princess went across to a writing-table and took up a letter that was lying there and sat down to read it. She knew it almost by heart already; but it brought to her a whiff from that outside world she had known—stretched out hands to her, and had about it something of a voice that called her back. It was from Lucidora and had reached her only that day. It was just the sort of thing that Lucidora

would have written, with all her heart in it and with stops dotted about here and there—wherever Lucidora happened to think they were necessary.

OH MY PRINCESS:

I am writing to you because I have heard that you and the prince are to marry on the 19th; and I could not let you go, my darling, without a line to tell you, with deep respect, your highness, how very happy I hope you will be. And you will laugh when I tell you that I wish it could have been two days earlier, because on that day—which is, of course, the 17th—I am to be married also! Harvey says so; and, of course, for me, as you will readily understand, Harvey's word is law!

It would take me much too long to tell you all the romance of it—and how we met, and how, of course, I forgave him, because I had nothing to forgive—which made it much easier—didn't it? Some day when I have time, and your highness will not mind, I shall write you a long letter that will tell you all about it.

The address at the top of this letter is quite within sight of the old studio in Azalea Road, St. John's Wood, where once I wore your crown and pretended that I was the Princess Felicia. Only we have four rooms—right at the top of another house; and they call it a flat, because you don't have to go up and down stairs from one room to another—not that we should mind that a bit. We are one carpet short—but Harvey hopes that we shall get that in time; and meanwhile he is staining the floor, which does almost as well.

I shall think of you, dearest princess, on the 19th; I shall seem to see banners waving and to hear the trumpets blaring—and all the people cheering. We shall be married quite quietly, and I am not quite sure yet whether we shall have a honeymoon—I mean going away. Harvey thinks it might run to it, and, after all, it's only once in a lifetime.

Of course the honeymoon I would love best of all would be to stand in the streets of your wonderful old city and to see you go by with your crown set upon your head and to give you one little tiny cheer. But, of course, that can't be. So think of me sometimes, sweet princess, and laugh a little that either of us could ever be a little sad or a little afraid of life.

Your highness's obedient servant,

LUCIDORA.

The princess read the letter very slowly; she stood for a long time twisting it in her fingers, and then suddenly she began to laugh. It was that little laugh that had always the note of mischief behind it; that laugh that had been always the terror of General Prince von Vogelsang's life.

The princess sat down at the writing-

desk and took a sheet of paper and wrote rapidly upon it. Then she touched a bell beside her and stood reading over what she had written.

Presently Penelope put in an appearance—just the same Penelope as of old. The princess held up the paper, and Penelope advanced to her.

"Here is a most important telegram, Penelope—a telegram for England. See that it goes at the very earliest moment in the morning."

"Certainly, your highness," said Penelope.

"You know the name upon it, Penelope?"

"Certainly, your highness," said Penelope; and then, strangely enough, she caught a glance from the eyes of the princess and her face twisted into a smile. But only for a moment.

And when, presently, the princess got into bed, it was curious that the bed was shaking just a little, as though the princess were laughing to herself in the darkness.

CHAPTER XXII

THE LITTLE MATRON RECEIVES

As for that romance at which Lucidora's letter had hinted, it was, after all, but a simple thing—just the simple sort of matter that might have come into such a story as that of Lucidora Eden.

It began, as Lucidora would have said, with another failure. Lucidora, as we know, was forever beginning things bravely enough and setting out with new worlds to conquer. So that when she left the big studio, after her parting with the princess, carrying with her that bag which held her worldly possessions, she knew that though her heart had an ache in it, there was bravery enough behind the ache. Besides, she had that very little sum of money in her pocket, and for a week or so it might be just possible that she would not starve. And quite a lot of things could happen in a week.

The first thing to be done, of course, was to discover a lodging, and that was neither so new nor so frightening an experience as it might once have been, before Lucidora had learned to walk boldly into hotels and to watch people bow down before her. She knew that this was never to happen again; but what she had learned

was that there were not quite so many terrible dragons in the world as she had once imagined.

In a little quiet street within a few hundred yards of Azalea Road Lucidora came upon another little street of high, old-fashioned houses; and in the first of these was a neat card in the window, advertising "Apartments." And as Lucidora looked at the house, which was clean and well-kept, she saw the face of a gray-haired woman at the front window.

The face was withdrawn instantly, but not before Lucidora had decided that it was a good face. She hesitated for a moment, then walked up the steps and rang the bell.

There were two little rooms to be let at the top of the house; they were clean and airy, and the terms were very reasonable. The landlady smilingly suggested payment in advance—"it being usually done, miss"—and Lucidora took the rooms for a week. Within a week something must happen that should show her what life in the future was to be.

She sat for a long time by the window of her tiny sitting-room, looking out over the roofs of other houses and almost deciding in her own mind which was the particular house with a glazed skylight that was the great studio in which she had left the princess. Lucidora felt lonely and bewildered; to-morrow she had to begin the great fight all over again and to set resolutely behind her all that had been a mere dream. Presently she got up from the window, crossed the room, unfastened her bag, and began to take out her few belongings.

Strange to recall when last she had packed that bag; it seemed years ago. She remembered the journey that had taken her for its destination to Ridgeminster and to the Elizabeth Dove Foundation; she laughed a little bitterly as she thought of all that and as she shook out the contents of the bag. And as she did so she saw a little packet tied round with ribbon tumble out onto the table.

Wonderingly she untied the ribbon; a paper was wrapped round something that rustled as she touched it. She spread out the paper and read a scrawl in the handwriting of the princess.

You must not starve, sweetheart, and you know that this means nothing to me; I could wish it meant more, for your sake. If some day

you write to me, you are not to speak of it, or you will hurt me. In that I command you.

FELICIA.

There were bank-notes for thirty pounds—a fortune to Lucidora. At first she sat down and cried a little at the sheer relief of the thing; and then, on an impulse that, by all the rules of the game, she must not keep the money, she crammed it together and ran round to Azalea Road to the studio.

She rang the bell for a long time, but no one came. Perhaps then, as she stood outside in the street, she understood more clearly than she could have done in any other fashion the meaning of the words of the princess. "I shall go back." The princess knew better than any one else that her part of the story was ended.

And Lucidora lived on that thirty pounds. Which is to say that she began to live on that thirty pounds with the full intention that long before it should be exhausted she would find herself firmly established in some position that should mean for her a quiet and sober fortune for the rest of her life. That life would be, she knew, a long and a very lonely one; and in her dreams Lucidora was perfectly certain, with a sense of satisfaction, that she would be quite unlikely to change in appearance, and would remain a rather pretty Lucidora for very many years to come; her end should be peaceful.

Lucidora had it all mapped out, even while, in more practical moments, she searched the advertisements in the newspapers. Even then she decided that there were so many advertisements of various kinds from which to pick and choose that there was no great hurry for her to set about the business.

If the truth be told, Lucidora was just a little spoiled; and who could wonder at that? She was one to whom the miraculous had happened; she forgot that a miracle never happens twice. And when at last she really set to work and one morning, immediately after her breakfast had been cleared away, spread out the newspaper and began diligently to go through advertisements, she discovered that posts likely to suit her were somewhat scarce.

More than all else, she found her way barred by mysterious things usually referred to in the various advertisements as "refs." Those she understood to mean

"references"; and she had none. She had had the one situation, and had been dismissed from it with ignominy; she was not likely to get any "refs" from the Mumford family.

Lucidora wrote to one or two of the more attractive-looking advertisements—the comfortable, easy-looking ones; and the only replies she had were from firms requesting her to sell various extraordinary articles on commission. She told herself that there was nothing to despair about yet; nevertheless she got just a little uneasy.

If there could have been any one to whom she could turn it would have been different; but, save for the landlady of the house, she did not speak to a soul from one week's end to another. Everything seemed to have ended for Lucidora; no one wanted her or thought about her. It was borne in upon her at last that in that strange business in which she had been a pawn in a big game she had been a very lonely pawn, knowing no one really but just the one man. And that man she had sent away from her forevermore.

Exactly what it was that turned her thoughts at last in the direction of Ridgeminster it is scarcely possible to say. Perhaps the real reason was that there was no one else to whom her thoughts could turn save to that little matron whose heart was ever young though her hair was streaked with gray—Miss Charity Smith, of the Elizabeth Dove Foundation. But even then Lucidora knew that the little matron dreamed only of a glory that had descended upon her one night, crowned and bejeweled, and that had proved wonderfully to be Lucidora Eden. And that was a glory that was dead and was not to be revived.

Nevertheless she went to Ridgeminster. Even before she took her ticket for the train, and after she was in the train itself, she told herself that the thing was absurd, and that she was merely wasting money. But the desperate longing to see a friendly face and to put her arms around some friendly body had grown too strong for the girl; it seemed sometimes almost as though she must hug the landlady and weep over her for the lack of some friendly bosom on which to lay her head.

She got to the old city quite late in the afternoon, and again was oppressed with the fear that some one might now recog-

nize her who had masqueraded as a princess. But no one noticed her, and certainly no one recognized her, even though Lucidora had not, as on a former occasion, taken the precaution to wear a veil.

She made up her mind that she would try to see the little matron after the girls had gone to bed at the Foundation. For now she was to make no triumphal entry; she was creeping back, as once before she had crept, humbly and more than a little afraid. But the little matron would understand.

She stood near the gate at last as the final bell for the day was softly tolling; she saw the old porter come and lock it and walk away toward his lodge, his heavy keys dangling in his hand. She knew from long experience all that was happening within; knew, presently, as a light went from window to window, that the little matron was making her final rounds. And then it was that Lucidora rang the bell at the gate very softly, and waited until presently she saw old Peter come out and move toward it. She drew back in the shadows.

"If you please—I want to see Miss Smith—the matron," she said in a whisper. And the whisper was such a tiny one, and old Peter so hard of hearing, that she had to raise her voice.

The old man held a parley with her through the gate. It was after hours and against rules; but if she really was a friend of Miss Smith there was no reason why she shouldn't come in.

He unlocked the heavy gate and let her in. He did not scan her face, nor indeed trouble very much about her; he wanted to get back to his pipe that was cooling on the table in his little lodge. He only nodded when Lucidora said quickly that she knew the way. He stood watching her until she reached the great door which stood open to the warmth of the summer night, waited until presently the little matron herself should close it. Lucidora slipped in and stood there in the old, black-beamed hall looking about her.

She heard a light step on the stairs, and there was the little matron coming slowly down, humming the mere breath of a tune as she moved. She stopped for a moment when she saw Lucidora, and then very quickly came down the stairs.

"Your—your highness," she faltered.

And Lucidora had her in her arms in a moment, and was laughing and crying both

together and whispering all manner of inarticulate things. And the little matron, between wondering which was Lucidora and which the princess, scarcely knew what to say or what to do.

They were in the matron's room at last and were calmer, with Lucidora holding tight to the hand of this one friend she had in all the world and looking round the familiar place. As for the matron, she was simply staring with a queer mixture of delight and amazement and bewilderment and awe on her face.

"I think it best that you should not call me by my title any more, matron," said Lucidora presently, pleating up the edge of the table-cloth between her fingers. "There are some titles that don't last; like the fairy ones, they vanish when the sun gets up. Perhaps you might call them almost just moonlight titles. That was what mine was like."

"I see," breathed the little matron. "But the crown—and the jewels—they were real?"

"Oh, yes—they were real; only they disappeared with the title. And when you saw me that night among all the girls—and what a supper we gave them, didn't we?—when you saw me then, I was real, too; I want you always to believe that. And that's why I've come in here to-night—just for the last, last time; because otherwise you might have imagined that I had been a dream, too, and might have thought that I had never been anything better than little Lucidora Eden."

"I could never have thought that, your highness," said the little matron.

"You see, it's so difficult to explain," went on Lucidora. "You might almost think that I had been two persons: Lucidora and the princess; and so, in a sense, I was. And while you and the dear girls will always remember that night when I came in here and showed you my glory as a princess, I want you still to remember that I have always been Lucidora to you all; I want you to hold me in your hearts like that. Do you think you can?"

"I am quite sure that we can," answered the little matron. For she was very much of a child herself.

There came a knock at the door of the room; the little matron got to her feet, with a smile of apology for her guest, and opened the door. She went out quickly, closing the door after her and leaving Luci-

dora alone. Old Peter stood there, with his keys in his hand and a puzzled expression on his face.

"Is anything the matter, Peter?" asked the matron.

"What I say is, miss, that one in a night seems to me enough—always asking your pardon. I let the young lady in—she being a friend of yours, miss—"

"Yes—yes—that was quite right, Peter," answered the little matron quickly.

"And that, of course, I didn't mind, miss," went on the old man laboriously. "But when it comes to some one else—and this time a gentleman—also asking for Miss Smith and declaring he's a friend of yours—well, it's almost as if they'd started playing games on old Peter in his old age—isn't it?"

"A gentleman—to see me," faltered the little matron.

"Outside the door here now, where I told him to wait," was the answer. "Said it was important, miss."

"Very well—I'll see the gentleman, just for a minute. I wonder what he can possibly want?"

Old Peter stepped through the great doorway and jingled his keys by way of a signal and beckoned. A tall man stepped through and took off his hat as he saw the little matron standing there.

"I ask a thousand pardons—and if I asked a thousand more you'd scarcely understand," he said in a deep, pleasant voice. "But I was told if at any time I wanted any information about—about some one who once lived here—you might be able to tell me. That some one came back to you, some time after she had been in the Foundation—came back to you as something different. And then they called her a princess."

The little matron was very sure of the solid door that was swinging on its hinges and of the solid stone floor beneath her feet and of old Peter carrying his keys and striving hard to catch the low murmur of the man's voice. But of nothing else on the solid earth was she sure at all!

"When she came to you as a princess it had been my duty to serve her. I did not know till long afterward that she was, as one might say, two people—a princess and a woman that I loved. I have lost her out in the great world, and there is only one place to which I could come where I might, by the merest chance, get news of her. I

was—just passing through Ridgeminster, and it seemed to me that perhaps you wouldn't mind if I came to ask about her. When she was here as a child they called her Lucidora Eden. I should be so grateful if you could tell me anything about her."

To old Peter's amazement the little matron, with her hands to her head, laughed a little shrilly and turned around twice (as she had done once before on a famous occasion when a princess had visited her) and then stood looking at the man stupidly. Wondering a little, he began a more laborious explanation.

"My name is Harvey Crockford Royle—and if you could tell me—"

Amazingly, the little matron seized him by the arm and literally ran with him across the wide hall until she came to a door. She opened that door and beckoned to him excitedly to go in; in fact, I think it more than likely that she assisted him across the threshold with a push. And then she closed the door.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE LAST COMMAND

MR. ROYLE was fastening his tie before the small mirror in his bedroom—that room he was so soon to vacate, never—please Heaven!—to come back to it again. For this was the wedding morning for Harvey Crockford Royle, Esq., of Nowhere-in-Particular, and Lucidora Eden—of St. John's Wood. And when a man is adjusting a tie to a nicety for a great occasion a small mirror in a small room is scarcely adequate, even though the sun be shining brightly outside to light him at his work.

It was, of course, after all, to be the very simplest of affairs. Lucidora, from her room at the top of that very tall house in a tiny street in St. John's Wood, was going to walk round to the church, accompanied only by a very sympathetic landlady, who in her time had known but little romance, but who had scented romance, as it were, with the first coming of Lucidora to her house. And Harvey Crockford Royle was to walk around to the church and was there to meet Lucidora Eden and to be quietly married to her. After that they might spend a day or two in the country quietly—or they might not. It was

just the happy-go-lucky sort of affair for which Lucidora had craved and which had fitted in largely with the mood of Royle.

Beyond his immediate horizon Royle saw only a London that would be glorified because he lived in it with Lucidora beside him, and beyond that, a tiny flat at the top of a house, already furnished in all its particulars, save for a carpet that was presently to be discovered when fortune had smiled upon the pair of them.

Having settled his tie to his satisfaction, and having properly adjusted his other garments, Royle drew on his gloves and proceeded in due course to keep the great appointment. And as he walked through streets that seemed, in a sense, to be new to him, he thought of all the wonder that had come upon him and upon his life with that first strange meeting with Lucidora.

For he had set out, a little scornfully and almost contemptuously, to find a princess who was running away; and he had found in the end a woman who was running away indeed, and from him. And now, more wonderfully still, she was to show him that love and life were not matters alone for princes and princesses, but for quite ordinary mortals.

Already, in a fashion that seemed incredible, she had brought him to understand himself in almost a matter of days; had shown him what possibilities there were in him, hitherto unused and unworked; with the quick intuition of a woman she had put her finger upon what he could do and what he could not do; in a word—she had shown him the way. Those were his thoughts as he walked through the sunny streets and came at last to the big, old-fashioned church and went in.

It was all very informal, of course; and, properly speaking, he should have been waiting at the altar to receive her, and there should have been half a dozen at least of bridesmaids and many friends and guests and flowers and music and all the rest of it. But somehow the man wanted nothing more than that dainty figure waiting for him in the coolness of the old church with a rather tearful and decidedly sentimental lodging-house keeper to bear her company.

But Lucidora had ever been a creature meet for surprises; and even in this hour she had one. She seized upon Royle and drew him down into a pew near the door and excitedly spread out a telegram.

"Dearest, I found it at our new place—the flat, you know," she said. "It must have lain there since yesterday at least. Don't look so dazed; read it, and tell me what you think. It's from the princess."

He took the telegram in his hands and read it, she watching him all the time and wondering what he would say.

You are commanded to attend the celebration of the nuptials of Her Highness the Princess Felicia of Sylvaniaburg with His Highness the Prince Joycelyn of Düringerwald on the 10th. Her highness desires that you will come with your husband direct to the palace of Sylvaniaburg, where apartments are provided for you. It is our command.

FELICIA OF SYLVANIABURG.

"But what does it mean?" whispered Royle. "My darling child—she can't expect us over there."

"My dearest boy—the princess never wrote or said anything that she did not mean," said Lucidora with a little quick laugh. "And think what fun it will be! Two days from now—and what a place to spend our honeymoon! It's just as though it had all been arranged, ever so long ago, and specially for our benefit."

"But, my darling—how did her highness know?" asked Royle.

"Her highness knew because I wrote to her a little note and told her how glad I was to think that she was to be married to her prince after all; and, of course, I simply had to mention that I was getting married two days before her—and how happy I was. I couldn't do less than that, could I?"

Royle took her hand, there in the seclusion of that pew at the back of the church, and spoke rapidly: "But, my darling—just think for one moment. In the first place, we haven't got the money to start off on a honeymoon like this at such a distance. It will take us nearly two days to get there."

"Just in time for the wedding," said Lucidora brightly. "And think of it—absolutely invited to the palace!"

"My darling, what are you going to wear—and what am I going to wear?" asked Royle with a little laugh.

"Anything! What does it matter?" she whispered. "I expect they'll give you a uniform of some kind—just lend it to you for the day. Harvey dear, I can see the clergyman coming out and looking for

us; and I do want so much to see my little princess once again on the greatest day of her life. This is to be the greatest day of my life; and as for the money, I've got it stowed away all ready—the money that Felicia gave me when she thought that I might perhaps be in danger of starving in London. The clergyman is waiting, Harvey; promise me, before we move from this seat, that you will take me for my honeymoon to Sylvaniaburg. It's the end of the great game; you must promise me."

And Harvey Crockford Royle, as he got to his feet, murmured (in quite the wrong place): "I will."

And so the matter was settled, just in Lucidora's impetuous fashion. The landlady who supported Lucidora on the great occasion wept in the proper places, and was altogether sympathetic; she was duly impressed when she heard that the couple were starting for their honeymoon to far-away Sylvaniaburg and that the journey would take them some two days. As their original plans had been entirely different ones, and of a much simpler kind, Lucidora (who thought of everything) mentioned a possible omission to Royle before they actually went to the station.

"Dearest boy, have you packed your dress suit?"

He looked at her a little doubtfully for a moment, then his eyes twinkled. "One never knows," he said. "Perhaps it might be well."

It is a long and a troublesome journey to Sylvaniaburg; one is detained at frontiers, and it is not always possible to make a good connection with one train and another. But late in the evening of the 18th Mr. Royle and his bride arrived at the station of the old-fashioned city and got down from the train with their scanty luggage and looked about them.

"Picturesque-looking old ruin—isn't it, darling?" remarked Royle.

"I think it's wonderful," answered Lucidora. "There's a man in uniform, dear, who has been trying to catch your eye. Why—it's Dempsey!"

Dempsey was accompanied by another servant, to whom he gave brief directions concerning the luggage. Then he came toward the excited Lucidora, cap in hand.

"I was directed by her highness to wait upon you personally at the station; also, I was given directions as to the manner in which I was to address you, Mrs. Royle,"

said Dempsey. "I asked for the privilege of driving the car myself; it is outside the station. You will be lodged in the palace, Mrs. Royle."

"Thank you, Dempsey," said Lucidora, turning a bright look upon her husband.

"All that I wonder is what is going to happen to us," said Royle, as he sank back in the car beside Lucidora. "The princess doesn't love me; one never knows quite what her highness will do."

"The princess loves me," said Lucidora calmly. "Please consider yourself to be perfectly safe in my hands."

The car was driven in through the great, massive gates of the palace, and there they were confronted with servants and officials in livery and were conducted to a suite of apartments. Royle, in dismay, discovered that Lucidora had been very literally taken away from him; he lived in the hope that he might presently meet her again. Lucidora, for her part, had been conducted into what seemed to be another part of the palace; she was comforted only when she found herself confronted by Penelope.

"Her highness wishes to see you at once," said Penelope. "Will you be pleased to come this way?" Penelope held back a heavy curtain until Lucidora passed through, and then let it fall.

And so the two met again. And it seemed, even though Lucidora stood in a wonderful room, with wonderful tapestries covering the walls, that she met again the little frightened princess who had sat beside her on the old stone seat outside the Elizabeth Dove Foundation and had told her a wonderful story in the moonlight of long ago. Only now this princess came toward her and caught her suddenly in her arms and laughed with childish glee, and yet with just the faintest hint of tears behind the laughter, and whispered how glad she was to see her again and how she loved her.

"They told me I mustn't have any of my common English friends to see me; that was Uncle General Prince von Vogel-sang who said that—and he's a beast. You'll meet him to-morrow, and you'll hear him clank his sword and try not to swear behind his mustache. And I said then to myself that I would not have my common English friends over with me; I would make them something more than common. That's what they're doing now to your husband, Lucidora."

"Why—what do you mean?" asked Lucidora, startled.

"Oh, do sit down and let me look at you—and let me tell you what I have done," said the princess. "I made up my mind that I would have you over here; and your wedding fitted in so perfectly. And then I decided that I would make that poor court chamberlain of yours something to fit the occasion. What would you like me to make him?"

"I don't think he would like to be made anything," said Lucidora. "I did once, ever so long ago, make him dress up for his part; and he simply hated it."

The princess stood before Lucidora with that little mocking laugh on her lips—that laugh which always meant mischief.

"It's too late now," she said. "Quite a high court functionary is already waiting upon Mr. Royle with certain parchments and other things—and an order. When he comes to my wedding to-morrow he must come in proper style."

"What are you going to call him?" asked Lucidora with laughter trembling on her lips.

"Sweetheart, you have a name that is almost a little foreign," said the princess. "Also I believe in my mind that you will be always the better of the two when you come to face the world. Therefore I am conferring upon him, quite in the proper fashion, the Order of the Gray Stork (and a very pretty jewel it is) and you will both be known hereafter as the Count and Countess Lucidora."

"Oh, thank you so much, dear princess," said Lucidora. "But what will poor Harvey have to wear?"

"It is a simple matter," answered the princess, with again that dimpling of mischief on her face. "He will wear the evening dress of an English gentleman—with a blue ribbon across it—and the order attached. He should be almost used to that—shouldn't he?"

It was a very quiet and demure princess that presently dismissed Lucidora and sent her to her husband. But before Lucidora went the princess held her in her arms and said to her the last words she was destined ever to speak to her.

"To-morrow, sweetheart, you will see me at a distance, and after that you will see me no more. I shall remember always how we met and how we parted, and you will remember, too, all that I brought into

your life and all that I almost took from it. I am happier than I could have believed it possible for me to be; because I have learned so much. I have learned that there is a man behind the prince; I know, too, that palaces and pomps and ceremonies hold within them something we may happily find for ourselves. And oh, my dear, I think I have left off crying for the moon."

Lucidora, conducted back to those apartments that had been assigned to the new Count and Countess Lucidora, discovered Royle seated in a chair, with his forehead in his hands, staring blankly at a case containing a folded broad blue ribbon to which was attached a jewel.

"Why, whatever is the matter, darling?" asked Lucidora, bubbling with laughter.

"Will you please to look at the thing," said Royle dramatically, pointing to the case.

"Ever so long ago, darling," she whispered, with an arm about his shoulders, "you wore a ribbon that had been bought by Penelope at the best draper's in Ridgeminster; and it was a hot afternoon, and no one came to see us—and I wore my crown. After all—there's not much difference—is there?"

He looked up at her with a laugh.

"I hadn't thought of that," he said. "What I did think of was walking through the streets of this city to-morrow in evening dress, and with that"—he pointed to the ribbon in the case—"across my shirt-front."

Lucidora was bending over the case; she looked up with a little laugh. "Being a man, darling, you haven't noticed the difference in the quality between the Ridgeminster one and this," she said. "I wouldn't live even to guess what this has cost a yard."

"But, my dear, what are we going to do with it in London?" he asked plaintively.

"I shall fix it up somewhere in our little drawing-room in that tiny flat of ours—and we'll invent something to tell people to account for it," said Lucidora.

So you are to picture them the next day (and a broiling hot day it was, especially for a new count in evening dress and a new countess in a gown that had mysteriously appeared in her apartments, convoyed there by Penelope) walking in that great procession which moved the short

distance from the palace to the cathedral; and you are to see them seated in their places and watching a little princess with a crown, the weight of which Lucidora knew to an ounce, perched upon her proud little head, and with a young, boyish-looking prince in a brilliant uniform beside her. Also you may follow them through succeeding ceremonies and a great banquet in the evening; and presently may find them, after all the noise and turmoil of the day was finished, outside the city gates, strolling quietly in the moonlight.

"It's been a wonderful day," said Royle.

Strolling on with him, and clinging to his arm, Lucidora halted him upon a road just against the gates and stood listening. Close above them towered the high ramparts of the palace. All the noise that had been in the streets of the city during the day had died down and had become almost something less than a murmur; and now, above that murmur, there was the sound of music rising and falling in a sort of sobbing cadence, the strains of a violin!

Lucidora left Royle for a moment and

stole forward among the shadows to where a cloaked figure stood with one side of the cloak thrown back and a white hand holding a violin bow moving in the moonlight. She came back to Royle.

"It is the man we saw in the big studio that night in London—the man they called Berlandina," she whispered. "He loved her, you know."

"He should count himself happy," said Royle, softly taking her hand and putting it for a moment to his lips. "It is not given to all men to love a princess."

High above them on the ramparts the Princess Felicia had strolled out to look at the moon, and by her side was the boyish-looking young prince who was her husband. She stood for a moment or two looking down at the quiet city, then she turned with a smile to the prince as he took her hand.

Far down below them was the sound of the violin sobbing out an air she remembered. The princess listened for a moment, then checked a quick sigh.

"There is a little chill in the air," she said to the prince. "Let us go in."

THE END

NEXT MONTH'S NOVEL—Next month—October—we shall give you another fascinating story, a complete long book in one issue, entitled:

"A YOUNG MAN'S YEAR"

By ANTHONY HOPE

Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda," etc.

Twelve months—from one spring to the next, sliced out of young Mr. Arthur Lisle's life and passed over for your inspection—this is the theme of Anthony Hope's next novel which can be read first only in the pages of MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE. Young Lisle stands on the threshold of his career; he is also at the period, not only of the year, but in his life, when "a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love." The clash of one interest with the other, the impulse to make a short cut to fortune in order the more quickly to achieve the heart's dictates, the embitterment of finding an idol only clay—these things are told in "A Young Man's Year" with graphic power and a lifelike fidelity to the life about us.

Anthony Hope, as he hints at in his preface, wooed the same line of effort as does his hero before he turned his masterly hand to novel-writing, so up to a certain point "A Young Man's Year" may be said to be a page from the early life of the author of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

